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THE *Country* GUIDE



[Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

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Under The Peace Tower

NOW that the Conservatives have picked George Drew for their new leader, it seems timely to survey their prospects. Certainly there are many people who think that the new leader has a long way to go to become Prime Minister of Canada, and there are not a few stretched all the way from Sydney to Skeena who wonder if any Conservative leader anytime is ever going to make it anyhow. But it is not the purpose of this article to dwell on Conservative hopes, one way or another. This writer wants to look over their prospects, and let the reader judge what has to be done before a Conservative is ever Prime Minister of Canada again.

In British Columbia, the Conservatives, beaten at an election during 1941, became part of a coalition under former Premier John Hart. They are still part of a coalition under Boss Johnson. Provincially, they do not seem to have strengthened themselves much in the past seven years since the coalition was first consummated.

Federally, though there were gains in 1945, there has been nothing to cheer about since. This summer the P.C.'s lost Yale, a Tory stronghold for the past quarter century. Meanwhile, the C.C.F. win from Liberal in Vancouver Centre would indicate which way the political winds are blowing out there. It is hard to see how the Conservatives could win more than two more federal seats in B.C.

In Alberta, there are already two Conservative M.P.'s, just as there are two Liberal M.P.'s in the federal field, but it would not seem likely that, at present, either of the old parties could pick up much. Nor has the C.C.F., which has made interesting gains elsewhere, ever been able to do much against the Social Credit party out there. The federal picture then is that the Tories would seem to be going nowhere.

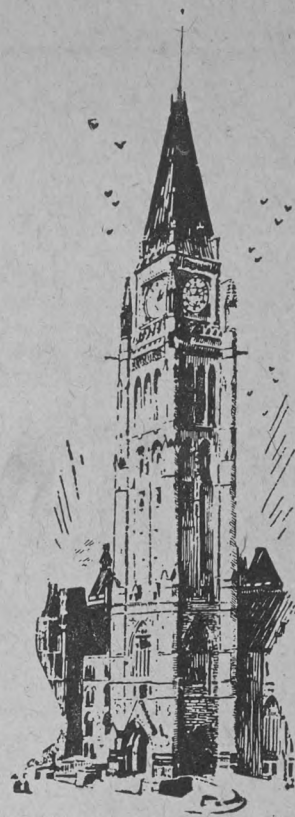
In the provincial field, they are going the same way they are headed federally.

But now must come an interesting proviso. The S.C.'s often vote with the P.C.'s in Ottawa, and wide apart though they may be on finance, there is quite a political kinship between them.

We thus face an interesting possibility.

IT was more than vaguely indicated before election day in 1945, that if the Conservatives got the biggest vote, and needed only the Social Credit plus some independents to be the next government, they would unite under John Bracken. In those days, the ex-premier of Manitoba was still recalled as the great coalitionist. Nor can it be forgotten that a good many people saw John Bracken, P.C. leader, and Solon Low, the S.C. leader, dining together in the Commons restaurant. This was crossing party lines with a vengeance, for party headers never take meals with each other, except when they are all at a head table for some "neutral" affair.

In any event, Conservatism, though seemingly dead in Alberta, might still gain converts through the back door if the new Conservative leader can get



enough over-all support to form a government. In other words, if in the next election Conservatives were to get 128 members, they could afford to forget the Low crowd, but if they happened to get only 115 or so, and would need to have the Socreds to form a government, the chances are there would be a deal.

In Saskatchewan, the Conservatives seem to have gone the way of the mastodon, and other prehistoric creatures, the bones of which the scientists were exhuming this summer in the Cypress Hills. True, there are a few centres like Qu'Appelle where a Tory might make a comeback, and there are too, outstanding men like John Diefenbaker himself or Alfred Bence in Saskatoon, who for reasons of personal popularity could win an election. But if the Conservatives got more than five out of 20 next time, they would be getting three more than most people think they could.

In Manitoba, provincially, the Conservatives have a certain strength. Errick Willis, the long-time leader, is a veteran in such affairs, and there still is, as a minority section of the Carson government, the sound nucleus of a Conservative party. There is no doubt that these provincial Manitobans, who are first of all Conservatives, and coalitionists next, could rally strongly behind a good leader.

FEDERALLY, things do not look so bad. It is true that Neepawa, which was held by John Bracken, has been gerrymandered and redistributed out of existence. But in the meantime, Arthur Ross in Souris is as safe as a church. The silver-thatched, outspoken farmer from Melita is popular and effective in Ottawa, and it is unthinkable that the electors would turn out so high class a man. Again, in Portage la Prairie, the Conservatives have a real find in Cal Miller. The Portage lawyer has been a notable addition to the pathetically thin Tory ranks, and here again, you have a seat which should stay put.

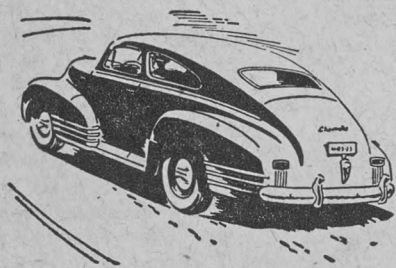
Whether John Bracken could move into Brandon and win in 1949 (or 1950) is anybody's guess, but some

(Turn to page 71)

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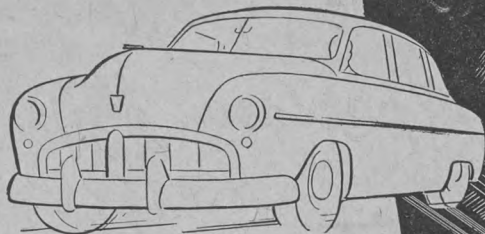
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Gold and Glamour in

by JOHN PATRICK GILLESSE

Below: Jock McNiven, Negus mine manager, with \$60,000 of gold bricks from a periodic shipment to the mint.



[Photo by Bland.]



Yellowknife from the air.

WHITE northern sunlight steeping the sands of the bay. Barren rock, stunted tamarack and spruce. Ten years ago that was all the bush pilot saw below him as he skirted the north shore of Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. The spot was no different from any one of the thousand tiny inlets which serve as landmarks to those legendary men who fly the northland wastes without maps or compass.

But there was a difference. For down below was gold—enough of it to open up the northland and stir men's imaginations as no strike had done since the glamour days of '98.

Yellowknife came into being in 1938, and ten years have wrought a feverish change. Yellowknife pulsates with northland activity. The gold boom town is a strategic outpost, an expanding beach-head for the development of the north, and the most colorful spot in Canada for men and women who seek adventure or riches, or both.

The man who really started the boom was a geologist, Dr. A. S. Dodson, who had more faith in modern, scientific methods than in a grubstake and pickaxe and a lifetime of searching. After they sank the first drill where he indicated, giant stock rose from 40 cents to \$11 and today is obtainable only on new developments.

The war, of course, with its drain on manpower and materials hampered the growth of Yellowknife. At the same time, farm boys from the Alberta bushland took to the Alaska highway to garner some of the fabulous wages the Yanks were paying, and they escaped more than just the confines of a barbed wire fence. They got a taste of the great adventure that is the north, and when the highway

For those of fortitude and faith there's still romance and toil, heartbreak and reward, in the land of the midnight sun.

project was over, thousands of them were ready for Yellowknife and whatever it had to offer.

TALES of the gold town spread to Edmonton, which serves as the gateway to the north, and stirred the fancies of college students, waitresses and adventurers, and they, too, were eager to go north. The same tales even went far enough east to reach the ears of shady promoters, who quickly set up a lucrative business, peddling Yellowknife stocks to the Americans who had money to invest, then flying by night before the law could catch up with them. Of course, the gold was in Yellowknife, but not always where these promoters indicated; and so much legend was woven about the new gold town that swindlers were taking \$1,000,000 a week from American investors, and the United States government had to clamp down against trading in 272 Canadian Stocks.

Yellowknife today is a hodge-podge of shacks, tents and every conceivable type of building. On the streets are coppered Indians, salesmen with brief-cases, prospectors bent under the weight of duffel bags and camping gear, college-clean

geologists, the odd promoter who is up there trying to get a little more realistic color for his story, and the mainstay population of company officials, miners and their wives and families.

Chief link with the outside world is by air to Edmonton, 700 miles south. Flying time is about five hours, and you can make the trip and back for a rough \$200. The plane sets you down at Long Lake and a regular taxi service takes you the remaining five miles to the town. Those who want to saturate themselves with northland color can make the journey by train and boat in the summer, transferring from the end of steel at Waterways. Such a trip takes from one week to ten days, depending on the weather.

For every individual who goes to Yellowknife looking for a steady job, there are a thousand who hope to make a fortune, or at least salt away enough money so they can return "Outside" and open up a business in Edmonton or buy a good farm in the west. Anyone physically fit can go up there and make a good living, but there are enough true stories of sudden wealth to make everyone hope for better than that.

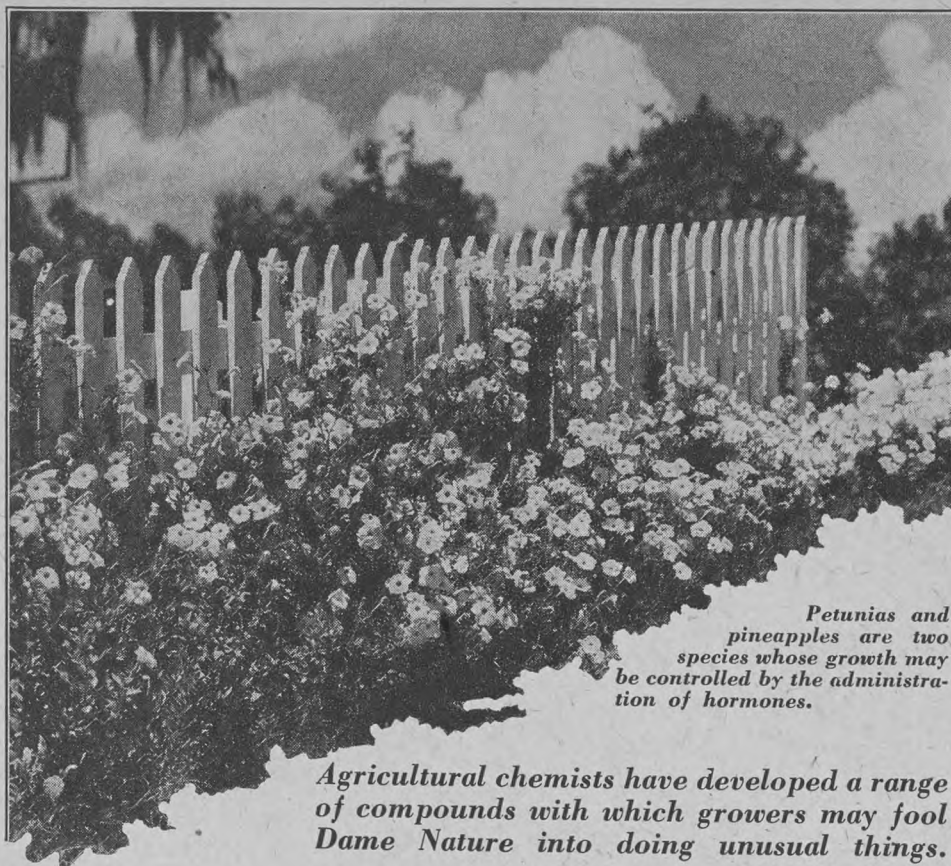
Everyone knows the story of Mickey Ryan of the Ryan Brothers. Once a prize fighter and a bartender, he became a leading partner in a million-dollar transportation business after the brothers grubstaked a prospector called Tom Payne, who struck a rich pocket. The three were reported to have sold their Yellowknife gold claims to the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. for \$500,000.

Less known is the story of how some money found in Edmonton brought the finder a rich strike in the north. In January, 1947, Louie Garskie,

(Turn to page 67)



by
**ALFRED
HARRIS**



Petunias and pineapples are two species whose growth may be controlled by the administration of hormones.

Agricultural chemists have developed a range of compounds with which growers may fool Dame Nature into doing unusual things.

THE Hormone Era

WHEN 2,4-D came on the market many acclaimed it as one of the greatest weed-killers ever produced, but only a few realized that it signified the arrival of a new era in farming—the hormone era!

Hormones, in animals, as well as plants, control growth. For many years scientists have realized that amazing things could be done with hormones, but in the past there was no way of obtaining a supply of them large enough to work with. Now, however, a method has been found by which they can be made synthetically. The first one was made in 1939, and since that time more than a hundred other types have been produced. 2,4-D is just one of them.

Widely known, 2,4-D is an excellent example of the uses that a plant hormone can be put to. Normally, it is not a killer. It actually stimulates growth. However, when it is given to a plant in large overdose quantities, it stimulates growth so much that the plant literally wears itself out growing. Thus, the plant burns up its reserve food supply so fast that it actually starves to death.

But 2,4-D can be used with equally useful results in its normal capacity as a growth stimulant. For a number of years apple and pear growers have been using plant hormones on their orchards with gratifying results. Unfortunately though, the hormones that stimulated the growth of these fruits did not do the same to citrus fruits. For years a search has been carried on for a hormone for citrus fruits, and finally today there seems to be one in the offing—it is 2,4-D used in its normal capacity.

Researchers at the University of California have been working on this problem and according to their findings a very mild spray of 2,4-D will reduce the pre-harvest drop of Valencia, and Washington oranges, grapefruit and lemons by as much as 30 to 60 per cent. This means that a great deal more of these fruits will remain on the tree to ripen, unbruised.

THE way a plant hormone brings this about is not too hard to explain: The weakest part of the fruit is the stem. It is that part which allows the fruit to fall. Scientists, however, learned a number of years ago that this stem could be strengthened and toughened by the use of a plant hormone. In the past the annual loss of apples due to weak stems breaking before the apples had fully ripened was 12 million to 15 million bushels. But since hormones have been applied to apples the

estimated number of bushels saved annually is 15 millions—a difference of about \$20 million. If 2,4-D reduces the loss of citrus fruits by 30 to 60 per cent it is plain to see that it will mean a great difference in the net income of a fruit farmer.

2,4-D is finding a place in floriculture as well. According to recent researches of Dr. A. M. S. Pridham of the department of floriculture at Cornell University, a mild spray of 2,4-D will stimulate the early blooming of such flowers as petunias, calendulas, marigolds, and lupines. This spray is only 1/1,000th the strength of that used in killing weeds!

The real pioneers in plant hormone use were the pineapple growers of Hawaii. They were faced with a problem that required a hormone that regulated ripening.

A pineapple produces ripened fruit every two years. The size of the pineapple depends upon the



amount of moisture that the plant receives. If there is little rain during the ripening season the pineapples will be small. They require a good deal of moisture to reach a large size. Thus, pineapple growers were always faced with the possibility that after waiting two years they might not have a profitable crop.

All this was changed by the discovery of a synthetic plant hormone that produced bigger and juicier pineapples regardless of the amount of rain that fell within the ripening period. This hormone was given the initials BNA, and with it and others, pineapple growers hope to make pineapple growing an exact science. This hormone, which has a delayed action effect, used in conjunction with another known as ANA which accelerates ripening, produces a steady stream of ripened fruit which flows to canneries as quickly or as slowly as the canneries can handle them.

Up to the present time different hormones have been tried on a great many different plants with varying results. One hormone, when used on figs, produced a seedless variety in which the yield of fruit was increased by as much as 39 per cent. Hormones have been used experimentally on bananas, blueberries, and corn. When used on holly it was found that the hormones caused the leaves to cling tighter to the stem, thus making them more suitable for packing and transportation.

Pears, too, have been under hormone treatment. What growers were trying to combat in this case was pre-harvest drop due to weak stems, as with apples. The treatment has been so successful that it is prophesied that nine out of every ten pears grown by specialized producers in 1948 will be sprayed with hormones.

One of the truly amazing aspects about hormone treatment is its relatively low cost. When hormones were first advocated everyone shouted that the cost would be too high. Like a great many other "scientific miracles" produced in the past, it was thought that hormones could only be used in the laboratory. But this idea was soon changed. Hormones are rather expensive, but so little is required that the total cost is quite low. For instance, it takes only one ounce of BNA hormone, mixed with water to spray an entire pineapple field! The Shell Chemical Company puts out a hormone that costs only \$6.60 for enough to spray an acre.

HORMONES have also been used successfully by tomato growers who find that their yield is considerably increased by their use. Hormones are also used for speeding the growth of sturdy root systems of transplanted cuttings of plants of all kinds.

A new growth-producing chemical that has been recently found successful in the laboratory is "Dithiobiuret." A group of research workers at the University of California found that this hormone would speed up the production of leaves by rice plants.

No one doubts today that synthetic plant hormones will play a great part in the future, but even so we may still find it hard to believe many of the promises that seem so extravagant. For instance, before it happened no one would have believed that it was possible that the ripening of a crop could be postponed until a packers' strike was over, but that actually happened in Hawaii where pineapple growers sprayed their crops with a hormone that retarded ripening. In this way they kept their crop in excellent condition until a five-day strike was over. If it hadn't been for the hormone they would have suffered a heavy loss.

What hormone scientists are looking for now is a compound that will retard the growth of buds so that bud development may be postponed when necessary until the late spring frosts have passed. It sounds impossible, and maybe it is, but who knows? All the other things accomplished by plant hormones seemed impossible too. Why, it might even be possible to keep crops from ripening indefinitely while waiting for the market to rise!

The Valley of Ogopogo

I HAVE had a difficult time finding a suitable beginning for this piece about Okanagan Valley in British Columbia. My difficulty arises chiefly from a desire to begin with the true story of Ogopogo, the sea-monster inhabiting Okanagan Lake, which some people insist is entirely imaginary. Strangely enough, I alone know the true story, as I have just thought up most of it.

To convince the skeptical, however, I have first to do some research in geology which presently I haven't the time for. In any event, the story must have begun earlier than the formation of the Rocky Mountains, because geologists tell us that the Selkirk and the Columbia systems of mountains, which lie west of the Rockies are probably older than the Rocky Mountain system; and since the Okanagan Valley lies west of the Columbias, the story of Ogopogo is very, very old.

It is certainly true also that nothing much happened of interest to anybody but the Indians and grizzly bears between the time Ogopogo probably arrived in the valley and about the year 1866, when Okanagan Ellis, or Thomas Ellis, as he was christened in Ireland, arrived in the same place. Of course there were trappers, prospectors and missionaries, but these do not count very much in our present story, although it may be noted that the Okanagan Mission had brought in a few dairy cows by the time Okanagan Ellis arrived.

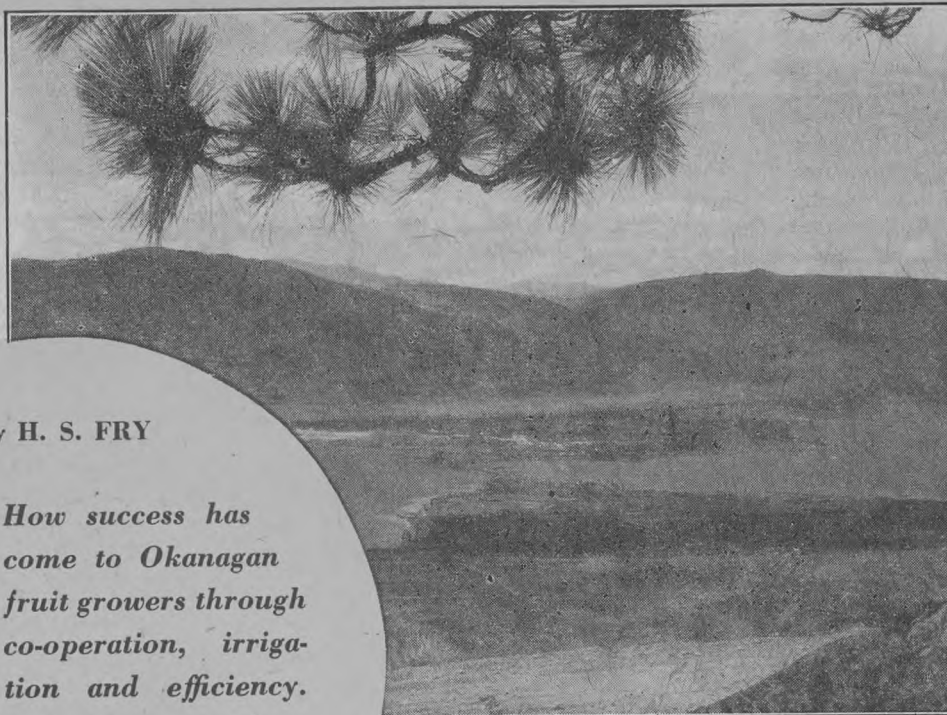
He was quite a man by all accounts, but is only important here for two reasons. The first is that he saw in the Okanagan Valley the makings of a great cattle empire—and ultimately achieved it for his day and age. From an original 20 head driven in from Oregon over mountainous country, he built up an empire extending from the international boundary to north of Penticton. Eventually, he bought all the land of his biggest competitor, Judge Haynes, which alone included 20,756 acres.

THE second point of importance attaching to Okanagan Ellis is the fact that 10 years after his entry into the valley, he planted the first fruit trees. However, if Okanagan Ellis actually planted the first fruit trees in the Okanagan Valley, it was left to Lord Aberdeen some 15 or 20 years later to found the fruit industry there. This must have been prior to 1894, because on my visit to the Similkameen Valley in August, I met an elderly lady, Mrs. H. T. Tweddle, who told me that in 1894 at Kelowna she met Lord Aberdeen with her first husband, John Richter, after whom the Richter Pass is named. Since that time, the Coldstream Ranch has become very famous in the valley and throughout British Columbia, but it was a long time before fruit growing became remunerative for the average man.

I met J. B. Harrison, an early resident now growing peaches

by H. S. FRY

How success has come to Okanagan fruit growers through co-operation, irrigation and efficiency.



Osoyoos as seen from the Grand Forks road.

at Oliver. Speaking of those early days he said, "When I first came there was nothing in Penticton. Fruit growing was tough in the early days. No market. We didn't know how or when to pick the fruit that was grown. If you didn't have an income then, you couldn't grow fruit."

I RECALL as a young man hailing from the famed Niagara Peninsula in Ontario and taking my first active interest in the horticulture of the outside world, hearing Robert Thompson, manager of the St. Catharines Cold Storage and Forwarding Company, addressing the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association after a visit to the Okanagan Valley. This would be around 1912. The late Mr. Thompson soothed the rising fears of Ontario fruit growers by recounting the difficulties and handicaps of their competitors in the Okanagan. As I recall it, he said that they had to meet a crushing tree tax and had to pay for water to make their trees grow. As a consequence, they lived largely out of tin cans.

Time moves on, and today, according to Dr. D. V. Fisher, of the Dominion Experimental Station

ing, by contract, in partnership with Harry Corbett, who still resides at Kaleden. They planted a total of about 100,000 trees on contract for the late James Ritchie of Summerland, who bought, put on water and planted a large acreage.

Harrison and Corbett staked out the land, and planted 500 trees per day for 10 cents per tree. They used whips instead of the present larger nursery tree, and Mr. Harrison reports today that nearly all of them grew. They used the hexagonal system of planting, by which two-thirds of the trees would ultimately come out and leave only permanent trees 33 feet apart. At that time, nursery stock was supplied from Victoria, from Washington, and from the Coldstream Ranch. The varieties were Winesap, Jonathan and Newton. All this took place on the west side of Skaha Lake, or Dog Lake as the old-timers call it, on property belonging to a stage driver named Arnott, who had a preemption of 320 acres. Also involved were the Gillespie and the Junction ranches, the former of which held the water rights needed for the Arnott land. At that

time there was no commercial orcharding south of Penticton. The Oliver area belonged to the Southern Okanagan Land Company and was operated as a cattle ranch by the brothers L. W. and W. T. Shatford.

After World War I, the provincial government purchased this land as a provincial land settlement scheme for veterans. Osoyoos developed a little later as part of the same scheme. This project had the special interest of Honorable T. D. Pattullo, then Minister of Lands in the B.C. Government, and later premier from 1933 until 1941.

From Mrs. R. Simpson, of Oliver, I learned that her

(Turn to page 37)



Perforated, raised wooden flumes carry water to this peach orchard at Osoyoos, B.C., where ground crops are generally interplanted except in older orchards.

Empty boxes distributed in advance, save valuable time.

The Donkey

WITH A LION'S HEART

by PAUL ANNIXTER

BARNEY himself was primarily to blame. He had always been a bit too wily for his own good, or Jeff Potter's either, and this time it appeared he had worked one trick too many.

He was a stolid mouse-grey burro of advancing years, walled off from the world behind the dull comatose exterior of all his kind. To look at him standing about Jeff Potter's camp, eyes closed, head hanging, big ears foolishly a-flop, no one would have credited him with a conscious thought beyond the bit of cud tucked away in a corner of his mouth. But beneath that soporific mask in the knobbly wide-browed skull, a crafty brain worked overtime in dissembling and the hatching of mischief.

Let Jeff Potter slip down to cache a bit of butter in the ice-cold stream and Barney would mark the spot and wait for hours or days for a chance to rob the makeshift cooler. Or let Jeff get ready to haul a big load of loose ore out of his tunnel in the mountainside and Barney would have uncanny foreknowledge of the fact. Unless Jeff had tied him fast, he would slip away on a three-day bender up among the Shoshone peaks until such time as he thought Jeff's wrath would have cooled. At such times Jeff might follow and call in vain. The old donkey would keep moving just out of reach. He could live indefinitely on the deer grass and pine needles of the high ridges.

THAT was the way it had been two days before, when old Jeff, after three tremendous days' work in the tunnel, had started loading the ore car preparatory to hauling his diggings into the open. At the first clump of rock in the bottom of the car, Barney had slipped quietly away up the yellow pine slope behind the cabin. Old Jeff had called and called but he had not followed far, for a fever was burning in his veins that would not let him waste a minute.

Jeff Potter was mad with gold fever. All fall it had been mounting in him, and the longer it ran the higher it rose. In the winter Jeff trapped for a living, but during the summer months he joined the ranks of lone pocket hunters who scoured the mountains in search of the elusive pay streak. This fall the things he had vaguely hoped for for 20 years had come to pass. The tunnel he had

In the blue spruce shadows Barney became aware of a pair of eyes, pale and rimmed with fire, fixed upon him.

A deserted burro who found strange friends and new wild enemies on a lonely winter range.

driven into the mountain began to show elusive veins of yellow. The yellow increased as October drew on, and though Jeff knew by numerous signs that it was high time to get down out of the mountains, he had lingered on, expecting daily to make a strike. He could not tear himself away until he knew whether or not his find was real or fickle as of old. And so though the knife-edged blasts of wind that belled up the canyons gave warnings of bad weather close at hand, old Jeff stayed on, daring the heights without proper clothing or even a store of winter fuel.

Then early one morning Jeff awoke with the wind sobbing through the cracks of his log shack and the sting of snow already in the air. Dun clouds hung low over the mountains, and the valleys were lost in a smudgy haze. Old Jeff knew what to expect when a blizzard set in from the north at this time of year. There was not another hour to spare, not even a minute, if he were to make the lowlands in time. Yet he did spare a good many minutes going up the long trail behind the cabin to search for Barney. The burro, however, was far up the mountain at the time. Jeff hated to leave his old friend, but no good could come of sacrificing himself by remaining. If he were to go down the mountains at all that winter it would have to be at once.

And so a few minutes later, carrying only a ragged roll of bedding and a small supply of food, Jeff was hitting the down trail from timber line. His tools and precious ore were abandoned where they lay.

When the storm broke, old Barney was ruminating in a spruce grove where he had spent a chilly and uneasy night, back turned to the wind, his jaws working from time to time on the bit of cud in his mouth. He had not been perturbed by the rising storm. He was familiar with the winter snows of the lowlands. Nothing dangerous about them, so he had no way of knowing the precariousness of mountain blizzards. When the wind rose to a screaming blast he merely sought shelter deep among the trees.

BUT toward mid-day, with the storm increasing instead of abating, uneasiness began to ride the old burro. The feeding was entirely covered by snow. Barney's thoughts turned to the warmth of the lean-to back of Jeff's cabin. He had had quite enough of this business of fodderless freedom. His slow steps turned down trail, and once out of the spruce he was almost swept off his feet by the force of the wind. In places the snow was already up to his belly and only his sure feet and his unknowable burro instinct kept him on the narrow trail.

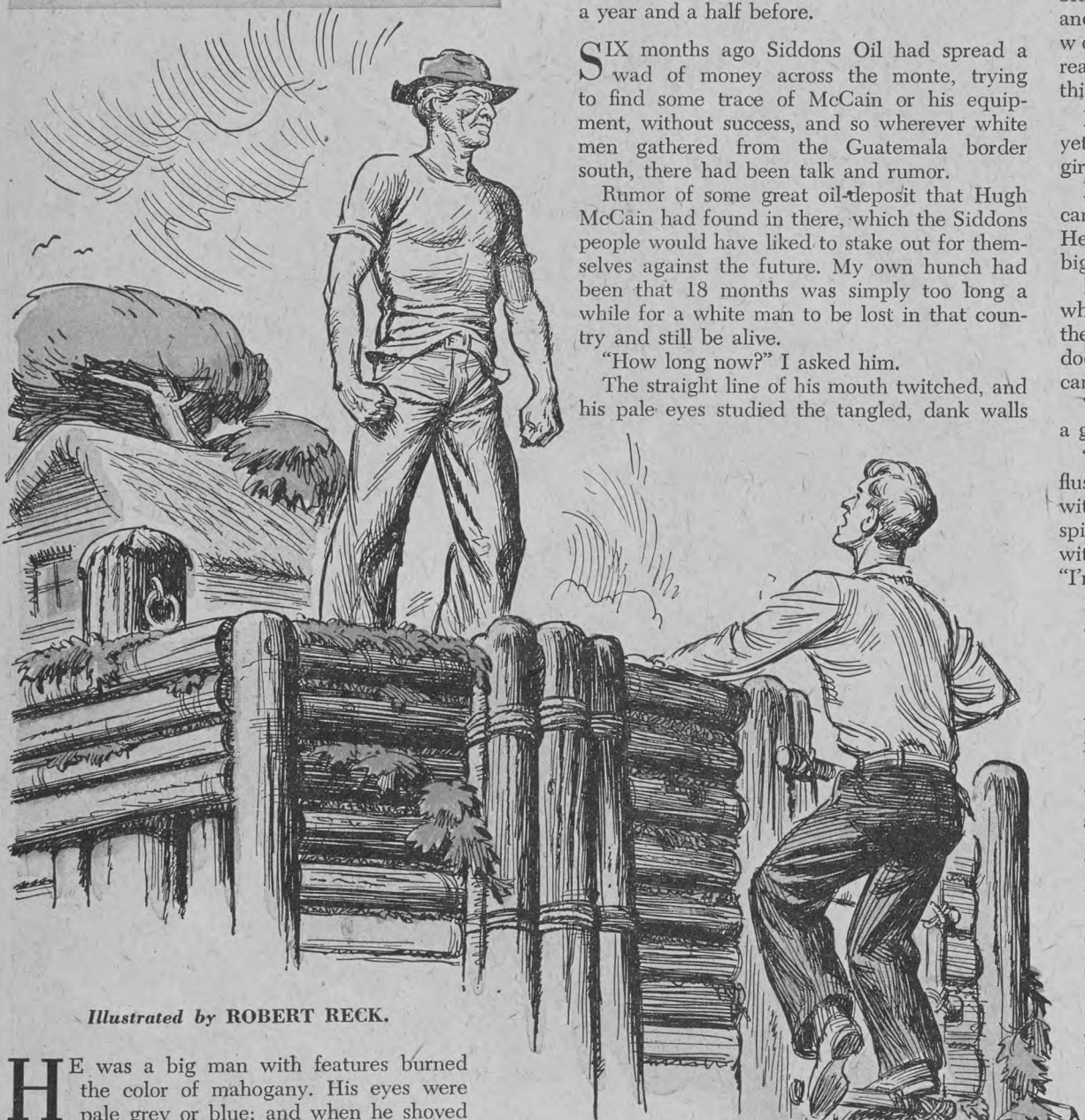
Time after time during the afternoon it was a sheer battle for the short-legged burro to buck through the drifts. The day was nearly gone when he made the cabin at last and experienced one of

(Turn to page 51)



DARK TRAIL

by ROLLIN BROWN



Illustrated by ROBERT RECK.

HE was a big man with features burned the color of mahogany. His eyes were pale grey or blue; and when he shoved the ragged felt back from his eyes, it left a band of white skin across his forehead. Not that he would ever have been taken for a mestizo otherwise; no, there was a look about this man that dirty whites and a sticky, sweat-wet shirt did not disguise. His voice was somehow raw and hoarse, as though it was hard to speak.

"Manning?" he had asked.

I looked at him again, and nodded. "That's right."

He was standing on the piling above, legs spread under him. His pale grey or pale blue eyes studied the half-mile width of muddy river here and the green pack of jungle growth beyond.

His big-boned hands kept working, opening and closing; and he didn't speak again for so long that I went back to tinkering with the launch's dirty little engine. The carburetor line had fouled.

"They told me over on the beach where I would find you," he said in his raw, slow voice, as though it was a struggle to get each word out. "I'm going to need a boat and a man. Three weeks or a month."

The search for oil attracts strong men. Nowhere was it more true than in the jungle behind Puerto Bolivar

"Sure, I'm for hire." I wet my lips. "But that don't mean much. What's the rest of it? F'instance, I don't run guns anywhere."

He said, "I'm Hugh McCain. It won't be guns."

McCain! Hugh McCain! I know I stared at him like something come back from the dead, while I climbed over the side of the launch and up a ladder to the piling.

There can be too much secrecy surrounding an expedition such as Hugh McCain and a tramp driller named Joe Foelick had taken into the steaming, low-country jungle back from the Coast nearly a year and a half before.

SIX months ago Siddons Oil had spread a swad of money across the monte, trying to find some trace of McCain or his equipment, without success, and so wherever white men gathered from the Guatemala border south, there had been talk and rumor.

Rumor of some great oil-deposit that Hugh McCain had found in there, which the Siddons people would have liked to stake out for themselves against the future. My own hunch had been that 18 months was simply too long a while for a white man to be lost in that country and still be alive.

"How long now?" I asked him.

The straight line of his mouth twitched, and his pale eyes studied the tangled, dank walls

of living green that edged the river. He said, "I'm Hugh McCain. It won't be guns." McCain! Hugh McCain! I know I stared at him like something come back from the dead, while I climbed over the side of the launch and up a ladder to the piling.

No, I hadn't yet heard of a girl named Mary Vaille.

But young Siddons—that's Tommy Siddons—came off a Star Line fruit boat late that afternoon. He was a clean-cut youngster, tall himself and big-shouldered as McCain.

I was standing with McCain on the cargo-dock when a hoist lifted him in a swinging chair from the boarding boat below and set him down on the dock-planks. Siddons looked around him, and then came over to us. He turned from McCain to me.

"I'm McCain," McCain said then. "Howdy. Have a good trip?"

"Yes," said Tommy Siddons. "Splendid!" He flushed a little and pulled back his hand, fussing with a button and trying to make it look less conspicuous that McCain had refused to shake hands with him. But his voice remained even enough. "I'm mighty proud to meet you, Mr. McCain," he said. "Gosh, what they're saying about you up at the home office!"

"Skip it," said McCain, and nodding to me. "This is Ben Manning. He's going with us."

Young Siddons waited a moment. "I'm glad you got Mary's cable," he said to McCain. "That makes it a little easier."

Then he turned to me. Once I'd seen old "Yank" Siddons, the power behind the throne, and this boy of his had the same kind of look about the eyes and mouth. Hugh McCain had been too long back in the green hell, I thought, whatever he had found.

HE'D had too much time to nurse small grudges, imagined or otherwise, against Siddons Oil as now personified by the boss' son.

A native boy that I could trust had been putting stores aboard the launch — mostly gasoline; and I got up at three the next morning to check things over. At daylight Hugh McCain dropped down the ladder

(Turn to page 42)

I stared at him like something come back from the dead while I climbed up the ladder to the piling.



Robert Reck

"OH, you're hurt, you're bleeding!" Jane was down beside him, trying, with shaking hands, to find the wound and staunch it.

Sherwin, looking up into her face, read something there that went to his head.

"It's only a scratch," he whispered hoarsely. "Thank God I was near enough to help!"

"But you're bleeding, he's shot you in the arm!" She was trying to bind it with her handkerchief. "And it was for me—Oh, I thought he'd kill you!"

Sherwin laid his hand over hers. "Would you care?" he asked, and his voice shook.

The girl lifted brave eyes to his, the color ran up to her dusky hair, but her look answered his.

"Jane!" he cried, "Jane!"

She did not speak, but her clear eyes misted. In the madness of that moment he cast his last resolution to the wind.

"I love you!" he said softly. "No matter what comes—no matter what is said of me—I love you!"

The girl looked back at him with her sweet gravity. "I don't even know your real name!" she said gently.

He groaned. It all came back to him and turned the world black. "I'm mad," he said bitterly. "You'll hate me soon for this!"

"John!"

He turned and saw her white face lifted, her blue eyes steady and brave.

"Tell me the truth," she said, "tell me—I'll believe you!"

He covered his own eyes with his shaking hands. Then he drew a long breath. He would tell her, he'd tell her all!

There came suddenly a shout and the sound of men rushing toward them.

"It's Jim," Jane said, "and old Mac—looking for me."

SHERWIN realized all it meant! He had made love to the girl—she had not definitely repulsed him, her eyes had spoken much, and he was—! The hot blood ran out of his face, his look was haggard. He stood still, trying to hide the blood on his sleeve. It made no difference now; nothing mattered, whether he lived or died. Then he heard her telling them what had happened and how brave he was!

Jim caught at his unwounded arm and wrung his hand.

"To the rescue again! You seem to have taken out a contract for pulling this family out of scrapes, old chap, and—" Jim choked a little, looking at his sister—"I don't know how to thank you!"

"Unfortunately, I always seem to let that rogue slip through my fingers!" Sherwin said. He knew that Jim must wonder how he got there, but Jane broke in with her cry about his arm.

"Jim, he's been shot—stabbed, I mean. You must see to his arm; I couldn't stop the blood!"

"Of course we'll see to it, Sis! Which way did Jordan run, Hazlett?"

"Into the brush," he pointed; "he got me in the arm first and—" he stopped, clapping his hand over the wound which stung painfully now.

"Oh, you must get that arm fixed up!" Jane said to her brother. "Where's the sheriff? He's needed here!"

Sherwin gave her a quick look, something grim in his smile, but Jim answered readily.

"I'd started Hazlett for the sheriff—by the way, where's your horse?" he asked suddenly.

"Over there—" old Mac pointed across the stream—"I seen it croppin' grass. Kinder wonder Jordan didn't swipe it."

Both men stared across at one of the fastest horses in the stables—who should have been half way to Hemmings' place by now—quietly nibbling grass on the east road. A look passed between the two but Sherwin missed it. Jane was insisting on his return to the house.

"Jim, he's faint from loss of blood—look at him!"

Old Mac intervened. "I'll fix him up; you go 'phone for th' doc, Jane," he thrust his hand through Sherwin's well arm. "You come along with me, son. Hello!" he shaded his eyes with his hand. "Say, Jim, if I ain't mistaken—th' sheriff's coming



MacDowell turned, motioned Sherwin to silence. "There's a light in the cabin," he whispered. "Jordan's up there. Sure as shootin'!"

across th' bridge right now!" he added, pointing.

Jim gave a quick exclamation of satisfaction. "So he is. Got a posse, too. Just in the nick of time—it's all right that you didn't go for him now, Hazlett!"

Sherwin flushed suddenly to his hair, but no one noticed it. Jane was running on ahead to telephone for the doctor, Mac had him by the arm, and Jim had apparently become absorbed in the approaching posse.

"Send a man over for that horse, Mac," he threw back as he hurried off.

MacDowell, still holding the wounded man by the arm, chuckled softly. "It's one of Jim's favor-

ites; right lucky Jordan didn't swipe it. By th' way, how d'you come here, son? Hear Jane screech?"

"No! I rode that way; saw Jordan by accident."

Sherwin's face was set. The old man peered at him sideways, ruminating.

"Thought you knew the way to Hemmings'." His tone was casual, and he went on at once; "It's a pity you missed baggin' Jordan; he's got th' start on us now."

"We'll have to get him," Sherwin answered absently. He had watched Jane's figure disappearing into the house and now he saw the sheriff's posse riding up along the slope to Las Palomas, and his face changed slowly and lost its softened lines.

"It seems to take a good many men to hunt down one out here," he remarked dryly.

Old Mac laughed. "A sheriff's posse's something

Illustrated by Clarence Tillenius

like a snowball; th' cowpunchers like excitement. You come in here an' let me see that arm."

"It's nothing but a flesh wound," Sherwin said, but he let the old man draw him into his own quarters and cut off his torn sleeve.

"Kinder nasty hurt," old Mac said, "but there ain't no bones broken. I'll wash it an' th' doc'll fix it up all right."

While he worked, his patient sat by the window watching the posse. He expected to be called to tell his story of Jordan, but he was not, and, as time passed, he began to wonder why. Then old Mac startled him more.

"I reckon you don't know that Jane's said to be goin' to marry Stenhart, do you?" he asked casually.

He felt Sherwin stiffen under his hands.

"I think she will not!" he said sharply.

MAC stared. Then fell silent, binding the arm a trifle closely, his eyes straying out of the window, following Sherwin's. The old man was far sighted. He made out a paper in the sheriff's hand, and after a moment Jim took it and both men stared at it.

"Th' sheriff's got a description of some one that's wanted," he said finally. "I've seen them papers before now."

Sherwin did not answer; his arm was bound up, and he rose suddenly and made for the door which opened on the posse. But Mac caught him back.

"Don't you do it, son!"

Sherwin stared at him. "What do you mean?"

The old man smiled grimly. "I reckon I kinder suspicion why you took th' wrong road, son; you don't need to meet th' sheriff here, Jim ain't called for you."

For a moment longer Sherwin stared at him sternly, then he flung himself into a chair beside the table, and leaning across it, buried his head in his arms. Old Mac came and stood beside him, looking down at him pityingly, for he saw his broad shoulders shake with a hard drawn, bitter sob. The older man did not put his hand on his shoulder, he was thinking and watching Jim through the window. For some reason Jim seemed to be trying to get rid of the sheriff. "It's a mighty hard nut to crack!" Mac thought, "an' there's an all-fired lot of reasons why it ain't always easy to be a righteous judge," and his eyes sank to the bowed head on the table.

Jim had somewhat similar thoughts, staring at the paper the sheriff had given him.

"Got any new men on?" Cutler had asked. "Seen a fellow like that picture?"

Jim studied the picture a long time silently, then he looked around at the sheriff.

"What's he wanted for, Cutler?"

"Murder, first degree. Escaped convict from Rhode Island; it's for life there, you know."

Jim nodded. "Better leave the paper with me," he said at last; "new men come along every now and then."

"That's so! Personally I don't think likely he's round these parts; too far off his beat, eh?" The sheriff moved to the door. "By the way, Keller, where's that fellow who mixed it up for Jordan? Send him along to show us the way he went."

"I'll send old MacDowell, he knows," Jim said promptly. "The other man's got a bad arm; I've phoned for the doctor for him." As he spoke he accompanied the sheriff to the door and shouted for Mac. The old man answered at once and got his orders to go with the posse. He cast a sharp look at Jim's face and obeyed without a word.

AT the moment Jim scarcely noticed that he did not suggest that the man whom they called Hazlett should go, but he thought of it as he turned back into the house, a furrow of worry between his own brows. It seemed as if Mac had caught at the meaning of things by instinct, or had he found out something himself? Standing alone in the hall, he took out the sheriff's paper and studied it. The

The Turning Point

by MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

picture of the escaped convict was unusually clear-cut and good, the description accurate. Jim was still studying it when he heard a light step behind him and turned to meet Fanny Sewell. The young nurse caught the trouble in his face at a glance.

"There's something wrong!" she said quickly.

"Nothing much wrong when I see you!" Jim answered heartily.

But she was not to be put off. "You're worried!"

For answer Jim held out the paper. "Ever see that face before, Fanny?"

The girl gave it a startled look, then she scrutinized it carefully, her own face changing sharply.

The story of the bitter enmity of Stenhart and Sherwin unfolds in this second instalment of an exciting three-part serial.

"Oh!" it was an exclamation of dismay, as she lifted her troubled eyes to his.

"Can't be mistaken, can it?" Jim asked grimly.

"It's terribly like him—what's the crime?"

Jim turned the paper over. "There's a statement—pretty bad, too!"

Fanny began to read it slowly, her face losing its happy flush.

"He's saved my life—and got Jane away from Jordan today. It's—it's darned hard to know what to do!"

The nurse did not seem to hear him. As she read she paled, and suddenly she caught at a chair and gasped, her eyes dilated.

"Good Lord, Fanny—my darling girl, what is it?" Jim forgot his quandary as he caught her in his arms.

"Nothing!" she tried to smile. "I—I was a little dizzy—there's Jane now!"

Jim, still anxious and perplexed, looked around.

"Hello, Jane—Stenhart! Come along. Fanny's overdone, she's faint; I've made her sit down," as he spoke he was putting the nurse into the big chair at his desk.

Stenhart, following Jane, came in slowly, leaning on his stick.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

Jane was getting a glass of water for Fanny, and as she brought it Jim held out the sheriff's paper.

"Look here, Jane!"

His sister ignored him, fussing over the other girl. "Feeling better, dear? Sit down, Max, or you'll overtire yourself!" Then, straightening up; "What's that, Jim?"

He handed her the description and the picture. Jane stared at it, changing color, then she flung it down.

"Well," she said defiantly, "what of it?"

Jim saw the anger and pride in her face. Suddenly he remembered the scene by the creek, when he found her there with Sherwin.

"By Jove!" he breathed, and turned sharply. "Max, look at that!" He snatched the paper up and handed it to Stenhart.

Stenhart was reading it when they heard a step on the veranda and Sherwin came into the hall. His arm was bandaged and his face was colorless.

"Oh!" cried Jane impulsively, "you shouldn't—your arm—"

But he did not look at her, he was looking at Stenhart. There was a tense moment. No one spoke, then Stenhart laughed—laughed out loud, holding out the paper and looking at Jim.

"It's the man," he said; "can't you see? Use your eyes! I've known this fellow before—his name's John Sherwin; he killed his old uncle because he'd left him out of his will, cut him off. He's escaped from jail. He was sentenced for life; I know it! He's an escaped convict!"

SHERWIN said nothing. He faced him and his right hand dropped suddenly to his hip. Stenhart shrieked, crumpling against the wall.

"Don't let him kill me!" he panted.

Jim started forward but Jane was ahead of him; she caught at Sherwin's sleeve. She took no notice of the others; she seemed to see no one but this one man.

"Tell me," she whispered, her lips white, "tell me it isn't true!"

Sherwin put her hand away and stood alone, facing them.

"It's true that I'm the man they want," he said harshly, "and it's true," he raised his hand and pointed at Stenhart, "it's true that I came here to kill him."

Jane shrank away from him; without a word she recoiled. Their eyes held each other a moment longer but there was no answer in hers. He saw her shrink and shudder.

There was a terrible silence; the others stood staring, dumbly. Then Stenhart backed farther away, white and shaken.

"He'll kill me—don't let him come near me!" he cried hysterically.

Sherwin turned and looked his scorn at him. "I'll not kill you here," he said coldly. His face was white and drawn; he did not look at Jane again but at Jim. "You can give me up," he said harshly; "I came to tell you so. There's a reward," he added bitterly. "Stenhart here might like it!"

Fanny Sewell's head dropped; she sobbed chokingly.

Jim intervened. He stepped in front of Jane and took Sherwin by the unwounded arm. "Come!" he said sternly.

Sherwin cast one quick look of anguish at Jane, turned without a word and went.

As he went Stenhart collapsed into a chair, but Jane did not even glance at him. She stood with her back against the wall, staring in front of her with unseeing eyes. He had dared to make love to her and he was a convict! Her head swam and her mouth was dry, but she said nothing.

Outside the house, Jim had his hand on Sherwin's arm.

"Melt away," he said grimly; "you saved me and you rescued my sister—I'll do nothing, nothing at all. Melt away!"

They stood still in the broad daylight. It was afternoon now, and some doves were cooing in the trees.

Sherwin turned gravely and looked at Keller, his pale face flushed a little.

"I don't want to make such a claim upon your generosity," he said stiffly. "Better give me up."

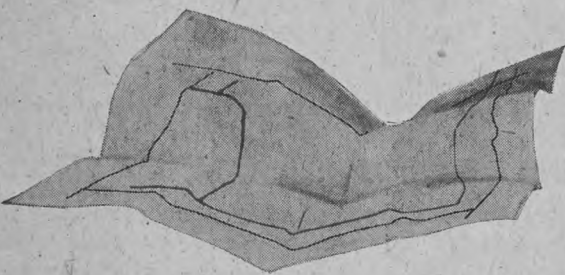
JIM swore a little. "I'm not that kind," he said; then his eyes travelled toward the distant windings of the road. He took out his field-glasses and searched it as far off as he could see. He made out a dark patch moving on the upper road. "You go and stay with Mac until dark; that's the sheriff up there. After dark you can get off."

Sherwin said nothing; if he wanted to make a plea in his own defense he saw it was useless, he was judged. Yet there was something about Jim

(Turn to page 58)



Dakota Journey



SUCCESSFUL farmers are invariably the ones who know what's new. They are aware of the new ideas which the neighbor on the other side of the fence is trying out, and good judges of the practicability of those ideas. By the same analogy, it might be a good idea to keep a roving eye over the imaginary fence which separates us from the U.S.A. We might pick up a few wrinkles from the small grain farmers on the other side of the line working under conditions not dissimilar to our own.

With this in mind, your roving reporter travelled across the state of North Dakota in midsummer, recording those things which may indicate coming trends in our manner of farming.

SURELY there are few finer sights under the sun than that presented by the Red River valley in a fat crop year. This fall the Americans have harvested the largest grain crop in their history. The Red River valley, comprising the eastern quarter of the state, provided its full quota. Endless, level, opulent fields dotted with green bluffs and neat homes.

The general appearance of the farmsteads is more striking than it is on this side of the boundary. So it ought to be. The state has 69,520 farms and its gross agricultural income has averaged over \$500 million since 1943. In 1945 it worked out to the dazzling total of \$7,600 per farm. This year it will be more. The corresponding figure for the wheat growing provinces of Canada was \$3,623 last year. Whereas the Canadian farmer bonuses urban consumers, the American farmer is the beneficiary of a national policy which bonuses him. It guarantees him a price level for staple crops in relation to the general price level. He should worry if world prices for grain should suddenly tumble. Uncle Sam's treasury would make up the loss.

Naturally spring wheat oc-

cupies the centre of the stage in North Dakota. There have been prophets of good standing in Canada who have raised a doubt as to whether spring wheat could survive the competition of American winter wheat, come years of satisfied world markets. They pooh-pooh that idea in North Dakota. They will take on Kansas competition any time. This is the basis of their confidence. With a shorter evaporation season in the north there is more moisture for the crop even out of a year's rainfall that may actually be less than in Kansas. If that is good reasoning for North Dakota it is better still in these northern latitudes.

THE Nodaks are much more concerned about disease resistance in plants. Wheat rust is even a greater bugbear than in Canada. The coming of Thatcher in 1934 lifted them from despair. But Thatcher is not the final answer for them, largely because of its lack of resistance to leaf rust. They have been steadily discarding it for newer and better varieties. At the commencement of the war the U.S. spring wheat country grew 14.5 million acres of Thatcher. The acreage sown to that variety is now down to 4.5 million, while we in Canada have been steadily raising our acreage of it to 17 million.

The search for new grain varieties in North Dakota centres around the agricultural college and experiment station at Fargo. In 1939 the joint institution distributed Rival and Pilot, the first of which now claims four million, and the latter one and one-half million American acres. Two other wheats made their appearance in 1944, Mida and Cadet. The first of these is a bearded, medium-early, high-

yielding wheat, highly resistant to black stem rust, bunt, and fairly resistant to the Hessian fly. Cadet is a beardless sort which compares very favorably with it on all counts, and declared to be specially suited to the northern part of the state.

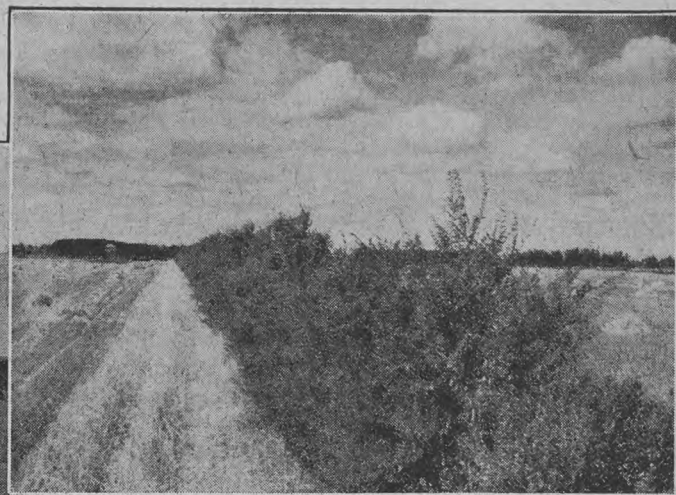
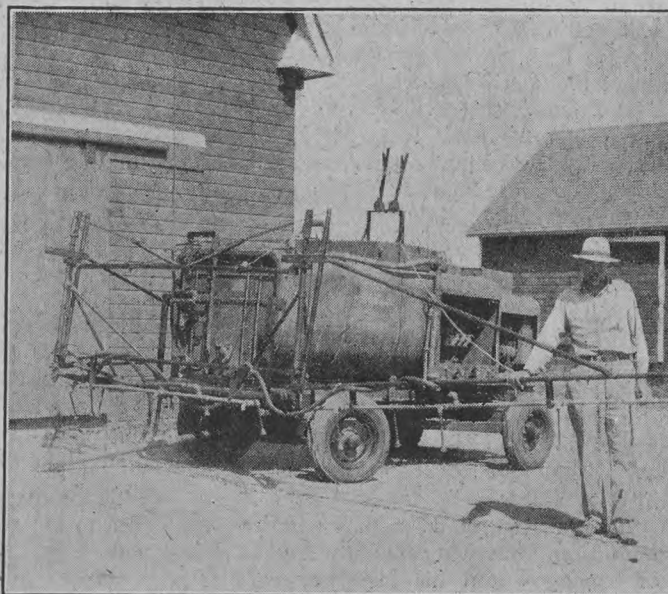
About 95 per cent of the wheat grown in North Dakota is of varieties which have been distributed since 1934; 60 per cent of it is Rival and Mida. Says Dr. H. L. Walster, head of the Fargo establishment, "Had we depended on older varieties we would have had no crop last year. With the help of the new varieties developed since Thatcher, North Dakota farmers harvested 23 million bushels more in 1947 than we would have had if we had been growing that variety. A clear gain of \$50,000,000 in one year to the farmers of this state."

It does not follow that we should be growing these varieties in western Canada. Past experience has taught us that wheats suitable to one locale may be wrong for another nearby. Beyond everything else it has demonstrated the unwisdom of hurriedly and thoughtlessly multiplying the variety list. But it does follow that the variety list is never final. Renown is only number one on a list likely to grow. Thatcher will go here as it has in Dakota.

The Nodaks are not resting on their oars. This summer they had 2,000 new bread wheats in rod row tests at Fargo, some of them exceptionally promising.

DURUM is an important crop in North Dakota. The 25-cent to 50-cent premium which their farmers have enjoyed has increased the acreage till now one-fifth the wheat grown in the state is Durum. There is more room for its improvement than there is with bread wheat. Dakota farmers are prone to grow red Durum because of its disease resistance. The professionals are dead against it (Turn to page 64)

Below: G. N. Geiszler, Superintendent of the demonstration farm at Minot, with a sprayer constructed from army salvage equipped with a 42-foot boom.



Strip plantations to lessen wind damage to crops are a common feature in Dakota east of the 15-inch rainfall line. On this farm, near Kramer, the owner planted buffer strips of Chinese Elm, honeysuckle and wild plum 20 rods apart, with good effect.

by P. M. ABEL

Far left: T. E. Stoa, Fargo cerealist who has directed much of North Dakota's recent plant breeding work.

Left: A farm demonstration in Burleigh County conducted by the county agent and featuring home sewage disposal systems



Double Shift

FORTY years ago a farm boy in Italy was casting his eyes across the blue waters that, far beyond the Gibraltar Straits, lapped the distant Canadian shore. Young Joe Pavan knew he wanted to go to Canada. He knew that he wanted a farm, but he never knew that he would get it and that his industry and initiative would make it a good one. Yet today the dream is a reality, and an older Joe Pavan owns and operates a large farm and dairy enterprise on the fertile lands north of Lethbridge. The half-formed dream has come true.

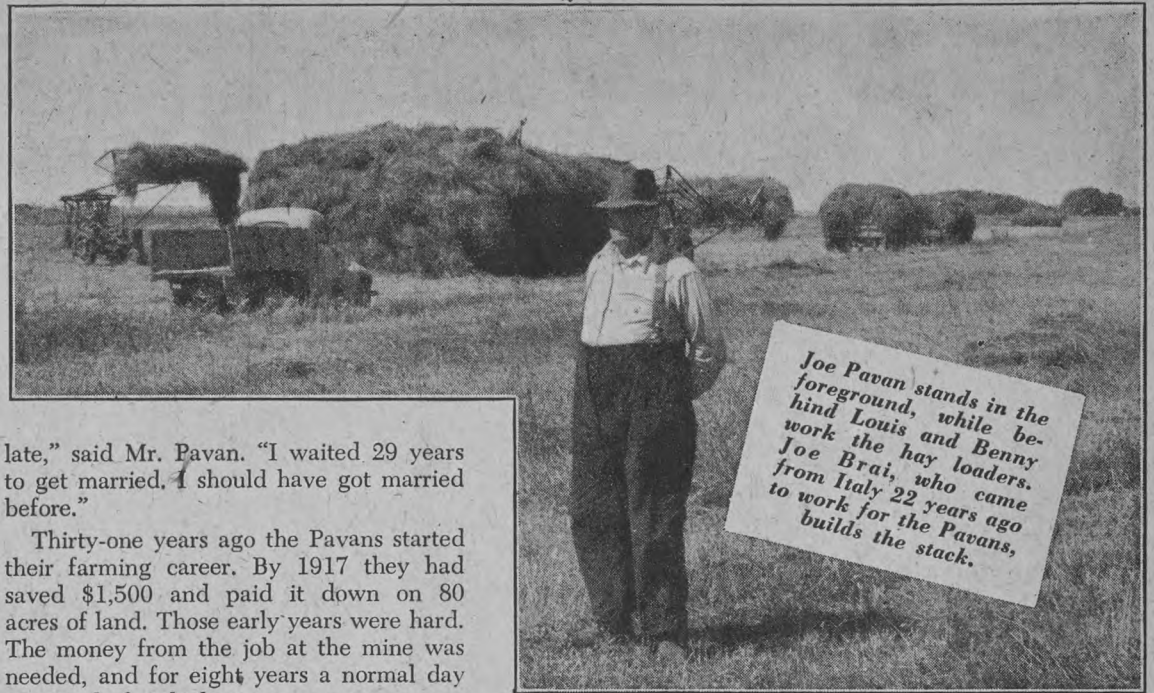
As young Joe dreamt of going to Canada, he thought back on his early youth in Italy. He remembered going to the fields before sunrise, with his father, to scythe hay. In later years he had seen hard work and small returns. Looking back over the years in Italy and in Canada, he remarked: "In Italy they bawled me out for not working hard enough. When, in this country, they said, 'Joe, you work too hard,' I knew I had come to the right place."

The wish to go to Canada became a determination. He bought an Italian-English dictionary and a composition book. With no teacher to illuminate the dry words and to mouth the unfamiliar pronunciations, it was hard slugging. Regretfully, Joe decided to defer his course in modern language till he got to the promised land.

A friend in Italy knew a man who knew a man. The end of that quest would take him to Lethbridge, and Joe decided that was where he would go. Once his mind was made up, he prepared to leave.

HE arrived in Lethbridge at 4.20 on the stormy morning of March 13, 1911. His study of English had not progressed far and he did not know the language well enough to enquire for the friend of a friend that he sought. Impatience was not in the book for young Joe. He sat in the station and waited on events—a young man, thousands of miles from his own home, who had brought with him no assets except willing hands and a strong heart.

After a few hours a man came past and when Pavan addressed him in Italian, he



late," said Mr. Pavan. "I waited 29 years to get married. I should have got married before."

Thirty-one years ago the Pavans started their farming career. By 1917 they had saved \$1,500 and paid it down on 80 acres of land. Those early years were hard. The money from the job at the mine was needed, and for eight years a normal day consisted of eight hours as a steam engineer at the mine followed by work on the farm, six miles distant. There were three shifts at the mine—seven to three, three to eleven and eleven to seven. Joe changed his shift every week, and fitted the

Beginning with nothing, Joe Pavan did his farm work, in his early days, after an eight-hour shift at the mine. His fine Lethbridge farm is a monument to hard work.

by RALPH HEDLIN

rigating 200. On the farm there are two trucks, four tractors, a car and a full line of power machinery. The Pavan farm has grown a long way from its small beginnings.

How has it been done? Intelligence and good farm management and experience have been big factors. The biggest single item has been dogged hard work and persistence. Mrs. Pavan and, in later years, the seven children, all know how to tackle a job, and the chief was always there to set the pace. Every day a lot of jobs were completed.

The farmyard is complete with a fine house, barn, granaries, workshop and garage; yet no professional builder has set foot on the place. Mr. Pavan built them himself. He designed and built his own water system, and, until the power line came through, he used an electric system of his own design. The Pavan philosophy is that a farmer must either do without good buildings and facilities, or else teach himself to be a carpenter and builder and general handyman and make them for himself.

MR. PAVAN is enthusiastic about his water system. The boiler from an old steam engine has been set up so that it can be fired to build a head of steam. The boiler is located in a shop near the barn. Pipes connect the boiler to steam radiators in the house. On cold fall days the women do not have to stoke a stove or furnace. The steam is turned into the radiators and the house is made comfortable. The steam boiler is fired the whole year round, so the house can be kept comfortably warm at all times with very little trouble.

The steam is also fed into a hot water line to give hot water in the taps in the house. On wash-days, or days when a lot of hot water is needed, it is simple to provide it by increasing the amount of steam passed into the water.

The convenience of hot water is not limited to the house. There is one drinking fountain for every two cows in the stable, and in the winter steam is fed into the water tank to warm the water for the cows. Mr. Pavan believes that the warmed water helps to maintain a high level of production. He feels that if cows fill up on chilly water on winter days they give less milk.

Cinders are one of the by-products of the firing of the steam boiler. The use made of this apparent waste material throws a further interesting sidelight on the Pavan philosophy. The cinders, which under less careful management would have been dumped out, were accumulated and mixed with cement to make cinder blocks. Enough cinder blocks were made to construct a garage and workshop. The only outside cost associated with the buildings was the cost of the cement.

(Turn to page 32)



Above: Fourteen-year-old Benny hoists a forkful of alfalfa, while Dad looks on. With the two machines, the Pavans have put up as much as 45 tons in a day.

Left: Part of the Holstein herd.



answered in the same tongue. Between them, they found the man Joe sought, and with his help located a job with the City of Lethbridge, laying sewers and mains. Five months later this job was given up in favor of the job of fireman at Lethbridge's number three coal mine. By this time a Canadian history book had been added to the two books Pavan already possessed. In one capacity and another, he worked for 13 years on the steam engines at the coal mine.

Young Joe worked hard those first years in the mine, and he saved his money. The local girls could get nowhere with this young fellow. Just three years after Joe's arrival in Lethbridge his "girl" from Italy stepped off the C.P.R. train and Joe was there to meet her. "That was the only time I was

farm work into whatever part of the day remained.

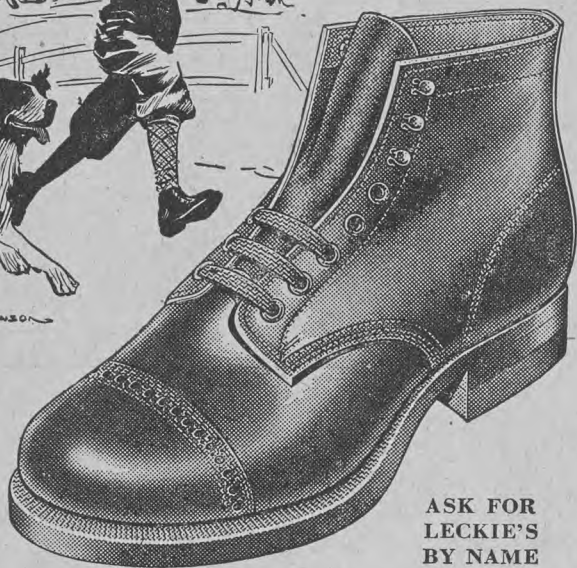
During those years the chief emphasis was on livestock. The farm boasted pigs, chickens and around 12 milking cows. The milk was made into cheeses weighing from 25 to 40 pounds, which were sold at the mine. A large part of the work fell on Mrs. Pavan. "If it were not for my wife I couldn't have done it. She used to stook, come out and hay and milk the cows. She never minded helping."

IN 1925, Mr. Pavan quit his job at the mine and devoted all of his time to the farm. In the 23 years following, the stock has multiplied and the farm has grown. At the present time he has 160 head of dairy cattle, of which 70 are milking. To maintain them, he farms 800 acres of land, ir-

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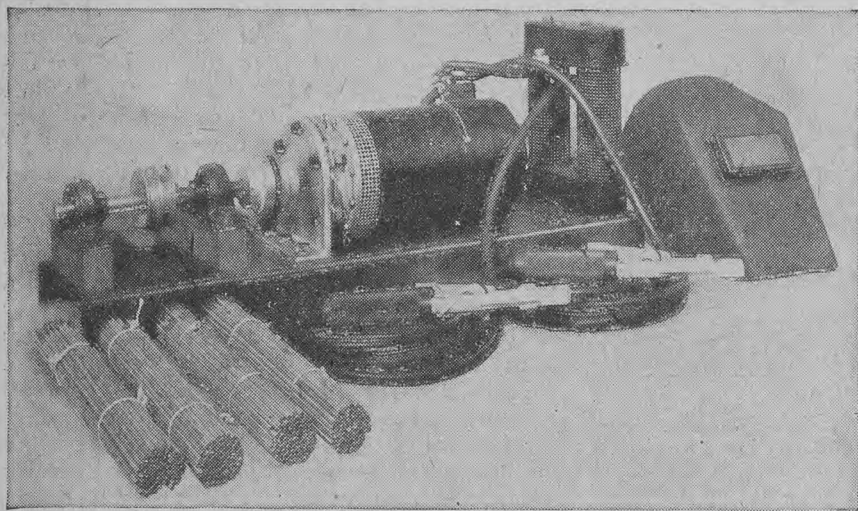
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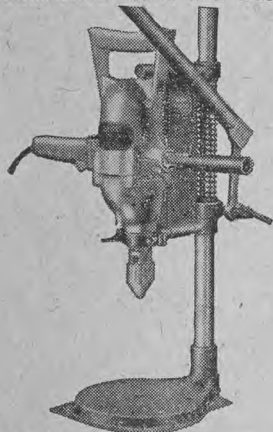
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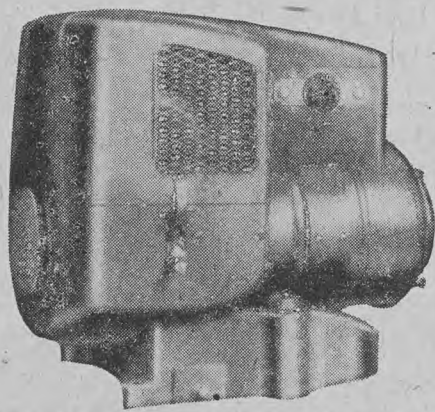
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NEWS OF AGRICULTURE



Modern farm equipment now includes a portable crop dryer, by which three men can harvest, dry and bag crops such as alfalfa, more or less independent of the weather.

Agricultural Courses

SHORT courses in agriculture will be starting in the prairie provinces in the near future. Two year courses, lasting five months each year, are offered at the University of Manitoba, the University of Saskatchewan and at the Schools of Agriculture, at Olds and Vermilion, in Alberta.

These courses are open to farm boys or girls. The course in Saskatchewan is open to boys and girls 17 years of age, or over, who have at least a grade eight education. Alberta and Manitoba have similar requirements, except that Manitoba will accept young men 16 years of age. The final measure in most cases is the ability to intelligently understand the practical, agriculture courses that are given.

Information about these courses is available from the Dean of Agriculture and Home Economics, the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg; from the Director, School of Agriculture, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon; or from the Principal, Olds School of Agriculture, Olds, Alberta, and the Principal of the Vermilion School of Agriculture, at Vermilion. All of these courses will be starting around the end of October.

A four months farm mechanics course will also be conducted at the Canadian Vocational Training School at Saskatoon, from November 15 to March 18. This course will be open to about 30 young men between the ages of 16 and 30. No fees will be charged.

The course will include instruction in the operation and overhaul of gasoline and diesel motors and tractors, the maintenance and repair of all major types of farm machinery, and the construction and maintenance of farm buildings. Further information can be obtained from Dr. L. C. Paul, Extension Department, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

Market Cattle Driven to U.S.

WHEN the embargo against Canadian cattle entering the United States, which was imposed in September, 1942, was lifted August 16 this year, Canadian cattlemen looked forward eagerly to the newly opened market. Lifting of the embargo released for sale beef cattle and calves, beef and veal, including all edible beef and veal products, and canned foods

containing meat. The quota under the Geneva Trade Agreement was raised from 225,000 head annually for cattle weighing over 700 pounds, to 400,000 head, and the duty on Canadian beef was reduced from six to three cents per pound.

Many American buyers immediately appeared in western Canada, and in mid-September a sizeable overland drive of cattle took place from the Manyberries district south of Medicine Hat to Montana. About 1,000 head of fat and feeder cattle purchased at from 23 to 25 cents per pound were included in the drive and were headed for Chester, Montana, at which place they would be shipped to U.S. feedlots and packing plants.

Over 1,500 head of Alberta cattle were also awaiting rail shipment from Tilley, Alberta to Illinois and South Dakota.

Formerly, the bulk of Canadian high quality cattle went to the export market, leaving the Canadian consumer an excess of medium and common grades. During the war and post-war price-control period, differentials between grades were narrow and the consumer ate better quality beef than ever before. From now on Canadians must compete with the American consumer. Important now, too, is the prospect of beef exports, since Canadian packers, may be able to take from the market cattle which cannot be readily exported alive.

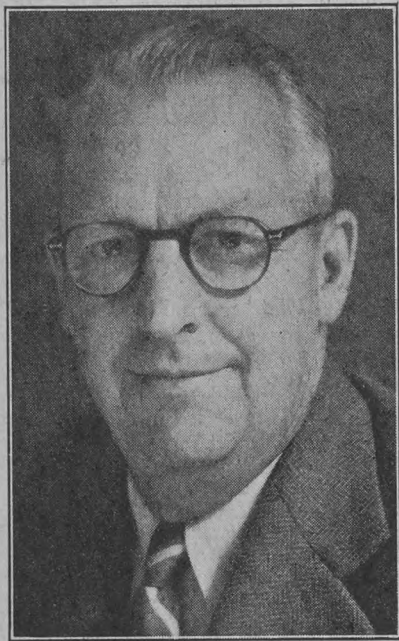
Between August 16 and September 15, a total of 61,477 head of slaughter and feeder cattle were exported from Canada to the United States. That was in addition to 11,420 calves, 349 hogs and 8,087 sheep and lambs. Exports of dairy cattle and purebreds during the first eight and one-half months of the year were considerably in excess of 80,000.

Swine Numbers Down

AMONG the western provinces, Saskatchewan has the greatest decrease in swine numbers as compared with 1947, with a decrease of 29.1 per cent. Manitoba is the next highest with a decrease of 26.1 per cent; British Columbia 22.6 per cent, Ontario 21.2 per cent, Nova Scotia 20.2 per cent, Alberta 13.5 per cent, Prince Edward Island 9.9 per cent, and Quebec 8.1 per cent. Total hogs in the four western provinces numbered only 1,936,200.

Resignations And Appointments

C. B. DAVIDSON, associated with the Canadian Wheat Board in various capacities since 1935, has been appointed secretary of the Board to succeed Dr. T. W. Grindley, recently appointed a member of the Board. Mr. Davidson has recently been executive assistant to the Board and has had a long association with the grain industry. Now 46 years old, and born in Guelph, Ontario, he was brought west at a very early age and eventually secured his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Saskatchewan in 1924, securing his Masters degree in Economics the following year. During the next two years he did post graduate work at



C. B. Davidson.

the University of Chicago and was employed for about a year by the Saskatchewan Wheat Board and the Canadian Co-operative Wheat Producers, Limited. He joined the Agricultural Branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, where he spent five years, since which time he has been associated with the Wheat Board almost constantly. During a period when the Board was inactive, he set up as a private economic consultant in Winnipeg, and during this period he did considerable work for the Government of Manitoba.

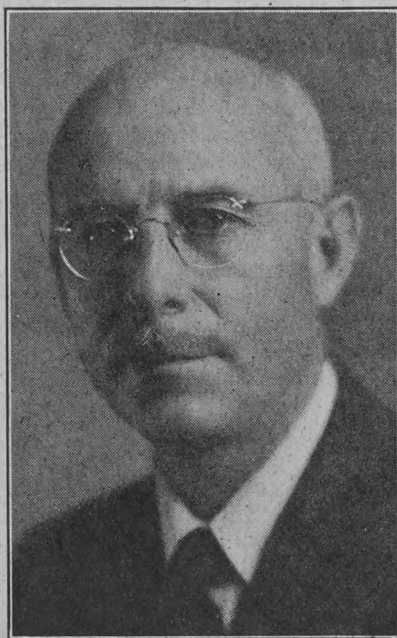


J. F. Singleton.

A FAMILIAR figure at western dairy conventions for many years past, recently retired on superannuation, from the Dominion Department of Agriculture. He is **J. F. Singleton**, head of the Dairy Products Division and associate director, Marketing Service since 1932, when he succeeded Dr. J. A. Ruddick, former dairy commissioner for Canada. Mr. Singleton was with the Dominion Department of Agriculture from January, 1914, when he was appointed chief inspector of dairy products and later chief, market division of the Dairy Branch of the Department. Chairman of the Dairy Products Board since its establishment early in the war years, Mr. Singleton was made a Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in July, 1946, and in 1947, he was honored with a life membership in the Alberta Dairymen's Association. Born in 1882 in Leeds County, Ontario, he has devoted a full lifetime of service to the Canadian dairy industry.

A RECENT transfer and promotion within the Dominion Department of Agriculture occurred when **S. R. N. Hodgins, O.B.E.**, was transferred from the position of general executive assistant to the deputy minister, to that of director of information service. In addition to holding degrees from McGill University in both Arts and Agriculture, he has had a long and varied experience in Canadian agriculture ranging from management of a cheese factory to farm journalism and the secretaryship of the Agricultural Supplies Board during the war years, and secretary of the Executive of the National Advisory Committee on Agricultural Services.

APPOINTED as director of the new regional laboratory under development at Lethbridge by the Science Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, is **Dr. W. Broadfoot**. Formerly in charge of the Seed-Borne Disease Laboratory, Science Service, Ottawa, Mr. Broadfoot is no stranger to the West, having come to Saskatchewan with his parents in 1905. Associated with him in the new laboratory will be **Dr. C. W. Farstad**, for some years associated with wheat-stem sawfly investigations at the Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Lethbridge;



S. R. N. Hodgins.

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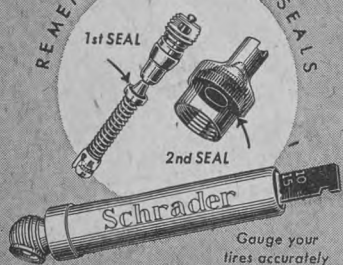
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A. W. Platt, formerly in charge of cereal breeding investigations at the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current; Dr. W. M. Cormack, who has been transferred from the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology at Edmonton, and R. H. Painter who is in charge of the recently established Livestock Insect Laboratory, and who is widely known for his successful efforts toward the control of warble flies. E. F. Manson, until recently officer-in-charge of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Lethbridge, where he specialized in sugar beet and vegetable insect investigation, has been transferred to the Dominion Entomological Laboratory at Chatam, Ontario.

AN announcement of considerable interest to western livestock breeders was made recently by the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, Toronto. To relieve W. A. Dryden, managing-director of the Royal, from too much administrative detail following his severe illness during the past year, Mr. W. P. Watson, livestock commissioner for Ontario, has been secured on loan from the Ontario Department of Agriculture until the completion of the 1948 show.

Farm Cash Income Up

DURING the last two years farm cash income in Canada for the first six months of the year has risen from \$620.1 million in 1946 to \$732.7 million in 1947, and to \$974.2 million in 1948. The large increase this year over last year can be attributed, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, "to substantial sums paid out in western Canada by the Canadian Wheat Board in connection with adjusting, participation and final equalization payments on wheat, flax seed and oats."

These payments amounted to about \$133 million. Livestock and livestock products also contributed to the increase in farm cash received, because of the over-all increase in farm prices. Livestock revenue of \$626.7 million in the first half of 1948 compares with \$450.2 million for the same period a year ago. Hogs led other livestock this year, with dairy products a close second. Of the total for all Canada (\$974.2 million), livestock products accounted for \$626.7 million and all field crops for \$331 million.

Some idea of the increase in farm prices of agricultural products that has taken place in recent years, is obtainable from the monthly index numbers issued by the Bureau of Statistics. The level of farm prices in 1939 was 91.8, where the years 1935-39 are taken as 100. By 1942, the average had risen to 133.1, by 1945 to 180.7. The index level for 1946 was 192.3 which was again increased in 1947 to 203.4. By December, 1947, farm prices stood at 217.9, rising to 231.7 in January, 1948, 233.8 in April, 238.6 in May, 248.6 in June and 250.8 in July, the latest month used in the September report.

Competition for Better Hogs

THE Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the Dominion Department of Agriculture are sponsoring a bacon hog competition in Saskatchewan for 1948. The purpose of the competition is to encourage the breeding of top quality hogs. At present Saskatchewan producers are marketing about 30 per cent

grade A hogs, which is considerably below the Dominion average.

Official entries are not required. Information on all hogs marketed is available through official hog marketing records, and any farmer who has raised, fed, and marketed hogs in his own name will be automatically entered.

Scores will be computed on the basis of the percentage of grade "A" hogs marketed by each producer during the calendar year in each of the four groups, 25 hogs or less, 26 to 50 hogs, 51 to 75 hogs, and 76 or more hogs. Cash prizes will be awarded to the winners in each group in each agricultural representative district. A special prize will be given to the municipality in which the producer having the highest score in each district resides.

A trophy will be awarded to the producer having the highest over-all score in the province.

The Honey-Bee Business

THIS year there are 31,850 beekeepers in Canada. This compares with a recent low of 26,900 for the 1935-1939 period, and a high of 43,300 in 1945. However, a grand total of 561,700 colonies of bees is nearly 40,000 in excess of the 1945 figure, though 27,000 below 1947. This year also, average production per hive is expected to be 74.5 pounds, which is the highest since 1943, when the average was 88 pounds. The 1935-1939 average was 93 pounds per hive.

Total honey production in 1948 is expected to be 41,853,000 pounds, or more than in any year since the war began.

Ontario is the biggest honey producer, with an estimated production of 15,781,000 pounds from 239,100 colonies owned by 5,050 beekeepers. Manitoba comes next with 7,498,000 pounds of honey from 85,200 colonies owned by 3,390 beekeepers. In 1946 Saskatchewan produced 3,953,000 pounds of honey for 12,020 beekeepers. This year, her production will be 5,038,000 pounds of honey for only 8,340 beekeepers. Numbers of colonies are slightly less, and the average production per colony about a third more than in 1946. Alberta is expected to have the highest average production of honey per colony of any province in Canada this year, with a yield of 113 pounds. The number of beekeepers in Alberta has dropped in two years from 11,000 to 6,530.

Seed Grain Debts

FARMERS in Saskatchewan still owe \$2,500,000 under the 1945 seed grain-agreement with the federal government. The Saskatchewan government is going to make every effort to collect this money before October 31. The deadline had previously been July 31, but Provincial Treasurer C. M. Fines announces that the Dominion government had agreed to extend the deadline for a further three months.

The farmers' share of the \$16,480,000 debt was \$6,626,000, of which \$4,100,000 had been paid on July 31. Under the agreement the farmer is to pay 50 per cent of the debt, with the provincial government paying the remaining 50 per cent, plus interest. It was agreed in 1945 that the municipalities would make collections, and make monthly payments to the Dominion. Since that time, says Mr. Fines, some municipalities have com-

pletely wiped out the indebtedness in their areas.

Zebu-Shorthorn Cross

K. J. ATKINSON, an Australian cattleman of Mount Garnet, Queensland, hopes to breed the horns off his Zebus by using polled Shorthorn cows with Zebu bulls.

He has been breeding Zebu-cross cattle since 1938. He is of the opinion that they finish off a year earlier than British breeds of cattle, and grade up and weigh quite as well.

He is attempting to get three-eighths Zebu blood throughout the herd. He started with purebred Zebu bulls and Hereford-Shorthorn cows, and now has Zebu blood in 25 per cent of his herd. He has mated polled Shorthorn females to Zebu bulls. The female progeny will go into a paddock with a purebred Zebu bull, and the heifer progeny of this mating will go to a purebred polled Shorthorn bull.

Selective Aphid Killer

NEARLY everyone is familiar with aphids, or plant lice. Small, generally greenish insects found mostly on the undersides of leaves, they can be very destructive. They secrete a kind of honey dew which ants are fond of. Their natural enemy is the ladybird beetle. This year aphids have been very destructive of cover crops in the southern Alberta area from Woodhouse to Parkland. The Lethbridge Herald reports that thousands of acres of cover crop have been stripped and quotes Dr. C. W. Farstad, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Lethbridge, as saying, "I have never seen anything like it. Stalks and leaves are literally covered with the aphids." Scattered reports of grain losses are also recorded from other parts of Alberta and southern Saskatchewan.

If, as reported, Saskatchewan entomologists have identified the aphid as the English grain aphid, it should prove susceptible to the new British selective aphid killer Pestox III. Announcement of this new patented spray was made at the fifth Commonwealth Entomological conference in London, England. The spray is said to be absorbed by plants and to render them immune against attack by aphids for two to three weeks. It does not harm the ladybird beetle.

Colorado Beetle

COLORADO beetles were first recognized in England in 1877, and these early infestations were destroyed. In 1922 they made an appearance in France, and multiplied to serious proportions.

At the present time they are a real problem in Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France, and are making an appearance here and there in England. The countries concerned held a meeting, and reached general agreement on practical control measures. The available resources of the various countries are being jointly mobilized. The United Kingdom is providing spraying materials, and is also giving technical advice to the other countries, as valuable experience has been gained in the course of the campaign in Britain against the few beetles that have made an appearance. Each co-operating country provides other needed supplies.

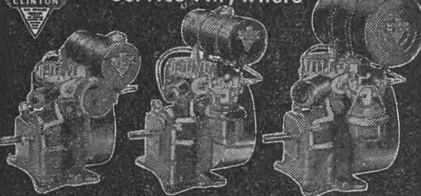
The international approach looks like the best prospect if the pest is to be controlled. Colorado beetles are no respecters of international boundaries.

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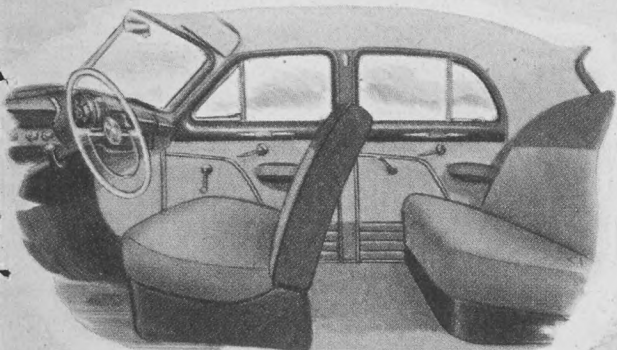
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The Farmland Trapper's Outfit

Helpful hints about equipment you will need for quick, efficient work.

THE outfit of the farmland trapper need not be too elaborate, but there are certain items that are needed if the most money is to be made on the trapline, and the most important item is a supply of good steel traps.

There are also two styles of traps, the long-spring and the under-spring or jump trap as it is called, and I use both these styles of traps. The jump traps are lighter in weight and easier to conceal, but they also cost a little more than the other kind. As to the number and sizes of traps the farmland trapper will need, that depends on the time to be spent on the trapline, and the kind of animals to be trapped. Probably from 50 to 100 traps may be used to good advantage, and of this number, perhaps half of them should be No. 1; one-quarter No. 1½, and the balance made up of No. 2's and No. 3's.

Another important item is a supply of stretchers for the furs, and enough of these should be on hand when the season opens so that the trapper can allow the pelts to remain on the stretchers until thoroughly dry which usually requires from 10 days to two weeks, depending on the weather. These stretchers may be purchased from dealers in trappers' supplies, or they can be made at home from ¼ or ½-inch boards.

Home-made stretchers should be planed perfectly smooth to keep from tearing the pelts on splinters when stretching them or removing them from the stretchers. I use both kinds of stretchers but really like the home-made ones better. When using the wooden stretchers, I tack the pelts to the stretcher with 3d nails and a supply of these will be needed.

Some kind of bag will be needed for carrying bait and traps, and for carrying bait I use one of the army gas-mask bags which suits that purpose admirably. For carrying traps the army haversack is all right, or one of the packsacks sold by dealers in outing equipment may be used. I like the packsack as it has straps that go over the shoulders and the weight of the traps is on the back instead of on the shoulders as in the haversacks.

When fastening traps to drags, I use common haywire, but as wire that is old and rusty will often break when the animal is caught and allow it to

escape, I prefer new wire that has never been used, and I carry a small roll of this wire when setting out or tending my traps. Often I wish to fasten a trap solidly to a log or tree, and for this purpose I use the long, soft-wood fence staple. I carry a few of these in my pocket at all times in a tin box to keep from punching holes in the pocket, and a few staples may be carried in a common aspirin box. For cutting and bending wire when fastening traps, a pair of good quality six-inch pliers will be needed, and I use a pair of pliers with wire cutters on the side.

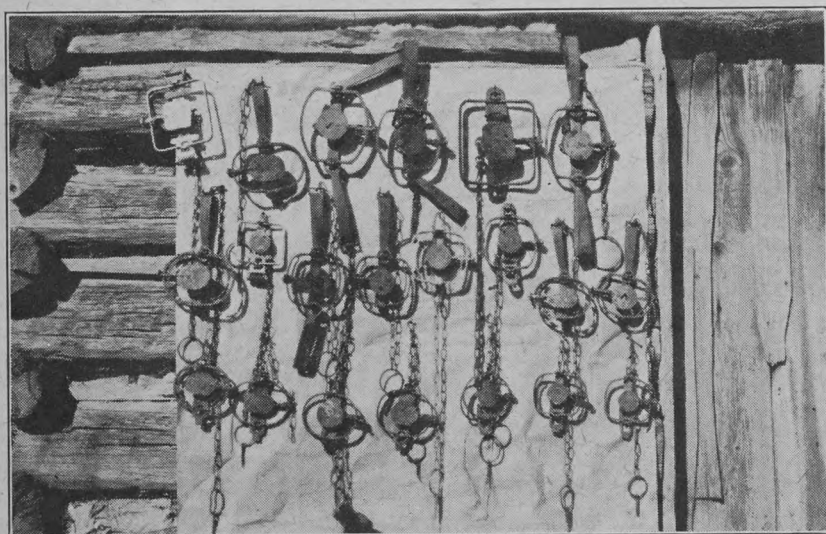
I carry one of the little pocket axes which has a guard that covers the blade when not in use and allows it to be carried in the pocket or on a belt. This little axe has a small, folding pick on the back which I use to dig beds for my fox traps.

A knife of good metal, with one slim, sharp-pointed blade will be needed for skinning the animal taken in the traps. This knife should always be kept very sharp so I carry a small pocket whetstone.

When setting traps for foxes, I use either the two-prong steel drag or steel stakes for fastening traps. I make the stakes from ¼-inch steel rods and have them about 18 inches long. I sharpen one end of the stake to drive into the ground, and make a hole or an "eye" at the other end to fasten trap chain.

THE mink and raccoon trapper will need a pair of rubber hip boots for wading in the water, and a pair of long, rubber gauntlets will also be appreciated as these will keep the hands dry when working in icy water. The fox trapper will need a pair of leather or heavy canvas gloves when handling and setting fox traps.

When setting traps for foxes, I carry a ground cloth to stand on while setting traps, and this should be made from a piece of canvas about a yard square. I also make pan covers for my fox traps by setting trap to be used and turning it bottom-side-up on top of a sheet of paper. I mark clear around jaws of trap on the inside with a pencil and cut out this pattern along the mark. Then I put pan cover for my traps the size of this pattern, cutting them from canvas or any kind of heavy cloth.—B. G. Roberts.



The assortment of steel traps used by the author.

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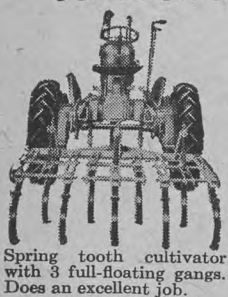
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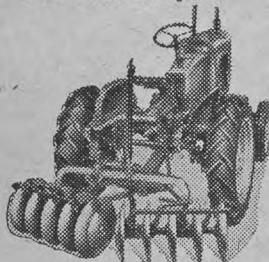


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Recovery From Floods

Fraser Valley farmers make good showing in spite of the last season's bad start.

by CHAS. L. SHAW

THERE was a time, not long ago, when a person felt pretty happy if he owned a gold mine, but today in British Columbia such a profession causes little more than a headache and continuing disappointment.

The reason is not hard to find. Gold is one of the few commodities whose price has not advanced since the war; actually it has declined in Canada because when Ottawa lifted the Canadian dollar to parity with the American gold producers automatically lost 10 per cent or about \$3.50 on every ounce they produced and marketed in the only available market—the United States.

But while the selling price of gold has remained constant, the cost of almost everything else has climbed, as everyone knows only too well. Miners' wages and the price of food, equipment and dynamite have all gone steadily up, with the result that one gold mine after another has been forced to suspend operations. Last month it was the Silbak-Premier, once regarded as one of the most fabulously rich gold mines in the world. More recently, Sheep Creek and Privateer, both consistent money-makers in the good old days before the war, have joined the dismal parade of closed mines.

The mines that continue to function have their troubles, if in less degree than the less fortunate ones whose operations have been suspended, but there is no telling how long they will be able to carry on. The gold mine owner's lot, what with taxation and everything, is tough these days.

More to be envied is the base metal producer, thanks to a steadily rising market for such things as lead and zinc, which British Columbia produces in tremendous volume, chiefly in the wide-ranging operations of Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. But small mines have profited too, and all over the province one hears of new capital entering the field of base metal mining. The prospector is no longer thrilled when he comes across a gold prospect, but if there's lead and zinc in quantity he probably has something well worth while. And lately there has been quite a stir over the discovery of uranite, one of the radioactive ores, in the Bridge River country which was once famous only for gold.

BUT so far as money is concerned, this is the age of the forest industry in British Columbia. Mining is temporarily being relegated to a quiet corner, certainly in the realm of gold. The official returns of the provincial government respecting forest revenues are just out, and even the cold statistics, unembellished, tell an amazing story.

In 1946 the sale of forest products such as lumber, shingles, pulp and paper, plywood and so on, hit an all-time high of \$175 millions, and some authorities thought that the peak had been reached. They had not counted on the seemingly inexhaustible demand for all timber products and they had underestimated the market's readiness to pay steadily increasing prices. For in 1947, according to the

new forest report, the revenue had climbed to \$282 millions, or more than \$100 millions up in a single year! When it is considered that before the war the extent of last year's advance represented the total value of all forest production the phenomenal nature of the industry's expansion and of the rise in prices becomes dramatically evident.

Agriculture would have been able to report a similarly favorable year this season if it had not been for a succession of misfortunes of which the Fraser Valley flood was, of course, the standout. It seemed this year as if almost every possible circumstance to hinder the farmer had occurred, yet the fact that there has been a relatively high production in almost every part of the province is testimony not only to the amazing recuperative power of the soil but to the resourcefulness and perseverance of the men and women on the land.

The Fraser Valley has staged a wonderful comeback and the visitor during the past few weeks would notice few reminders of the disaster that spelled near-ruin for many farmers from Harrison westward through the Matsqui and Chilliwack country to the point where the great river fans out into the delta. The only evidence is the occasional marks on houses and barns showing the extent of high water during the period when the valley was all but evacuated as the water rose to the highest point in 50 years.

Even while the valley recovered from its flood the region was visited by a long succession of rainy days which interfered with harvesting in many sections. The peat crop of the Richmond, Delta and Pitt Meadows country was all but ruined, and Fraser Valley grain and potato crops were threatened. Oats ready for the binder and the combine were in many cases beaten to the ground.

BUT just as farmers were beginning to despair, late August and early September brought sunny days; in fact, what little summer the lower mainland of the province enjoyed this year came perilously late to do any good. The warm, dry days of September helped offset the damage that had been caused by the rains of August, traditionally British Columbia's driest month.

Most serious attacks on growing crops this season were potato blight, caused by the wet days and extending over a wide area of the province from the Fraser Valley to the Cariboo, and "little cherry," a virus disease first known to the world when it attacked the orchards of the Kootenay district in the 1930's and which reappeared this year. It was estimated that 25,000 of the 200,000 cherry trees in the Kootenay were infected and it is known that the virus spread south into Washington state. Thanks to the intervening stretch of mountains, the Okanagan cherry crop has not been affected, but even there growers were keeping their thumbs crossed and hoping for a spray that might be effective in checking possible ravages next year.

The political scene is quiet in the

west coast province at present, although the likelihood of two more by-elections in the winter will start the pot boiling before long. The new premier, Byron I. Johnson, went to the United Kingdom to attend an Empire conference and whenever the premier is away political affairs usually simmer along without disturbance.

However, precisely the opposite effect seems to result from the absence of the lieutenant-governor. No sooner had the Hon. Charles A. Banks, the present incumbent of Government House, left on a visit to England when things started to pop.

It seems that when the lieutenant-governor left he gave instructions that the public was not to be admitted to the grounds of his official residence. He had been annoyed a few weeks previously by the carefree wandering of tourists not only in the gardens surrounding the governor's mansion but into the mansion itself. The edict had been issued: No more visitors.

But possibly he had not anticipated the arrival of several hundred visiting American lawyers, many of them evidently, attending a meeting of the American Bar Association. When they asked for the privilege of visiting Government House they were refused. In embarrassment, the provincial government and the City of Victoria arranged an impromptu reception on the lawn of the parliament buildings, obviously a poor substitute for the shady grounds of Government House overlooking the wide sweep of the Straits of Juan de Fuca and the Olympic mountains. Furthermore, there was a shortage of crockery, and tea was served to many a distinguished lawyer in leaking paper cups.

Here was a situation made to order for Victoria gossip. And it was important, too, because Victoria thrives on the American tourist trade, and there was no telling what the American visitors might tell their friends at home regarding their treatment in the capital of British Columbia. There was even talk of a cabinet row over the incident, concerning the point in law or etiquette as to just how much the governor's house is the governor's and how much the public's.

Of course Victoria soon recovered from the excitement, but it was disconcerting while it lasted, and it revived recurring agitation for closing up government house altogether. As the place costs the taxpayers \$45,000 a year to maintain, economy-minded politicians have been in favor of such action for some time.



[Photo by Lovell.]

The beet pulp storage at the Raymond sugar factory ready for the crop.

Farm Service Facts

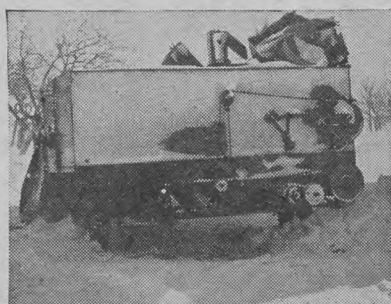
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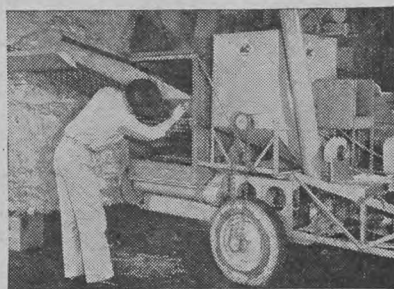
These Simple Safeguards Help to Protect Machinery Against Winter Damage Whether Indoors or Out

Winter damage can "age" farm machinery faster than summer usage. But winter damage can be greatly reduced by a few simple safeguards, even when machines cannot be stored indoors. Here are some of the important steps to take, before winter sets in.



Example of Costly Neglect

First, take a quick look at this picture of a costly machine left completely unprotected. You can see at a glance that the belts were not removed, nor the wheels jacked up to take the weight off the tires. You can guess the rest . . . without overtaxing your imagination.



Cleaning is First Step

Dirt, straw, grain, or grime absorb and hold moisture, encourage rust. The first step is to clean each machine thoroughly. Then coat all bright metal working parts with a rust-proofing compound or grease. Remove and clean belts and store in a dry place. Fill enclosed bearings with fresh grease to prevent moisture seeping in. Take the weight off rubber tires.

Coat Chains with Grease

Take off chains, clean with kerosene, then coat them with grease. A few minutes time on this job in the fall may save hours of lost time next season . . . due to breakage of rusted links.

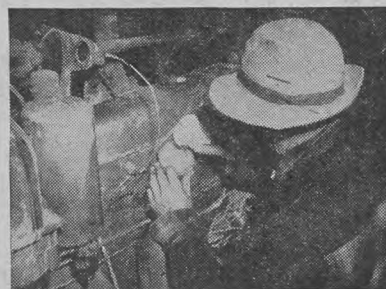
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3. Drain fuel tank and carburetor. Clean out fuel strainer bowl. Leave the drain valves open.
4. Open the engine block water cock and radiator water cock to drain out all water. Flush with clean water and drain again to wash out any sediment. Leave all cocks open.
5. Drain and clean the air cleaner and refill with correct grade of fresh oil.
6. Drain and clean out filter base and put in a new oil filter element.
7. Remove battery, charge it, and store in a warm place.



8. Protect pistons and cylinders against rust by removing spark plugs and pouring half a cup of Marvelube engine oil into each cylinder. Turn the engine over by hand several times to work the oil in between pistons and cylinder walls. Replace the plugs.



9. Cover the ends of the exhaust, crankcase breather and air intake pipes with tar paper or other waterproof material to keep moist air from entering and rusting the engine parts.

10. Take the weight off rubber tires.

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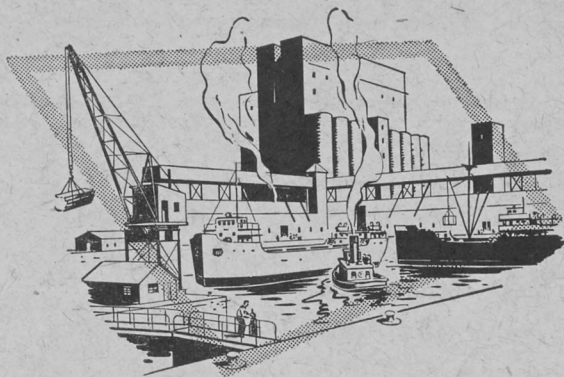
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With high market prices ruling for cattle, following the opening of the U.S. market, now is the most profitable period for selling off mediocre and inferior stock.

Culling The Breeding Herd

THE Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, suggests that there is no better time for culling breeding herds of cattle than right now. Inferior cows or heifers are bringing very attractive prices at the present time, so it is sound policy to weed out any animals that do not add to the quality or profitableness of the herd.

Cows over eight years old can profitably be sold off. If they are replaced with young, typy heifers it will increase the herd's general thrift, vigor, and ability to withstand hard winters, or periods of drought. The culling can also include off-type yearling heifers and heifer calves which show signs of being poor keepers, or which are lacking in conformation.

Wet cows that are over-fat and their calves, may not represent profitable stock. Such a cow is frequently a poor milker, and the same characteristic will show up in her calf. Watch for injured udders, and unusually large teats. A young cow may often have to be culled because of udder trouble that developed soon after she calved the second or third time. Such cows can be profitably replaced with sound heifers.

A good general policy is to size up each cow, along with her calf, at or before weaning time. A sound, thrifty calf, showing proper breed type and conformation is a fairly reliable index of a cow's producing ability. Culling off-type female stock at the present time means more profits through present high sale values, and paves the way for more pounds of better beef at lower cost in years to come.

Dr. K. Rasmussen, of the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alberta, points out that the terms "selection" and "culling" have different meanings. Selection infers choosing the best, whereas culling indicates the removal of the poorest.

Selection is the major tool in any program for the improvement of farm animals through breeding. It is limited by two major factors. The first is the practical necessity of maintaining the breeding herd at numerical strength. This is controlled by the reproductive rate, and losses sustained by age, disease, and death. In many cases these factors leave very little surplus on which the breeder can practice selection. Careful management will improve the situation.

The second factor is the ability of the breeder to determine accurately the animals with the best combination of characteristics. Many factors of varying importance must be considered, and selection poses the problem of balancing the importance of the various characteristics in such a manner that the animals with the highest total value are selected.

Care must be taken not to stress unimportant characteristics. Exact color markings and set of the horn are of relatively little commercial importance, yet attention to such details reduces the emphasis that can be placed on important characteristics such as constitution, conformation, rate of maturity, production or finishing ability.

An ideal type must be kept in mind as the ultimate goal, though practical considerations dictate that the breeder must work with the material in hand. Thus it becomes a problem of selecting those animals that most nearly approach the ideal in terms of total value of all characteristics.

What Price For A Bull?

THE success or failure of any cattle breeder is largely determined by the bulls used, says E. Van Nice, Dominion Experimental Station, Scott, Saskatchewan. He does not suggest that the owner of a few registered cows of medium quality should go out and buy a \$1,000 bull. However, if improvement is to be effected, the bull used must be superior to the cows.

The best yardstick with which to determine the price that a breeder can afford to pay for a bull is the number and general type and quality of the cows to be bred. A cow bred to a real good bull will drop a better calf than the same cow bred to a medium or poor bull. The difference in value of such a calf at 12 to 18 months may easily be \$50 in an average purebred herd, and in special herds may be \$100 or more.

If the difference is \$50 per calf, a good bull that sires 20 calves will have made \$1,000 more for his owner than would an inferior bull. Double the number of calves for a 40-cow herd, and multiply by the number of years that the bull is used, and the value of the sire appears very great.

The difference in the value of the calves in commercial herds would be very much less. In many cases a \$300 bull would improve the herd, while certain large herds of really excellent

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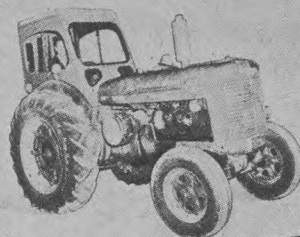


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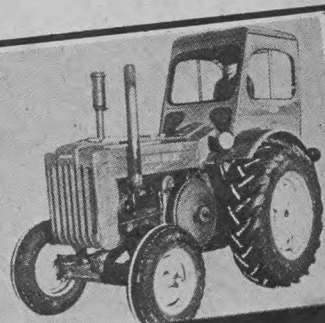
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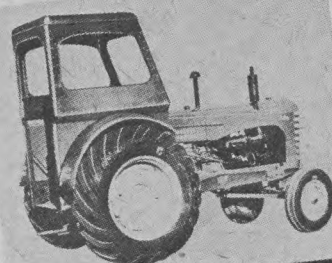
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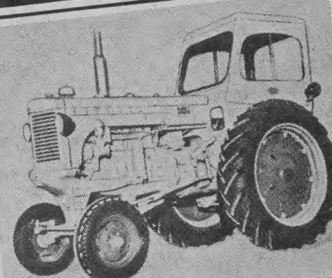
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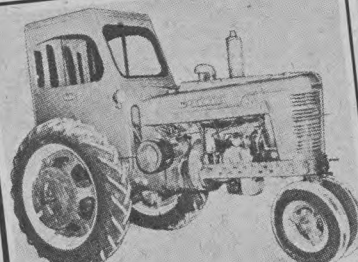
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cows may demand the use of the best bulls available, with price becoming a secondary consideration.

In choosing a bull it should be borne in mind that the price does not necessarily indicate the value of the bull. Some of the most famous bulls have been bought at very low figures. The late James Douglas paid \$710 for the good Shorthorn bull Browndale, and later refused \$7,000 for him. The inexperienced breeder going out to buy a bull might do well to solicit the help of two or three friends well qualified to assist in the selection of a herd sire.

Selection Improves Wool

A TEN-POUND fleece may yield as much as seven pounds of clean wool, or as little as three. The remainder, called shrinkage, is made up of moisture, grease, dirt, burs, tags and other impurities.

The proportion of clean wool in the fleece determines the grease price of the wool, so it can readily be seen that the proportion of clean wool in the fleece can make the difference between profit and loss. Shrinkage studies carried out at the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alberta, indicate that impurities in the fleece account for from 30 to 70 per cent of the grease weight.

The price of the wool is based on the clean yield, yet the freight charges are assessed on the total weight. There is little profit in paying freight on impurities.

It is important that the maximum amount of clean wool be produced from each sheep, and to gain this end every chance of increasing the yield must be used advantageously. The first opportunity to increase production comes with the selection of the breeding ewes. The heaviest wool producers should be selected.

The selection of the ram is even more important, because of its greater influence on the lamb crop. A poor ram can materially lower the wool-producing abilities of the flock. It is simple to determine which of the rams produce the greatest amount of clean wool, at shearing time. A small sample can be taken from the fleece, carefully weighed, scoured to remove the impurities, and weighed again, to determine the shrinkage. The ram showing the least fleece shrinkage can be expected to leave the better progeny.

Conditioning Breeding Sheep

W. J. CUTHBERT, Dominion Experimental Station, Prince George, B.C., advises sheep breeders to give their flocks some extra attention in the fall. When the lambs are weaned it is desirable to place the ewes on short pasture or dry feed for a few days in order to stop the milk flow of any ewes that are still yielding well.

The fall is also an excellent time to weed out ewes which are of poor type, non-breeders, poor milkers, or which are otherwise unprofitable. Animals kept should have wide, deep, roomy bodies and good quality, dense fleeces. They must have good teeth in order to make the most efficient use of their feed, and sound udders so that their milking qualities will not be impaired.

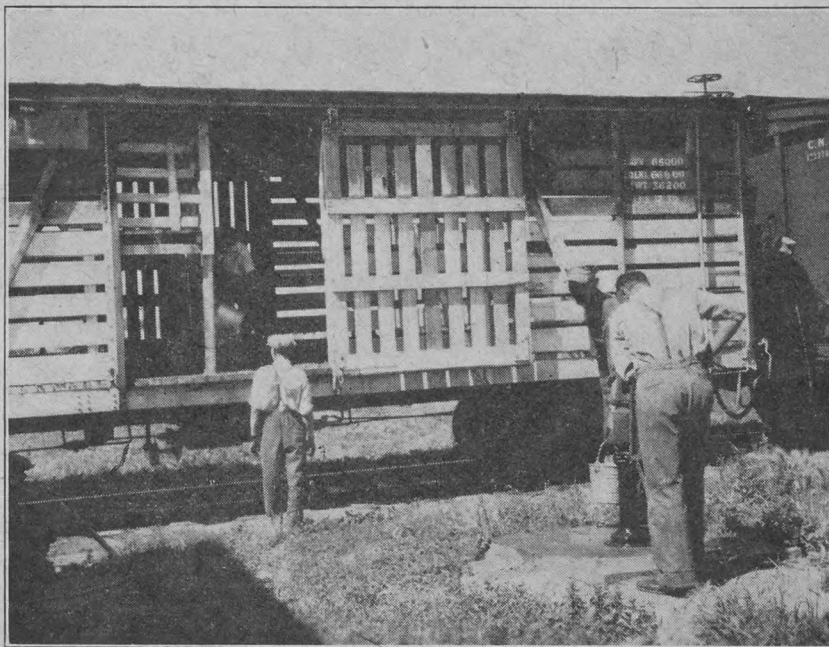
If ewes are gaining weight in the breeding season the lambs are likely to be healthier. Therefore, it is customary to "flush" the ewes about a month before the breeding season. This means that they must be given extra feed in the form of good pasture, silage or grain.

When silage is not available and late pasture is poor, grain feeding must be practised. Half a pound of oats a day, combined with good hay and a mineral supplement is often all that is required. No grain is likely to be needed for the remainder of the winter, until a month before lambing, unless the ewes are in poor condition. If the ewes are provided with fresh water and are made to take a moderate amount of exercise, to prevent them from becoming too fat, they will enter the lambing season in good condition.

The ram also requires care. He will require a pound of grain a day, starting about a month before the breeding season, and continuing until it is over. Excessive fatness is not desirable. The objective is a good, thrifty condition. Like the ewes, the rams should have access to fresh water and a mineral supplement.

Market Right Weight Hogs

WHEN hogs are just about ready for market is the last opportunity the producer has of making a little extra money for himself. He has a chance to make it in two ways, especially on well grown pigs that are increasing rapidly in weight. The first is by marketing them before they get



Readying a stock car at Smoky Lake, northwest of Edmonton. The early September marketings from the prairies glutted the Winnipeg market this year.

over the weight required for A-grade hogs. Not every man who has only a litter or two to market can see that every one gets to market at exactly the right weight, but the point of this reminder is that it is a poor sign to be careless just when market weight is reached.

Money from another source also rewards prompt and careful attention to market weight. Once pigs have passed the 200-pound mark, it takes more pounds of grain to put on a pound of gain. Obviously, if putting on more pounds means a lower grade in addition to a heavier feed requirement, it will pay to watch market weights very carefully.

More About Bloat

I HAVE seen several letters regarding bloated cattle, published in The Guide. When an animal or a dozen animals are bloated a man doesn't have time to go 80 rods for help.

If a person does not know where to stick the animal he can tie a stick about one inch in diameter crossways in its mouth. It will not give as quick relief as using the knife, but it will let some of the wind out, and will generally save either cattle or sheep. —W. W. Andrews.

Using Excess Potatoes

IT is a common experience to find oneself in possession of a considerable pile of small, off-grade, or surplus potatoes in the fall. They can often be disposed of profitably through livestock. It is important to exercise some care in feeding, says the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alberta.

Potatoes are about 80 per cent water. They are also lower in proteins, essential minerals, and vitamins, than most commonly used feeds. For this reason it is advisable to feed them in conjunction with high quality feeds, such as legume hays and grain, or to add protein-mineral supplements to the ration. Potatoes should be introduced to the ration slowly, as they are sometimes unpalatable to livestock.

Potatoes stored under conditions that are favorable for keeping them, can be fed raw to sheep and cattle, but should be cooked for pigs. If they have sprouted, the sprouts should be removed, as these are sometimes poisonous to livestock. Sunburned, frozen or decayed potatoes do not make good livestock feed. If potatoes are sliced or pulverized danger from choking is reduced.

If large quantities of potatoes are to be used it is well to ensile them. A pit or trench silo is preferable. If the potatoes are ensiled alone the resulting feed will be sloppy. Mix one part of dry roughage with every four parts of potatoes before ensiling.

When fed to sheep or cattle, potato silage has a feeding value comparable to corn silage. Four or five pounds of raw potatoes in a balanced ration have a feeding value equivalent to a pound of grain.

When fed to milking cows it is well to feed the potatoes after milking to avoid off-flavors in the milk. Too heavy feeding of potatoes can cause scours. Twenty to 30 pounds daily is enough for dairy cows or fattening cattle, with two to three pounds daily for lambs or breeding ewes, and up to six pounds for pigs, depending on the size of the pig.

The Farm of Tomorrow

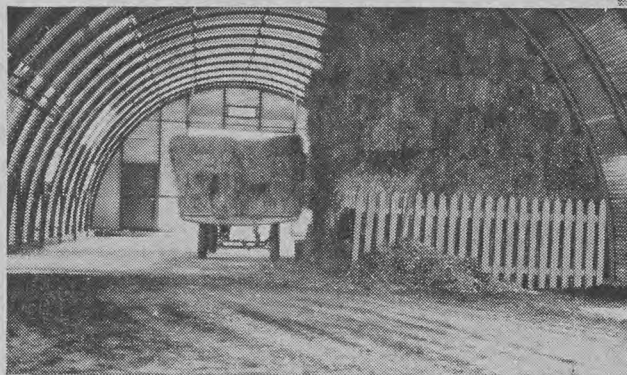
The all-Quonset farm is not merely possible, but probable. Already, Quonsets are serving in virtually every use for which farm buildings are required. They are being erected everywhere, to supplement existing buildings, or to replace obsolete structures and those damaged by storm or fire. Eventually, some farms may have nothing but Quonsets. Or, tomorrow, or next week, where some progressive owner is creating a farm where none existed before, an all-Quonset farm will come into being.

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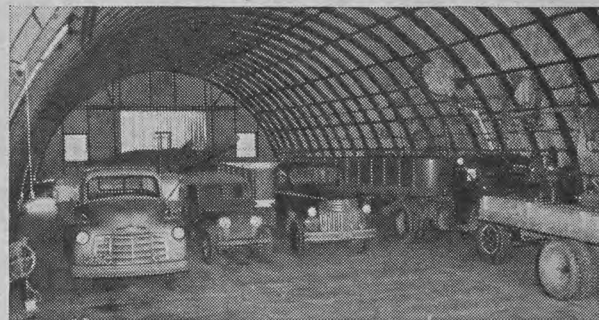
is an
ALL-QUONSET*
Farm



FOUR USES ON ONE FARM—Delbert Hunter, RFD 2, Rochester, Indiana, now has four Quonsets—a Quonset 32 for hay storage; two Quonset 20's, a dairy building and a grain bin; a Quonset 24 for tool and machine shelter.



HAY STORAGE—One of the four Quonsets on the Delbert Hunter farm (see above). This is a Quonset 32 (32 x 96 feet) used for hay storage and for Hunter's spring and fall sales of purebred Hampshire hogs.



EQUIPMENT STORAGE—This is one of seven Quonsets on the farm of E. H. Dierks, Leoti, Kansas. The Quonset 40 is of ample capacity to hold farm equipment and automotive vehicles with plenty of room for maintenance tools and operations.



WHEAT STORAGE—Rex A. Brush, Modoc, Kansas, purchased a Quonset 40 (40 x 100 feet) three years ago, and has used it chiefly for wheat storage. This year, he bought its duplicate, also for wheat. He writes: "I would recommend Quonset buildings to grain producers as one of the best answers to today's grain storage problem."

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

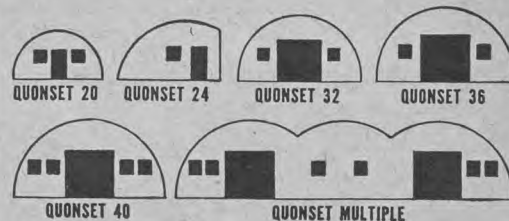


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FIELD



This magnificent field of Sanalta barley at the Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alta., was the pride of Superintendent G. E. DeLong in mid-August.

These Pioneers Were Wise

The wooded lands north of the Prairies need a land utilization policy for their development and preservation.

by W. S. SCARTH

SOIL and crop specialists estimate that in Alberta the grey-wooded soil zone totals over 100 million acres. Of this great tract, between 10 and 15 million acres can be considered as arable land; and it is in this area that the greatest expansion of agricultural settlement must now take place.

In view of this rather significant fact, do we not need a pattern or policy for the wise development of these areas which will assure reasonable prosperity and permanent homes?

The largest block will be located in the Peace River country and a considerable portion will have three problems in common—low soil fertility, possible soil erosion, and limited water supply. These are handicaps that need to be faced with frankness. They will vary in degree and extent in each community, but no effort should be spared to provide settlers with all available information in order that they may face their problems with confidence.

Those who have observed the development which has already taken place, realize that certain wooded areas have made more than average progress since the settlers filed on their "bush" homesteads. One of these districts is the area tributary to DeBolt and Crooked Creek, east of the Smoky River. Settlement here was not general until after the first Great War, and one need only talk over early experiences with the pioneers to realize that years of hardship put even the strongest to the test. Most of the area was covered with medium to heavy bush and, until 1940, clearing and breaking was a slow process, with every acre won from the wilderness exacting its toll of heavy manual labor.

As elsewhere in the wooded areas of the Peace, the general use of modern land-clearing equipment is rapidly changing the picture east of the Smoky. But there are certain differences which, to the interested observer, have an important significance. One must look back a few years to get the whole story. Long before modern brush cutters were mowing down

virgin growth, DeBolt and Crooked Creek farmers were working with legume crops as soil builders. All of their land is not of the grey type, but the information and assistance provided by both Dominion and provincial departments of agriculture encouraged those with some "white" land to try out small acreages of alfalfa, alsike and atlaswede clover. It was not all plain sailing, but these people would not have been there if they had been easily discouraged. There was the usual cycle to contend with—poor catches, winter killing, drought, and early frost. Also, prior to 1940, the revenue from their seed crops was small, as the market was almost entirely local. But a great change was coming. Following 1942 the heavy demand for forage seeds of every kind gave legume acreage a tremendous boost. One must frankly admit that the high price of seed put more grey land under clover in one year than all the arguments and recommendations for soil improvement could have done in ten.

The pattern of farm development east of the Smoky has been one of moderation instead of wholesale clearing. There is more than a grain of wisdom in the opinion of one pioneer settler who pointed out that the distribution of muskegs and marsh land can well be a blessing in disguise, because it has prevented the indiscriminate removal of natural cover from the district. Perhaps nature has been much wiser than man in providing some obstacles to his ambition of subjecting every acre to the plow. Foresight has been shown and it merits commendation. For here we can see limited acreages of raw land being broken each year, with the older fields bringing in necessary revenue from forage and cereal crops. Possibly the rotations are not strictly scientific, but the fact remains that the basic purpose of building fertility and reducing the risks of soil erosion are being achieved. Because that is so, we know the East Smoky farmers have not departed very far from sound farming principles.

(Turn to page 30)



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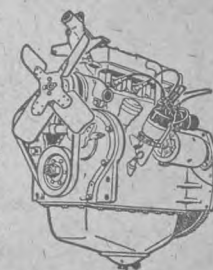
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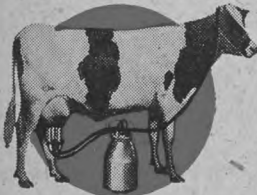
The "magnetic heart" of the De Laval Magnetic Speedway Milker controls pulsations for each unit in operation. Pulsation speed cannot vary; all units milk the same at every milking.

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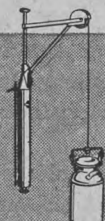
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For water supply the district still depends to a great extent on run-off stored in dugout reservoirs. Here again moderation in destroying natural tree cover will pay dividends. In locating dugout sites the problem of assuring sufficient seasonal run-off to replenish supplies needs more than casual planning. Drainage across tilled fields or bare fallow simply invites trouble, with heavy silt deposits steadily reducing reservoir capacity. Water courses protected with native vegetation provide the surest safeguard, but lacking this, fields of forage crops are a good second best. One need only see the damage to new road ditches in the spring of 1948 to emphasize the vital importance of forestalling the erosion problem in the Peace.

If our wooded lands are to be developed on a permanent basis for farming there must be a whole-hearted co-ordination of effort and information from the soil and forest conservationist, the crop specialist and the farm economist. All have a vital contribution to make, and the wise application of both survey and research data can build prosperity in this great region of potential farm settlement.

In whatever future program may be developed, let no one overlook the part played by those pioneers east of the Smoky, who met their problems with initiative, courage and faith. Those who have watched their progress realize that they have indeed helped to indicate a pattern for the sound development of our wooded soils.

Fall Seeding Of Grasses

FORAGE crops can be sown in the spring, in the fall from August 15 to September 15, or in the late fall just before freeze-up. If seeding is delayed until the spring it conflicts with the rush of spring work, and it is often difficult to get the job done at the right time. Early fall seeding was not advisable in many areas this year, due to the danger of damage by grasshoppers. Seeding late in the fall, so that the seed lies dormant over winter and germinates early in the spring has much in its favor.

When seeding in the late fall the land should not be cultivated prior to seeding. The seed can be drilled directly into stubble or weeds. The advantage of not cultivating is that there is a firm seed bed which makes it less difficult to accomplish shallow seeding. Also, the weeds or stubble pro-

tect the young seedlings, and hold snow on the land during the winter.

The most popular grasses for re-grassing abandoned land are crested wheat grass or brome. Wheat grass is preferable to brome. Alfalfa or sweet clover can be used to good advantage in a mixture with either of the grasses.

The Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, suggests that for hay production, forage crops should be sown in 12-inch rows at rates of five to six pounds per acre for crested wheat grass or alfalfa, and seven to eight pounds per acre for brome. Grass-legume mixtures should include two pounds to the acre of alfalfa. For pasture the seed may be seeded through every run of the drill at double the rates for hay, except in the case of the grass-legume mixture. Here only one pound of alfalfa should be used. For seed production the rows should be at least 36 inches apart, seeded at a rate of two to three pounds per acre.

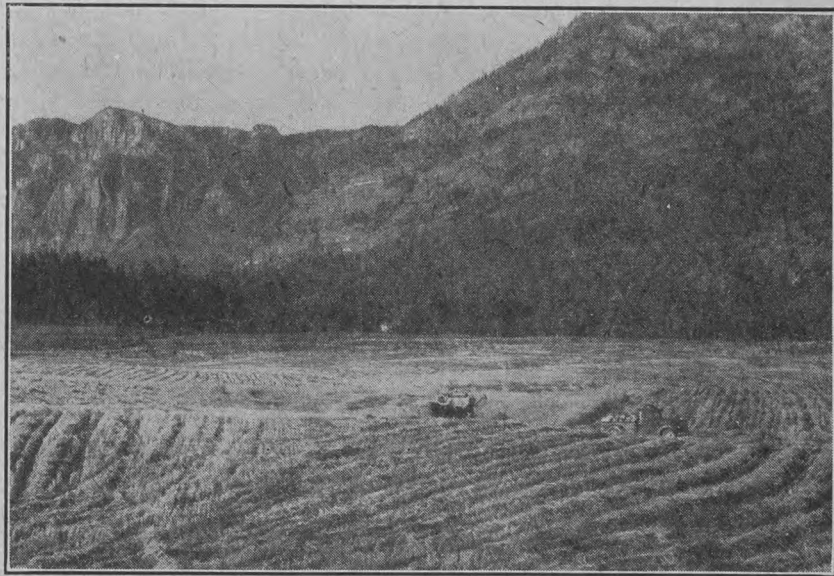
Shallow seeding is very important in getting a good stand of crested wheat grass. From one-half to three-quarters of an inch is the optimum depth of seeding. A firm seed bed is necessary, and it may be advisable to take most of the pressure off the drill runs. In the case of brome the recommended depth of seeding is about one inch. Ideally, seed to be used should be tested to be sure of high germination, and in any case avoid seed over three years old.

Corn And Sunflowers

THE Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, Manitoba, has been doing a great deal of research on characteristics of different varieties of corn and sunflowers. This fall, they invited the public to the station to hear what had been accomplished, and to discuss with them the picture of agriculture as it applies to the growing of corn and sunflowers.

It was reported that, in spite of the fact that quite a lot of Falconer corn is still grown, it is not as good as the newer hybrids. It tillers badly, is quite subject to smut, and is both later and slightly lower yielding than some of the recent developments. The ears are so low that hand picking is generally considered necessary.

Most of the corn fields in Manitoba are sown to the Kingscrot hybrids, KE2 and KE3. They are popular because the ears are high, and are easy to husk. They are also well adapted to mechanical picking. However, these



Farmers in Northern Idaho near the British Columbia line harvest grain amid scenic surroundings. [Guide photo.]

two hybrids have been tested against 25 other hybrids at the station for the last four years, and have stood in the bottom five each year. There was little difference between the two hybrids themselves, except that KE2 was four or five days later than KE3. Both were later than Morden 74, one of the new hybrids being extensively tested.

Morden 74 is quite similar to Wisconsin 240. However, it has about half as many tillers, is a heavier yielder, and is more hardy. The ears are high, and do not break down, and lend themselves well to mechanical picking. Also, the four lines of breeding that are in it can be grown in the Morden area. Morden 74 however, is a flint dent, and many growers would very likely not grow it for this reason. The husks on dent ears more or less balloon, and this makes the dents easier to husk.

Morden 77, another hybrid being tested at the station, is a pure dent. It is a higher yielder, and is earlier than KE3, but the ears are lower. However, they do not break down badly. Both Morden 74 and Morden 77 are going out on strip plots next year, so that they can be tested with mechanical pickers. With further testing they will be ready for release.

The corn producer does not have to worry much about insect pests. However, the corn borer has been working north. Last year it entered Minnesota, but this year appeared to recede. It may not be able to stand the Canadian climate.

The sunflower producer is slightly less fortunate. During the last few years an insect has appeared that feeds on the kernels in the sunflower heads. Very little is known of its habits, but it is known that it overwinters in the soil, and early spring or late fall plowing might prevent it from emerging. Chemical control is a possibility, but the fact that sunflowers are insect-fertilized suggests that care be exercised in the use of chemical insect killers.

Grasshoppers are a threat to both corn and sunflowers. Early egg surveys indicate that there is likely to be a heavy infestation next year. Cultural methods of control can be used, and, of course, poison bait. A new insecticide—chlordane—shows promise in grasshopper control. An interesting feature is that this poison can be mixed with 2,4-D, and grasshoppers and weeds killed in the same operation.

H. E. Wood reported that 2,4-D had been used very widely on the farms of the west this year, and had been found effective in retarding weeds without damage to crops. It cannot be used on sunflowers, but is useful on crops of corn. Corn can be treated effectively when it is eight to ten inches high. It is not advisable to spray within 100 feet of fields of sunflowers, because the crop will be damaged.

Experimental work has been done on the spraying of snow-berries, or buck-brush, as it is popularly called. It has been found that heavy applications early in the spring will give an almost 100 per cent kill. The ester is recommended as being more effective against woody, resistant weeds, than are the amines or the sodium salts.

It is thought that 2,4-D may well prove to be the forerunner of better weed killers to come. A new chemical that shows some promise of retarding quack grass is being tested.



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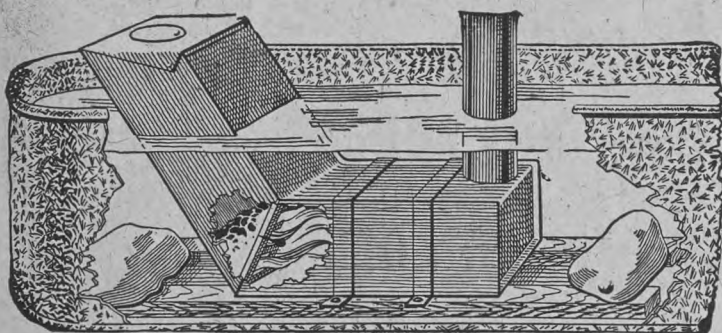


The great "super quality" Blue Bar is back at your dealer's! For comfort, good fit and miles and miles of extra wear Blue Bar is the finest farm footwear you can get — at any price. The "Frontenac" (shown here) is a rugged leather top Blue Bar boot. Note the thick zigzag design crepe rubber outsole. Inside, the sole is lined with sponge rubber for easier, tireless walking. Completely waterproof bottom has ribbed vamp for added strength. Look for the blue and white label — ask for Dominion Blue Bar.

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Double Shift

Continued from page 15

Labor is released for jobs of this nature by an extensive use of machinery. If it is possible for machinery or planned devices to reduce the manual work on the farm, the machine is used.

MR. PAVAN considers the hydraulic hay stacker the most useful machine on the place. The dairy herd requires about 400 tons of hay a year, and this is put up with two stackers. Three men—one on the stack and one on each of the tractor-attached stackers, put up about 40 tons of hay in a day. On a good day as much as 45 tons have been stacked. The use of these machines reduces the labor bill, and incidentally reduces spoilage, as the hay is taken up as soon as it is dry. Most of the hay meadows are sown to alfalfa.

Hay crops are grown on irrigated land. This year Mr. Pavan expected two tons per acre on the first cut of alfalfa. The rest of the irrigated land is used for growing oats, and for pasture. Pasture for the milking herd consists of a mixture of brome, timothy, white Dutch clover, Kentucky blue grass and crested wheat grass. This mixture has been found particularly good. The dry stock are pastured on 300 acres of unimproved land kept for the purpose. The 600 acres of improved dry land is used for growing wheat and coarse grains.

Disease has never been a problem in Pavan's dairy herd. Calfhood vaccination against Bang's disease is practised. The calves are vaccinated between the ages of four and six months, at a cost of 60 cents each. All the cattle are regularly tested for tuberculosis. The stables are kept clean, and there has been no trouble with mastitis.

Separate pastures are kept for dry cows, heifers, cows coming fresh and the milking herd. The only females sold off the place are worn out cows and culls. Male calves are sold as vealers.

Pavans practice a careful program of planned breeding to keep milk sales uniform. Sales stay close to 2,400 pounds daily throughout the whole year. They feel that this makes it easier to establish a good market. The milking machines and utensils are sterilized in the milk shed with steam from the boiler. The milk is cooled in

a special cooling room as soon as it is drawn. The farm had its own pasteurizing plant until 1941. Up until that time, Pavan delivered milk in Lethbridge, but shortage of help forced him out of the delivery business. Since then he has sold his milk to a dairy.

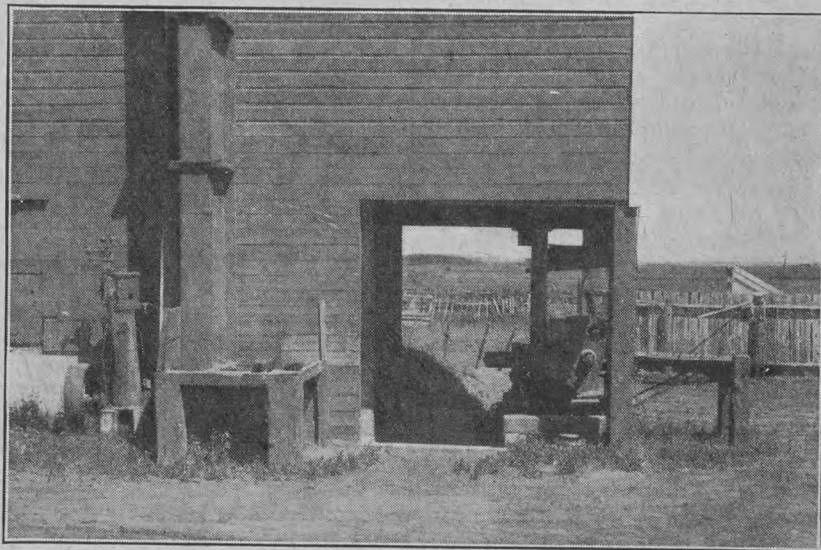
Labor-saving plans and devices reduce the labor cost of getting grain to the cows. In the fall of the year the grain trucks are backed over an elevator hopper, and the grain is elevated to the upper bin of a granary against the barn. The chopping mill is set up against another wall of the granary. When they are going to chop, a spout from this bin is opened and the grain runs into the hopper of the machine. The chopped grain is run into another elevator and goes up to a second bin. A large bucket suspended from a track is run under this bin at feeding time. The chop drops into the bucket and is taken along the track through the feeding alley in front of the dairy cows. The whole procedure from the unloading of the grain from the truck to the final step of getting the chopped grain to the cows is accomplished with little manual labor.

The Pavan boys are in no hurry to rush off to the city to look for jobs. The two oldest boys—Louis and Carl—are working their way into the farm business. Carl has bought an irrigated quarter-section through the Veterans' Land Act, and both boys are carrying a lot of responsibility. Louis is the mechanical one, and he sees to it that all repairs are done well. "He is steam engineer, pipefitter, welder, carpenter, painter and farmer," says his dad. The third boy is farming—but not on the home place. Benny—at 14 the youngest in the family—farms enthusiastically in the summer, and goes to school in the winter.

The family are making no effort to retain their racial identity. One of the elder girls is married to an Englishman, another to a Scot. Louis is married to a Scottish girl. "We are all mixed up," says Mr. Pavan.

We sat on the edge of an irrigation ditch, and looked across the great stacks of alfalfa hay. The loaders rose and fell in an easy rhythm, and the hum of the tractors shook the cool evening air. Beyond the stacks lay the house and barn and outbuildings that the Pavans had built with their own hands. A long line of black and white cows were coming in from the pasture.

Joe Pavan nodded. "Yes," he said, "it is a good land."



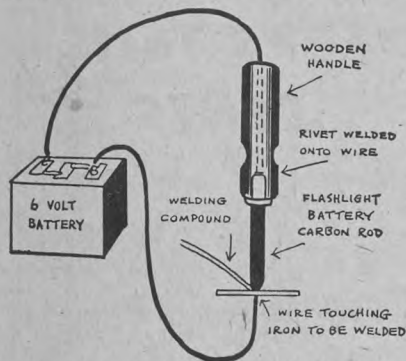
The system of elevating grain; it goes through the elevator in the foreground, down a chute to the chopper on the right, and up an elevator to the chop bin.

You Can Do It Yourself

Things you can make for inside the house and out

Six-Volt Soldering Iron

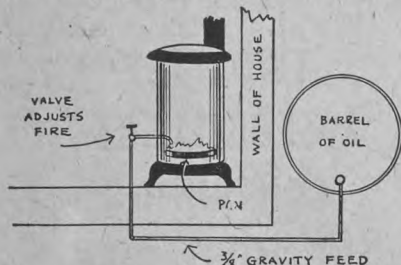
Here is the way to make either a six-volt soldering iron or electric pencil. Attach two wires to a six-volt battery, one of them to go lengthwise through a wooden handle and the other touching the piece of iron to be welded. Push the first wire entirely through the handle, weld a rivet to the end of the wire and pull back into the handle. Then attach a flashlight battery carbon rod, setting it into the handle to contact the rivet, and fasten solidly. To use, let the carbon rod



get red hot and be sure the point of the carbon rod is as sharp as a lead pencil.—Leo Rivard.

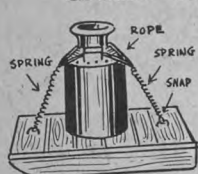
Home-Made Oil Heater

We use this idea locally for a gravity-fed oil heater. Put a pan in the firebox of the stove and fill it half full of ashes for a burner. Insert a tube or pipe through the firewall or



door just above the ashes, and have a valve handily located to adjust the amount of the flame. The tank or barrel is located outside the house and is placed high enough to feed the stove by gravity. Drained crankcase oil is cheap and practical, but if used, the stove should first be heated with kerosene.—J. B. McLain.

Cream Can Support

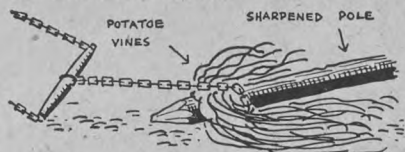


Cream and milk cans are often drawn from buildings to the road on heavy sleds or stone boats, which frequently tip on rough paths and where snow has drifted. To keep cans upright and steady, make a loop of rope, strap, or light chain large enough to slip easily over the top of the can. To one end attach a piece of light chain and hook on the sled platform near the bottom of the can. To the other end of the loop attach a spring strong enough to provide the necessary tension and fastened by snap hook to a ring fastened to the sled platform on the other side of the can.—W.L.S.L.

Vine Puller

A handy vine puller can be simply made and has often been found useful. Use a 10-foot long pole about four inches in diameter, with the large end pointed like a pencil. Two feet from

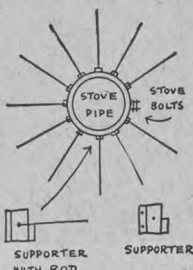
the pointed end fasten a chain around the pole. Carry chain over the point and hitch horse to it. With the other



end of the pole held about waist high to begin with, ground can be stripped clean of vines such as potatoes, but two men are required to operate it.—Albert Loisch.

Drier for Stove

A handy and useful drier for towels, stockings and other light clothes can be built around the stove pipe, with a little time spent in the shop. Take a piece of two-inch sheet iron, 1/16-inch thick and 1/2-inch longer than will reach around the stove pipe. Turn up the 1/2-inch at either end to a 90-degree angle, and make two holes in each bend for stove bolts to tighten just above one of the stove-pipe rims. For drying arms, use as many pieces of the same sheet iron as there will be arms, making them three inches long and 1 1/2 inches wide. These are for supporters. Bend one inch of the three-inch length at a right angle, also bend 1/2-inch of the other end of the piece at a right angle, but first cut out the upper half of this half-inch bend, or a piece 1/2 by 3/4 inches. At the top of the remaining half file a notch with a small round bastard file for the rod arm to lie in. Make two holes in the one-inch right-angle bend for fastening the supporter to the sheet iron band around the pipe. Also make one hole in the centre of the supporter. Use round rods or heavy stiff wire 1/4-inch thick and 15 inches long, for the arm, making a small, round loop at one end with a hole big enough to take a 3/16-inch rivet. Then rivet the rod to the hole in the centre of the support. Next rivet the supporter to the sheet iron band around the pipe, with the rod resting on the cut-out portion of the supporter. As many rods as necessary can be used, but they should not be too tight. If and when the stove is put away during the summer, the rods may be raised against the pipe.—J. K. E.



For Scaling Fish

To make a clean, fast job of scaling fish, take a half-inch piece of hard wood and fasten seven bottle caps to one side with small, flat headed screws in the centre of each cap. With six caps arranged in a circle and the seventh in the centre, a handy device is secured which will make fast work of a messy job. The handle can be made any length and the corners rounded for easy work.—H. A. Elton.

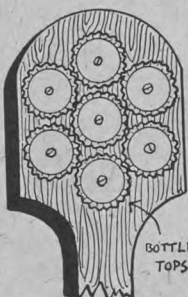
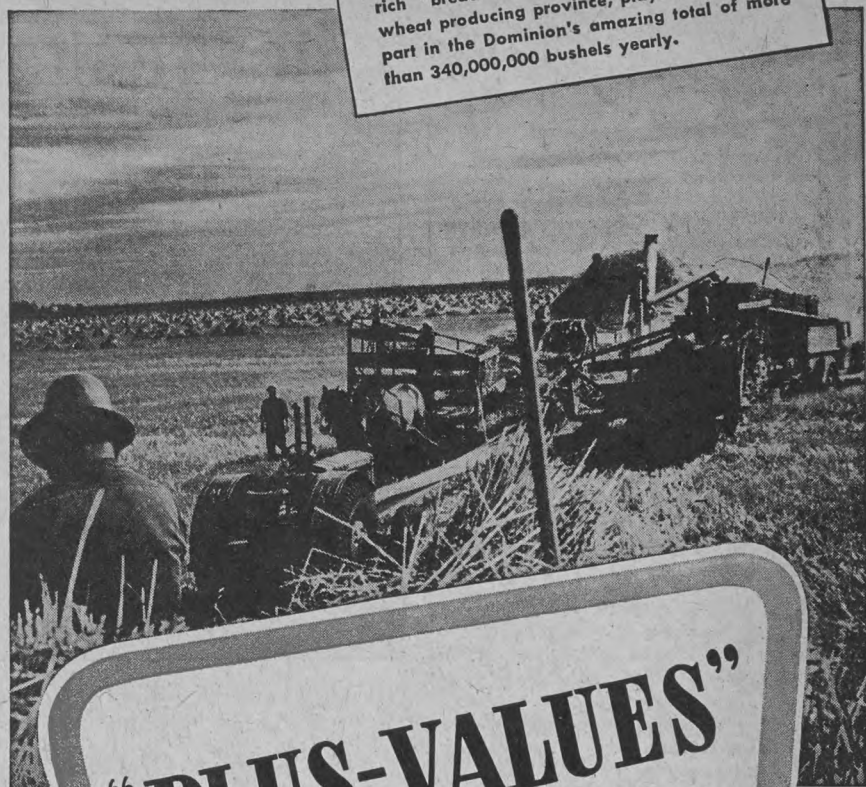
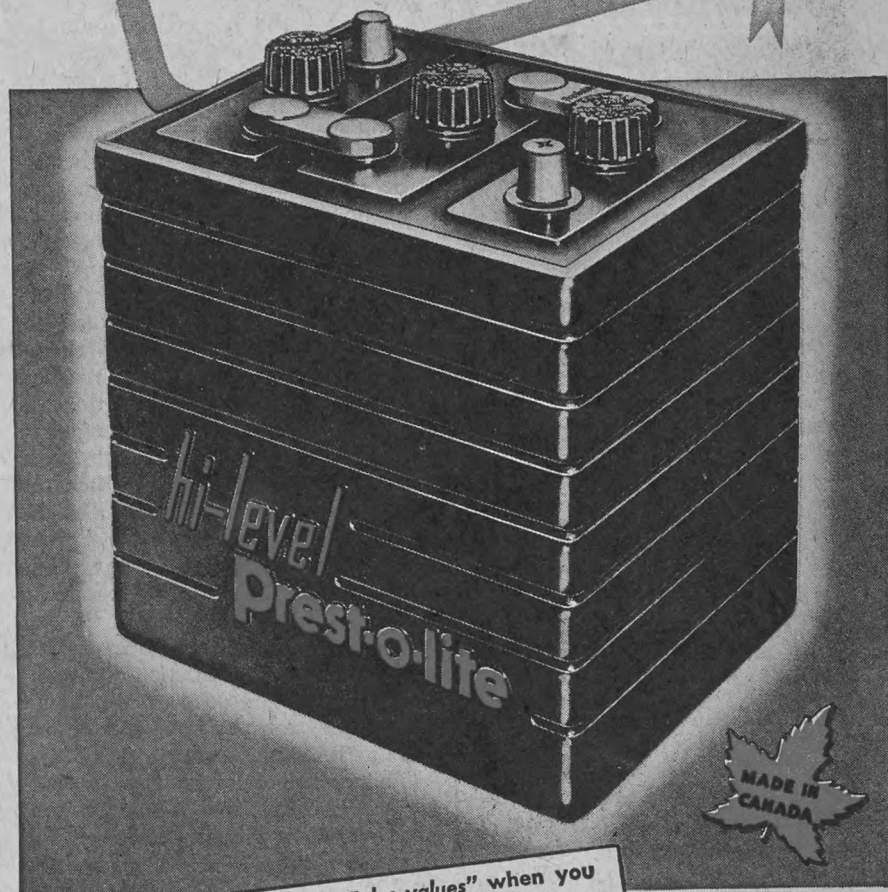


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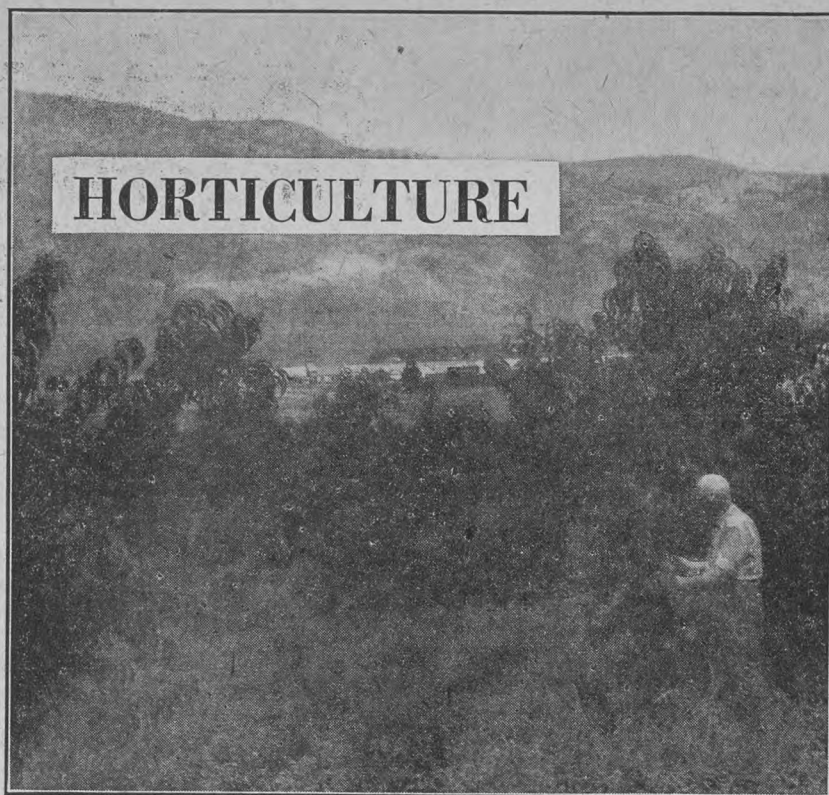
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This view of a peach orchard at Osoyoos, B.C., with ground crop of canteloupes, shows a Country Guide editor, H. S. Fry, looking at the crop.

The Storing Of Fruit

MOST prairie orchards and gardens this year have carried a satisfactory and, in some cases, a very heavy crop of fruit. This probably means that more fruit than usual has been stored in the cellar or some place considered suitable.

To keep fruit in good condition as long as possible, it is necessary to know something about the processes of maturity, ripening and decay. One should remember that as soon as fruit is picked, its storage period begins. How long it can be kept after that before it begins to spoil, depends on several factors. One fact to remember is that the life processes within fruit do not cease when it is plucked from a tree. Horticulturists distinguish between maturity and ripeness. Maturity is reached when the fruit has reached its full size. It is only after this has occurred that the fruit really begins to ripen. In this process, the skin color changes, usually becoming lighter, the seeds reach their final color, and the flesh becomes softer, mellow, juicier and sweeter. Once the fruit is fully ripened, the process of decay immediately begins. There is no halt between ripening and decay. The fruit must fulfill its function and without hesitation proceeds to decompose so as to release the seed and permit it to germinate.

This continuous process of maturity, ripening and decomposition goes on whether fruit ripens on the trees and drops to the ground as nature intended, or whether man picks it precisely at maturity, rushes it to cold storage and keeps it by the most scientific method until the last day of longevity has been added to it. Fruits vary in the methods by which they must be handled. J. E. Britton, Dominion Experimental Station, Summerland, B.C., points out that some fruits such as pears may be spoiled if allowed to ripen on the tree. Cherries and prunes, on the other hand, ripen as they mature, and are ready to eat when harvested. Commercial peaches are picked when mature but quite green, and reach the retail market about the time they are ripe.

Thus successful storage means to slow down the process of ripening, first by handling fruit with extreme care so as not to bruise the skin or flesh, and by storing very promptly at low temperatures as near freezing as possible for each fruit, thus retarding the process of ripening. This cool storage, accompanied by air circulation, enables some long keeping sorts of apples, for example, to be kept unspoiled until late spring. Most fruits, however, have a much shorter storage life than this, ranging from a week or two after harvest, to perhaps three or four months.

Saskatchewan's Fine Show

THE Saskatchewan Provincial Fruit Show, first held in 1944, has now been in existence for five years. This show was held this year in Saskatoon in late August, and was more successful than on any previous occasion. Not only was it attended by approximately 3,000 visitors, but the number of exhibitors (87), total entries (550), entries of crabapples (188), apples (92), plums (121), plum-sandcherry hybrids (92) and raspberries (13), were very substantially in excess of any previous year. This year also, an exhibit from H. A. Cookman, Meadow Lake, in township 59, was the most northerly exhibit and established a new record.

Fifty-one Saskatchewan communities, including only two cities, Prince Albert and Saskatoon, were represented in the exhibit. They came from points as widely separated as Meadow Lake in the northwest, Pas Trail in the northeast, Maple Creek in the southwest and Carlyle in the southeast.

In all, 30 varieties of apples were shown. Classes for individual varieties in quite a few cases contained all the way from seven to 21 entries. There were 101 entries of true plums, including 22 varieties, and 66 entries of plum-sandcherry hybrids, including 12 varieties or numbered seedlings. In the classes for seedling fruits, there were five seedling apples entered, 12 seedling crabapples, 13 true plum seedlings and five plum-sandcherry

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hybrid seedlings—41 in all. Among small fruits there were entries of red, white, black and flowering currants, raspberries and strawberries, including an entry of purple raspberries for the first time. Likewise there were grapes, sour-cherries, blueberries, apricots, pears, hazelnuts.

Once again, K. N. Heaver, Baljennie, Saskatchewan, was the most successful exhibitor, winning 21 awards, including 11 firsts, four seconds, five third prizes and a special. Encouraging also was the fact that a little more than half of the total number of exhibitors received prizes. The largest class in the show was for crabapples, any other variety, in which there were 53 entries. A similar class for plums brought out 47 entries.

Next year the provincial fruit show will be held in Yorkton.

Morden Ornamentals

SOME time ago there was published in these columns a list of the introductions of fruit varieties made by the Dominion Experimental Station at Morden. Recently, the following list of introductions of ornamental woody plants has appeared, all of which have been named at Morden since 1929. In that year the Redman (European red) elder, and the Stockton (double flowered) pincherry were introduced. In 1935 came the Royalty lilac; in 1936 the Coro, Nocturne and Redwine lilac; in 1937 the Swanee lilac; in 1938 the Freedom lilac; in 1939 the Morden elm. The Morden Colorado spruce was introduced in 1944, and the Tidy (Littleleaf) caragana appeared. In 1946 came the Almey crabapple, a rosybloom variety, as well as the Prairie Sailor and the Prairie Wren roses.

Last year, 1947, came the Sylvia mock-orange, the Prairie Almond, the Sundog rosybloom crabapple, and the Manito pembina or, highbush cranberry.

This may be a suitable occasion for reminding readers who are horticultural enthusiasts and occasionally discover something in their own gardens which they feel is good enough for naming, that indiscriminate naming of new varieties is bad business for everyone. Our recommendation to any person thinking of naming a new variety, particularly any individuals who are not long experienced, is to write to either the Morden Station, or to our provincial universities, or other experimental stations, to check the suitability of the name they have in mind and make sure that some other variety has not been given the same name. This is a reasonable precaution that may save an immense amount of trouble in the years to come, in case a new variety about to be introduced proves to have wide adaptability.

Perpetuate The Good Trees

A FEW outstanding types of ornamental trees have already been developed in western Canada merely by noting exceptionally desirable individual trees and propagating from them. Examples of this are the Morden blue spruce, the Morden elm and the upright caragana selected at the Dominion Forest Nursery Station, Sutherland, Saskatchewan.

John Walker, superintendent of the Forest Nursery Station at Indian Head, believes that among the more than 200 million trees distributed in the prairie provinces over the years,

there must be other outstanding individual trees, which should be selected and multiplied. He is anxious to have owners of such trees bring them to his attention or to the attention of Mr. W. L. Kerr at the Sutherland Station, or any other horticulturist at our provincial or dominion institutions. Outstanding trees may be worth special attention because of their vigor, size of leaf, color of leaf, habit of growth, or other desirable features. Mr. Walker invites anyone interested to write him or to send portions of stem, a few leaves, or a photo of the tree.

Daylilies As Perennials

PRAIRIE gardeners, especially those with hose water available, should consider adding daylilies to their list of adapted perennial flowers. The daylily needs more water than the true lilies do, and the bloom will be abundant in proportion to the watering, or the rainfall. However, the plants will not die out under drought conditions, but will wait until next year to do their best for you. The plants are so "tough" in constitution that they can be transplanted, it is said, at any time of the year. I have not tried them at any time, but have transplanted them after they were over a foot high, with such complete success that the information seems very likely true.

Daylilies are not really lilies at all, having no bulb, but instead, an extremely heavy and efficient root. The plants can be divided easily, and the divisions propagate themselves rapidly. In a few years after setting out the first purchases, one can have a thick patch that will produce such quantities of bloom that their corner of the flower border will be a mass of color in season.

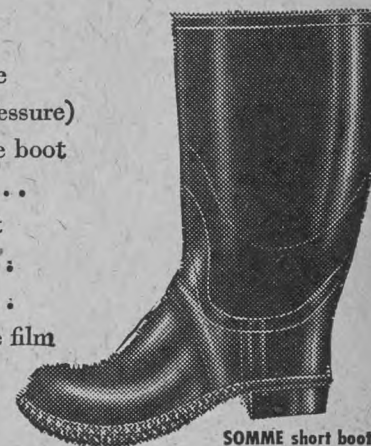
The old fashioned daylily, called flava, has been common in eastern Canadian gardens for many years, but the newer varieties are not yet generally available from Canadian nurseries. There are seven or eight varieties, however, that are, and these differ mostly in their blooming season. The price of all the varieties that are generally available is reasonable, and all, I have found, are hardy and reliable.

Though the ordinary gardener will not have money to spend for the novelties, that is, the products of the plant breeders' skill during recent years, yet he may be interested to know that plant breeders have rather concentrated upon the daylily in the last dozen years, and have produced many color variations, getting away from the usual yellow tones, to reds and bicolors, and valuing especially the pastel shades that are best loved in the individual flower, not for making a mass display. These novelties are very expensive at the moment, as one would expect, even up to \$25.00 per division, and more, but novelties have a way of becoming common. How hardy the newer colors are is yet to be shown. We recall that in the iris the old common purples have been hardier and of better constitution than the novelties. Prairie gardeners are usually willing to grow varieties of perennials that get along with light mulching, but those that are less hardy than that, such as the stately Regal lily, are not becoming popular in spite of their beauty.—Percy H. Wright.



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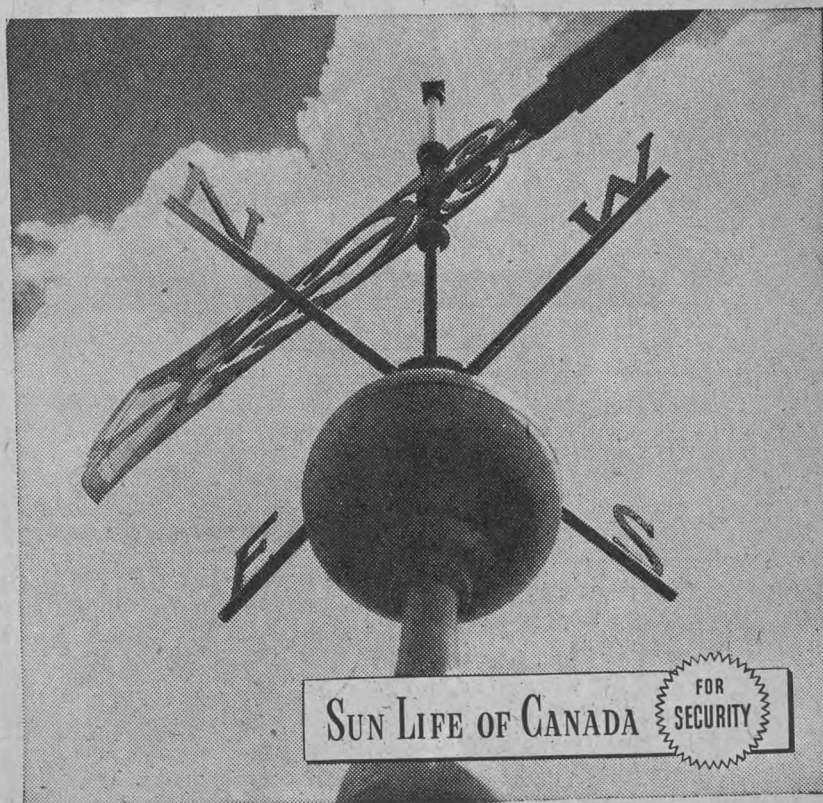


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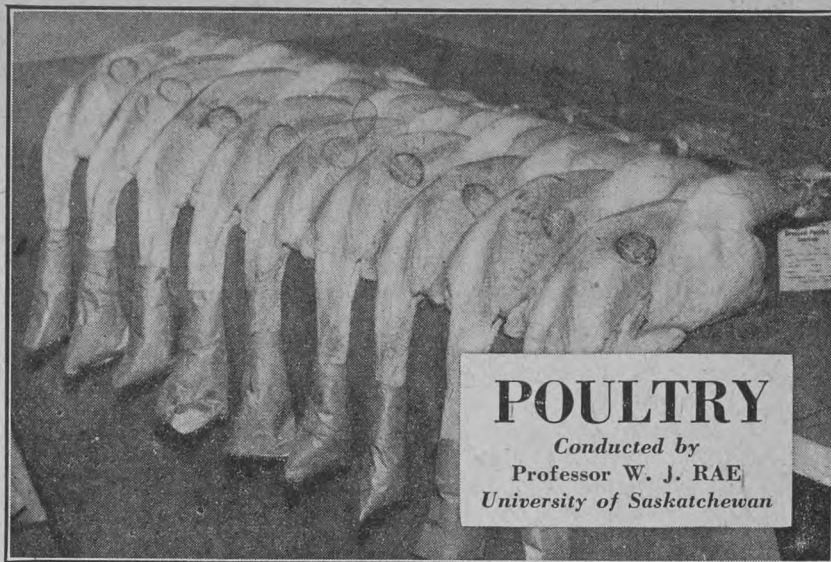
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Laying House Equipment

AMPLE equipment in a good state of repair is an essential part of the laying house. None of this equipment needs to be elaborate in construction, but all must be functional in design. The mash hoppers should be raised from the floor of the pen onto a stand about 18 inches high. This will help to keep the feed free from litter. The hopper itself should be provided with a reel or a spring to prevent the birds from walking in the mash. Some people prefer a V-shaped hopper and others like those with flat bottoms. When putting the laying mash in the hoppers, do not fill too full. One-half of the total capacity is sufficient at any time: This will reduce the waste to a minimum. Provide at least 20 feet of feeding space per 100 birds.

Water fountains deserve more attention. One hundred birds will drink 3½ to five gallons of water per day, depending largely on their rate of production. A five-gallon galvanized fountain equipped with a stand and automatic float is ideal. An oil heater placed under the water pan will provide slightly warmed water during the winter months.

Grain troughs and grit hoppers are also necessary. V-shaped grain troughs made of 1x6's are very good. Two 10-foot hoppers with feeding space on both sides will insure room for all the hens at feeding time. One or two small grit hoppers hung on the wall will allow the birds to help themselves to grit whenever they require it.

Community nests are recommended. These were discussed in this column a short time ago. Droppings pits or roosts with droppings board complete the list of essential equipment. Allow six to eight inches of roosting space per bird. The north wall is the usual location for the roosts.

Produce Clean Eggs

A SHORT time ago there appeared in a poultry magazine an article discussing the various methods of cleaning dirty eggs. While the methods described were very good, it seemed to us that it was a rather negative approach to the problem of dirty eggs. It is more logical to prevent the soiling of egg shells rather than spend part of the evening cleaning them.

The chief causes of dirty eggs are insufficient nesting space and a lack

of nesting material. The trend today is toward the community nest. This type of nest eliminates competition. Instead of individual compartments, the nest is one large box which allows the bird to make her own nest in whichever part of the box she prefers. Plans for such a nest are available free of charge from the provincial departments of agriculture, universities and experimental stations.

Shavings, or fine, chaffy straw are both good materials for nests. The choice will depend on the cost. When filling the nests, don't stint on the shavings or straw—fill to a depth of several inches. Now another suggestion, if you notice that a little of the nesting material is dirty, remove it and add some fresh. Never put off cleaning until the whole nest is dirty.

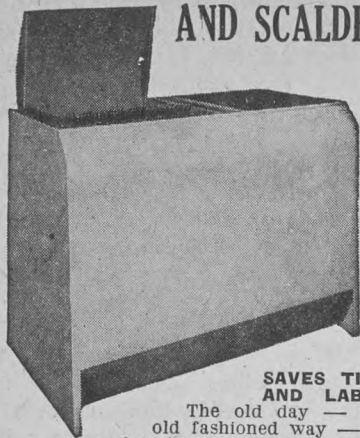
Finally, collect the eggs at least three times a day during the winter.

Well-Finished Cockerels

IN order to market cockerels in a well-finished condition, there are two important things to keep in mind. First, they must not be too young; and secondly, they must be fattened. A very practical method of determining the proper time to fatten the cockerels is to catch a few representative ones and holding them in one hand, run the other hand through the feathers on the back, from the tail to the neck. If there are a lot of short pin feathers (less than half an inch in length) then it is too early to finish the cockerels. They are still growing and are not ready to utilize their food for the production of fat. Instead, they need the food for growth. When the back feathers are about an inch or so in length, the birds are just passing out of the period of rapid growth.

During the growing season, these cockerels have been developing a frame which is covered with muscle. The legs are quite firm and hard. By confining the birds either in crates or pens their activity is restricted and the muscles become softened. The feeding of a wet mash twice a day for two to three weeks provides the material for the production of fat. A mixture of chopped cereal grains moistened with milk or water is all that is necessary during this time. Milk is a much better mixer than water. If water is used, the addition of about 10 per cent of meat meal to the chopped grains is advisable.

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Ogopogo

Continued from page 9

husband, who started and operated a nursery for the government until about 1925 came first in 1919 to look over the needs of the valley and to examine soil conditions. The nursery was in full operation by about 1922, at which time the laying of water on the land had been completed in the south. Nevertheless, by 1925 when the nursery was discontinued, no plantings had been made farther south than about four miles below Oliver. Land in the project was sold by auction and brought from \$250 to \$300 per acre with the water laid on.

Mr. Simpson bought the second unit sold, the first having gone to George Maybee. From Mr. Harrison and D. D. Allan, assistant district horticulturist at Oliver, I learned that there is still about 300 acres of land available for tree planting in Oliver, and an additional 900 acres of bench land at Osoyoos. Water for this bench land would mean power for a lift of 150 to 300 feet.

HERE is perhaps the place to introduce a reminder that all of the fruit land in the Okanagan Valley is irrigated. This applies to practically everything south of Vernon. Water is supplied by gravity, from big flumes running along the side of the high, gaunt hills which hem in the valley. These flumes lie above the highest cultivable land and from them the water is led as required downhill.

I never cease to marvel at the magic of water, whether here, or in southern Alberta, or on the prairies. Without water the Okanagan Valley would be hot and arid despite the beautiful lakes which mark its course. With water added, the otherwise comparatively unproductive soil can be planted to tender crops of all kinds ranging from highly-colored delicious apples to tender peaches and luscious sweet cherries, and to ground crops such as watermelons, zuccas, cantaloupes, cucumbers and tomatoes.

With the addition of water the valley also has become a mecca for those in a position to choose where they will live. Penticton, at the foot of Okanagan Lake, and Kelowna, midway up on the east side, and Vernon at the north end, have become sizable cities, busy and prosperous. For some reason which I have not fully understood, the climate in the valley changes substantially from north to south, though the distance from Sicamous, away to the north on the main line of the C.P.R., to Osoyoos at the International Boundary, is probably not more than about 200 miles—say the same as from Edmonton to Calgary, or from Saskatoon to Regina.

I understand that at Osoyoos the ripening season is the earliest in Canada. There ground crops, grown between the orchard trees, are characteristic. A few miles north at Oliver stone fruits—peaches, apricots, cherries and plums are dominant crops. "The climate here," said Mr. Harrison, "is so good that people are flocking in to live. The really bad storms seem to go all around us, and Oliver generally seems to be the luckiest in the valley. Even Oroville, only 14 miles south and just across the International Boundary, has a different climate. There, incidentally, trees of 20-Ounce Pippin and

other varieties planted by Okanagan Smith in 1855, are still living. I am told one of these trees last year yielded 109 boxes of apples."

From Oliver north, the climate changes still more, until irrigation ceases in the vicinity of Vernon and gives place to highly diversified fruit crops, general farming and dairying, on land watered only by favorable natural precipitation. Still farther north at Armstrong, conditions are favorable for vegetable seed production and other small crops.

There is some evidence that land values in some parts of the Okanagan Valley are getting out of line with future prospects. I was told by one man whose name shall not be mentioned, but who lives south of Oliver, that he came to Kelowna five years ago with \$4,500. He bought 10 acres of land for \$20,000, put \$5,000 worth of improvements on it, including buildings, sold it four years later for \$36,000 and bought 35 acres of bearing orchard for \$60,000. Bearing orchards in the Summerland area now sell, I am told, at about \$1,500 per acre, which is substantially lower than at Oliver, for example, where land originally sold for about \$300 per acre including water installation, but which now sells at around \$2,500 per acre.

Mr. Harrison is of the opinion that with peaches at \$100 per ton, it is possible to secure good interest on \$30,000 for nine acres of peaches in their fifth year. On the other hand, A. K. Lloyd, president and general manager of B.C. Tree Fruits Limited, was definitely of the opinion that growers cannot make money over a long term period on bearing orchard at \$2,000 per acre. Time has a way of settling all differences of opinion on matters such as this.

There is a further magic in addition to water in this British Columbia tree fruits industry. This is exhibited by the extent to which the industry has become closely knit and efficient. From Dr. Fisher I learned, for example, that in the Okanagan, Creston and Grand Forks Valleys there are now a total of 65 fruit packinghouses, which represent nearly the same number of cold storages. In the Okanagan Valley only one packinghouse remains without a cold storage. With a total box capacity of around eight million boxes in these areas, the industry has a cold storage capacity of about seven million packed boxes, which compares with only 2,700,000 box capacity in 1941.

DR. FISHER was of the opinion that there will probably not be much more expansion in cold storage capacity, but due to the rapid expansion of available facilities, the valley is way ahead of the United States, especially with reference to the quality of fruit storage provided. This means, in effect, ability of valley storage to lower fruit temperatures rapidly, say from 70 degrees to 32 degrees, in not more than a week's time. Modern cold storage plants are set up somewhat the same as the hot air duct system used in houses, except that the cold air is blown out and the warm air drawn back and pulled over the ammonia coils. To prevent the heavy frosting of the coils, a brine spray is used which dissolves out the ice which tends to form.

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ley growers, we must, I think, turn to the field of organization for the key to this efficiency. Organization of the valley fruit industry appears exceedingly complex to the outsider. Nevertheless, it has been achieved only after long and sometimes bitter experience. Out of that experience came two discoveries, each of them socially and economically important. The first was the necessity for grower control; and the second was the fact of interdependence as between all of the people in the B.C. interior fruit area. Indeed, this statement might be extended to all other specialized crops, but these deserve special treatment; and besides, it is tree fruits that dominate the valley.

Out of the troubled experience of many years in the marketing of British Columbia's perishable fruits came eventually the National Products Marketing B.C. Act. This Act provides for the setting up of a B.C. Fruit Board of three members. The Act also provides that this board shall be elected by a body of 25 delegates brought together from representative districts in a specified manner. These 25 delegates are required to nominate the three-man board. If the nominations at the meeting number more than six, the convention must reduce the number to six and submit the names to growers for further selection and election. The board, when elected, discharges the legal responsibilities required by the Act such as licensing and other similar duties. The 25 convention delegates automatically become the board of directors of the British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association. From their number they select an executive of six members who work through the 28 local fruit growers' associations in the province. Since all growers of commercial fruit are required to register, all growers therefore automatically become members of the B.C. Fruit Growers' Association.

It is provided in the Act that the Fruit Board shall designate a selling agency; and for tree fruits, B.C. Tree Fruits Limited has been designated. This selling organization has a board of governors of 10 growers who are nominated by the Fruit Growers' Association. They are, however, elected by the Company, though no governor may hold office unless satisfactory to the Fruit Growers' Association. However, no director of the B.C.F.G.A. may be a governor of B.C. Tree Fruits Limited. Should either the agency or

the association select a nominee whom the other will not have, they must negotiate until an individual agreeable to both is found.

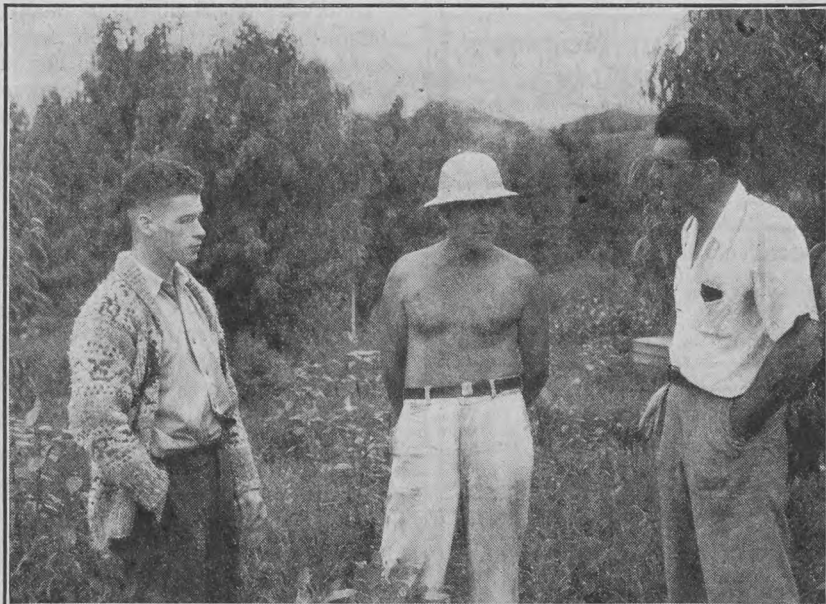
B.C. Tree Fruits Limited operates on a three-way contract between itself as agent, the grower as producer, and the shipper or packinghouse operator as intermediary. New contracts are signed every three years, and in May of this year the contract was renewed with 98 per cent of all growers signing.

THE sales agency, therefore, is the sole selling agent for all tree fruits produced within an area of approximately 40,000 square miles, including 15 or more locals of Associated Growers' Co-operative, who ship about 52 per cent of the crop, about a dozen or more independent co-operatives, around 18 independent shippers operating from Kamloops to Creston and less than half a dozen grower shippers who have their own facilities.

The agency sells through two brokerage houses which it controls, and which have offices in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon and Winnipeg. It also uses brokerage houses in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John, Halifax and in all potential U.S. markets. In addition it has direct contract with Newfoundland, and for the South American market operates through agents in New York and South American cities. It is of incidental interest to record the fact that the cost of agency operations, exclusive of advertising, has for some years amounted to two and three-quarter cents per box. Bad debts incurred on the last \$163 million of sales have amounted to only one dollar out of each million.

Each grower has a contract with his own packinghouse or shipper. The agency price is the same to all shippers for each quality and kind of fruit, so the grower knows to a four-decimal point what his packinghouse or shipper gets, and is able therefore to compare it with his own returns.

Even this very brief outline of the fruit industry in the Okanagan Valley would be quite incomplete without reference to the excellent service provided for growers by the provincial and Dominion governments. British Columbia maintains five district horticulturists with three assistants and a supervising horticulturist over all, in the Okanagan Valley. These men are



D. D. Allan and Dr. R. J. Hilton, University of Alberta, talk with J. B. Harrison. [Guide Photo.]

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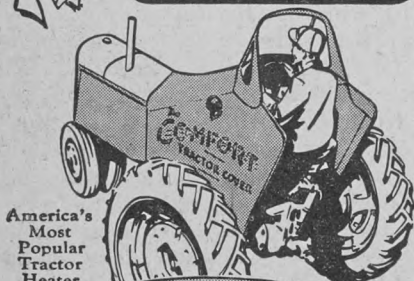
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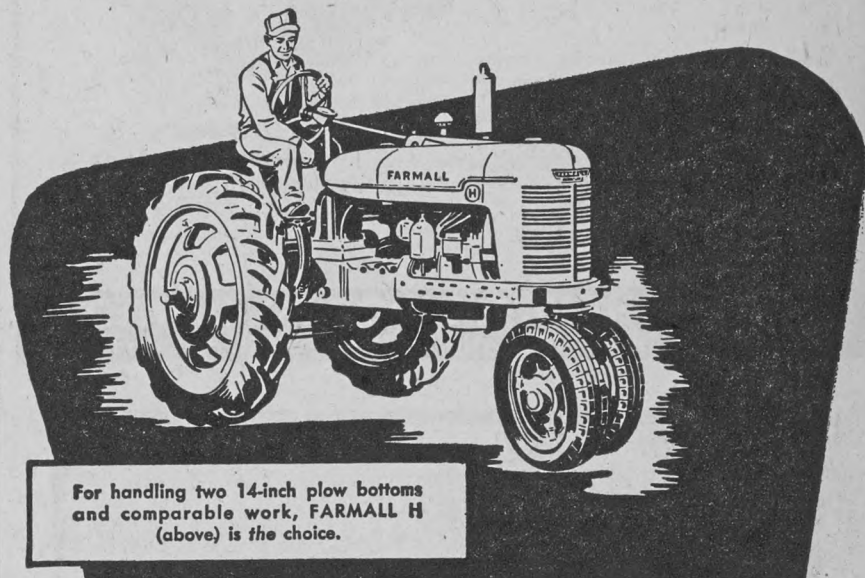
trained to serve a highly complex industry. They must keep up with new pests and diseases and with the most modern sprays and dusts. They must know the newest varieties and their proper place in orchard plantings. On every aspect of the growers' problems they must be prepared to advise immediately or secure the necessary information without delay.

The source of scientific horticultural information for the valley and for all of interior B.C. is the Dominion Experimental Station at Summerland. Here have been gathered together a staff of experts in irrigation, propagation, plant breeding, harvesting, fruit processing, pests and diseases. When I visited the valley in August, I was fortunate enough to reach Summerland on the day when all of the provincial and Dominion horticultural officials were gathered together for a field day, primarily to bring themselves up-to-date by an exchange of views and experiences on the many production matters of concern to valley growers. It is probably safe to say that science serves the growers of the Okanagan Valley more quickly and more efficiently than in any other individual part of Canada.

I HAD the opportunity of visiting a young veteran who had taken over several acres of peach orchard in the Valley, and was picking peaches when I called. He had been an accountant, and I couldn't help wondering how he could expect, without experience in such a highly specialized form of agriculture, to do well on land at around \$2,000 per acre. Actually, if we can assume reasonable intelligence and industry, he was probably safer and more secure in some respects than if he had invested an equal amount of money in the Lacombe Valley in Alberta, or in a first class mixed farm in Ontario. With all growers banded together in the British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association; with a selling agency which has been viewed with increasing confidence by the experienced growers at each contract renewal; with up-to-date co-operative packinghouses gradually taking over that aspect of marketing; and with information about almost any aspect of his business available for only a short telephone call, he is as assured of doing the right thing at the right time as any man could reasonably expect. If he has occasion to suffer, all others will probably suffer proportionately. The industry is a unit, of which he has become a very small part, and for his future success he has only to do his share toward the success of the whole.

Thus, the impressive development in the Okanagan Valley, is, after all, no miracle, though in some respects phenomenal. The comparative isolation of valley growers, their dependence on remunerative markets for perishable products, their high costs of production under irrigation, and their dependence on adequate control of pests and diseases for a quality product, have bound them together as few other groups in Canada are bound. Over the years they have responded with a growing realization that only by organizing and attacking their common problems together could they succeed. This story has attempted to show that they have achieved efficiency in production, storage and sales to a degree which justifies high praise indeed.

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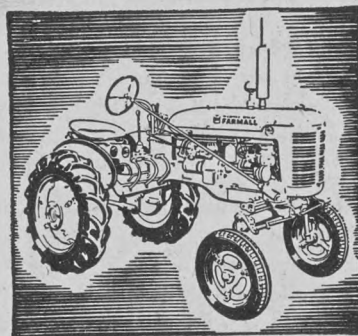
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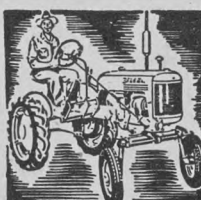


Left: Farmall Super A offers hydraulic Farmall TOUCH-CONTROL and new "combustion control."

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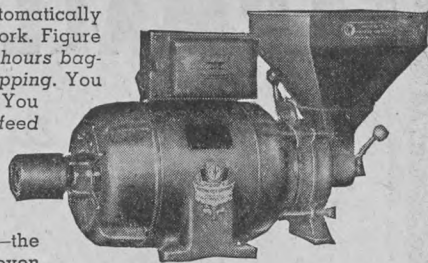
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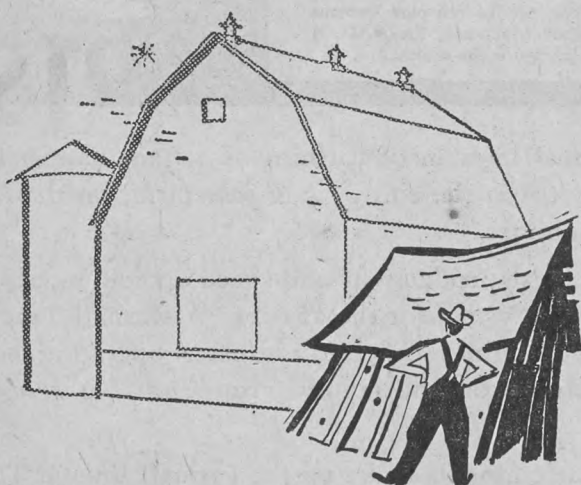
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MONTHLY

The Grasshopper Danger

In the fall of 1947 danger became apparent of a widespread grasshopper infestation in western Canada in the spring of 1948, as the laying of eggs by grasshoppers had been very extensive. Weather conditions in the spring of 1948 destroyed most of the grasshoppers which might have come to maturity under different conditions. Enough survived, however, both to do considerable damage in some areas and to provide an important threat for 1949. Conditions this fall have been favorable for the deposit of eggs and the area where these are to be found in dangerous numbers is widespread. If weather conditions next spring favor the hatching of eggs and the development of the young grasshoppers the resulting damage could be very severe. During the winter provincial and municipal authorities will doubtless be making plans for a large scale campaign against grasshoppers in the spring and it is important that such plans be carefully made and well supported, for once grasshoppers reach the flying stage their depredations can extend very widely.

In past years the principal reliance in the campaign against grasshoppers has been upon poison bait and this will no doubt be extensively used. In addition sprays have been developed during the past two years which undoubtedly will be brought largely into use next spring.

Flax Prices

The guaranteed prices for flax introduced by the governments of both Canada and the United States were not "support prices" in the ordinary sense of that phrase. They were intended, not so much for the protection of the producer as to supply an incentive for greater production. With the assistance of the weather, they accomplished their purpose fully only in 1948. As a result of large flax crops the United States government is now having to take flaxseed at the guaranteed price in that country of \$6.00 per bushel and the Government of Canada, which appeared to be getting out of the flax business, may have to buy this year at its guaranteed price of \$4.00 per bushel.

Canada has an export surplus of flaxseed this year and under ordinary circumstances this should be easy to dispose of on a competitive price basis. Exports to the United States, however, are shut off by an import embargo imposed by that country, which does not want to see flax from Canada imported to be sold to its government at the support price of \$6.00 per bushel. At the same time, exports to most countries of continental Europe are shut off by a United States government declaration that flax is a surplus commodity. The effect of that is to prevent use of E.R.P. funds to buy flax anywhere but in the United States for export to countries receiving relief. Only those countries which have American dollars under their own control are able to buy flaxseed in Canada. Until July 31 the Government of Canada, acting through the Canadian Wheat Board, was the

only primary purchaser of flaxseed in Canada. It resold to Canadian crushers on a price basis fixed for this country and sold some for export on a higher basis. The result of such export sales was that the fixed price on the crop of 1947, which began at \$5.00 per bushel, was increased to \$5.50. At the end of the crop year, however, the government still had several million bushels on hand. Desiring to get out of the flax business, the government announced a new policy for the current crop year. Instead of buying the whole crop, it would buy only such quantities as might be offered to it on the basis of \$4.00 per bushel.

The former high price for flaxseed was due not only to a scarcity of oil but also to the very strong demand for oilcake, the result of a scarcity of protein feed supplements. The high price for oil tended to restrict the amount used for painting, and the demand for oilcake has fallen off substantially.

When the new crop began to come on the market the price fell very close to the guaranteed basis. If the government does not have to buy flaxseed this year it will be because some opening for export has developed.

The surplus position of flaxseed in the United States has been intensified by the production of heavy crops of cotton seed and soybeans. Broadly speaking, the shortages of oils and fats for industrial uses, including soap-making, has been very largely overcome on this continent, although there is still a world shortage in this respect, most especially of edible oils. It may be that the Government of Canada will have to take a loss on some of the flaxseed for which it paid last year at the rate of \$5.50 per bushel. If so, the amount in question will not represent either a bonus to producers or a trading loss in the ordinary sense of the word. It will simply be part of the expense of a program undertaken, of necessity, to overcome a worldwide shortage of fats and oils.

International Wheat Agreement Possible?

References to the International Wheat Agreement, which was killed by refusal of the United States Congress to ratify it, occur from time to time during the present election campaign in that country. President Truman, who has been basing much of his campaign on an attack on Congress, has blamed it in this connection. Should the Democratic party be returned to power, which most people consider to be unlikely, international discussions for a wheat agreement would almost certainly be renewed. Such a development is somewhat less likely in the event of a Republican victory, but is by no means impossible. The Republicans in the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, which refused to recommend ratification at the last session of Congress, nevertheless indicated a willingness to have the subject brought up again at a subsequent session.

The possibility of making an agreement next year would depend almost altogether on whether or not the ideas

COMMENTARY

of the United States and of Great Britain with respect to price could be reconciled. With agreement reached between those two countries, the concurrence of most European countries could probably be taken for granted. Their dependence upon the Marshall Plan of the United States for European recovery is so great that they would hardly stand out against a program desired by the latter country. During the discussions of 1947 and 1948 the countries of continental Europe were inclined to follow the lead of the United States and of Great Britain, not so much because of the long range features of the wheat agreement but because, in the then existing scarcity of wheat, they were anxious to do anything possible to secure immediate supplies.

If discussions are renewed next year, no doubt the price question would have to be argued all over again, and it would be difficult to have the price schedule of the 1948 agreement accepted without question. Purchasing countries have already lost some of the advantages they were expected to get from the agreement, which set a maximum price of \$2.00 per bushel for export wheat. Because the agreement was not ratified, all countries, except Great Britain, are now paying considerably more than \$2.00 per bushel for the wheat which they buy in North America, and Britain is paying more for Australian wheat. For example, the Canadian price for export to countries other than Great Britain has lately been only slightly less than \$2.40 per bushel. The minimum prices guaranteed by the agreement began at \$1.50 per bushel, declining each year by 10 cents per bushel to a level of \$1.10 in the crop year 1952-1953. (All prices quoted are on the basis of No. 1 Northern in store in lakehead terminals at Port Arthur and Fort William, with prices for other wheat and other positions in relation thereto.)

Although the 1948 agreement failed because the Senate of the United States did not ratify it, the principal driving force for making the agreement in the first place came from officials of the United States Department of Agriculture. The outcome of discussions emphasized the fact that an international agreement is essentially a transaction between governments, the carrying out of which is a matter of high governmental policy, necessarily related to other policies of government. No matter how much careful work is done by subordinate officials on the terms of an agreement, such an agreement can be concluded and carried out only as it fits into the general policies of the government concerned. That became apparent in 1947 at London when the British government brought negotiations to an end by a declaration that a proposed schedule did not allow for a sufficiently rapid decline in wheat prices from levels then prevailing. It was apparent again in 1948 when the enthusiasm of the United States delegates was not backed up in the Senate, the body which has to ratify treaties.

Both at London and at Washington the Government of Canada gave full

support to the idea of an International Wheat Agreement, and Canada was one of the first countries to ratify an agreement reached at Washington. No doubt the Canadian attitude would remain the same in any renewed discussions. The outcome of such discussions will essentially depend upon whether or not there is an agreement between the United States and Great Britain.

Export Of Oats And Barley

Western Canada's surplus of oats and barley is moving this year to quite different markets than last year. Large exports of barley have been made to European countries, some malting barley has been accumulated for shipment to American maltsters and considerable shipments of oats have been made to the United States.

During the previous year exports of these grains was either entirely prohibited or made very difficult by high fees for export permits. The main object was to conserve feed supplies for use in this country to meet a demand largely caused by short crops in eastern Canada. A secondary object was to keep down prices, which would have been much higher had the demand from the United States been allowed to be effective. This year eastern Canada has had excellent crops and so far there has been little demand for western feed, although some such demand will undoubtedly develop later in the year. Restrictions on exports, including fees, have been removed.

Although this year the United States is plentifully supplied with feed, Canadian oats can find a market south of the Line on a competitive price basis. It is necessary to meet the prices which prevail there, lower than last year, on account of abundance of grain. On the other hand, there is little demand for Canadian oats for overseas export. By declaring oats a surplus commodity, the Government of the United States has prevented the use of Marshall Plan funds for purchase of oats except in the United States, and there are few European countries with funds of their own available for purchases in Canada.

The case is quite different with barley, and the demand for overseas shipment has been good. Much of this, it is believed, will be used for human food. Price is governed by that prevailing in the United States where purchases would otherwise be made.

Some progress is being made in re-establishing an outlet in the United States for Canadian malting barley. Maltsters there, however, largely lost their interest in Canadian barley during the period in which Canada shut off shipments, and by a campaign for more production, succeeded in making themselves largely independent of supplies from this country. Now they are reluctant, rather than eager buyers of the Canadian barley, a fact which tends to keep down premiums offered on Canadian market for malting grades.

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Dark Trail

Continued from page 11

from the piling and stood aboard, gaunt and big, and hollow-eyed, as though he hadn't slept much that night. He stopped and jerked his thumb suddenly toward the native boy.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Pete," I told him. "Best all-round work boy in the Central Americas. Only don't tell him I said that."

McCain shook his head. "We won't need him."

I explained, "I'm not much of a cook. Not much of a hand to hunt dry firewood, especially after dark, or cut jungle, or even pick a sleeping spot that won't be swarming with ants. But Pete savvies all such things, and his price is included along with the launch. He won't cost you a cent extra."

Neither of us had heard young Siddons till he threw down a bag of gear. He grinned.

"The boy's okay, Manning," he said. "And the company pays your bill."

I'll swear that up until then it hadn't struck me strange that old Yank Siddons would have sent his own boy down here to go back into that fever-reeking country with Hugh McCain. But now, suddenly, I didn't understand at all. Siddons Oil might better have sent any one of a dozen seasoned and experienced geologists of McCain's own tough stripe.

THERE was a rising band of sunlight over the jungle wall when we chugged out into the oily-brown muddy stream. Here was civilization on the Coast, a strip of beach and a ramshackle white man's hotel, a street of native shacks and a cargo dock with a few miles of narrow-gauge rails behind the decrepit toy train that hauled produce out. The first turn in the river hid it; the green walls of the jungle closed. . . . And beyond?

Beyond, somewhere, Hugh McCain had sweated and labored and prospected oil-ground, but the secret was still as much McCain's as it had ever been. He had turned up at Puerto Bolivar, and that was all I knew. But how long had McCain been working his way out afoot to Bolivar, months or weeks? What had happened to the other white man who had gone in with him, a tramp driller named Joe Foelick? Where had McCain left him?

The launch had been tied up to shore and Pete had scrambled together an edible meal, that night, when Siddons turned to McCain quietly. We were sitting around the blaze of a dry wood fire under the black, overhung foliage.

"This is one of Mary's latest," Tommy Siddons said. "I thought you might like to see it."

He held out a small snapshot which he had drawn from his pocket, and I saw McCain stiffen. McCain's face had turned hard as stone; suddenly every muscle in the man had become taut, but the look of him was immobile as rock. Then wordless, McCain took the snapshot; his fingers trembling slightly, he turned the picture of a girl toward the blaze.

She was a rather small, slim girl, I could see; golden-haired and smiling. Not an especially beautiful girl by any classic standards, I thought, but the kind of a girl that

grows on you, whose voice and mannerisms are full of a charm only hers. You could guess that much. And different—she was different as day and night from the girls down here.

In the picture she stood under the shade of a wide, old elm with a clipped lawn at her feet and the beginning of a formal little garden hedge behind, as if only to accent the difference.

For a long, long moment McCain stared at her. And Hugh McCain had been in the jungle a year and a half, never seeing, living through what hell only McCain knew.

"Yes, Mary looks well," he said.

HE stood up unsteadily, his face set like a stone, and we heard him going off into the darkness, stumbling. Suddenly I understood the meaning of Tommy Siddons' words on the dock, when he had said, "I'm glad you got Mary's cable. That makes it a little easier."

This girl up home, Mary, had been McCain's girl a year and a half ago, when he had gone into the jungle. And now—she wasn't! Now she was Tommy Siddons' girl.

I looked across the fire at Tommy Siddons.

"I know the way it looks to you, Manning," he said. "It looks as though I stole McCain's girl from him while he didn't have a chance, when he was lost down here."

"Well what did you do?" I asked.

"It didn't happen that way. I mean I didn't try to steal her," he said. He stared into the fire, biting his lips. "McCain had been gone a year, and everything showed he wouldn't turn up again. You know the money the company spent down here, searching for him. I'd just come home myself—I'd been in the Texas field—and somebody had to see this girl of his and explain the truth to her, gently as possible."

"She—Mary loved McCain. They'd planned to be married as soon as he got home from his trip, and McCain was going to settle down in the States. I don't know how it happened, Manning. But I loved her from the first moment I saw her. I arranged it so I would see her again, and then again. I'd never known McCain, never seen him, and everybody thought he was dead."

"Uh-huh," I said. "But it didn't turn out that way. And now his girl is going to marry you. Well, that's pretty tough on McCain—or were you figuring some other way?"

"I—I don't know," he said. "But if Mary would be happier with him—then I'd pull out without a word. I love her that much, Manning."

Deliberately he had come down here to match himself against McCain. I understood that much; and this was our first camp in the jungle, the monotony hadn't yet closed in. A matter of twelve hours' travel in the launch would still have carried us back to that strip of beach on the coast and a ramshackle whiteman's hotel.

"Suppose," I said, "that you try to forget it. Try very hard! And hope that McCain can do the same."

Before next daylight it was McCain not Pete, who started the fire, and I woke up to see him hunched over the rising blaze, big and gaunt, his pale blue grey eyes fixed on young Siddons who was still asleep.

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I shouted to rouse Pete out, and McCain stirred, turning away. But I wondered how long he had been sitting, squatting there, staring at Tommy Siddons. I wondered how much he had slept that night, and I wondered what kind of thoughts were going on behind his pale, impassive eyes. I wondered . . . but no matter! It was tough.

The muddy stretch of river water narrowed perceptibly that second day; the next, McCain swung the nose of the launch into a tributary that bowed in from the east. Tommy Siddons forgot to shave that morning, and he let his beard grow after that.

It changed the clean-cut, boyish look of him; after all, he was only five years younger than McCain. The difference lay in the hardship, what McCain had been through. We fell into the habit of silence.

ONE morning McCain disappeared on the bank and was gone half the day. He came back to say that he had found a certain landmark left there. We went on up-stream. We spent hours working the shallow-draft launch over a series of sandbars, carrying every ounce of provision and the spare gasoline ashore to lighten the load, then dragging the launch up current, tilting her and working her through.

Siddons was ashore, chopping a trail along the bank over which to pack on the provision. I remember the way he screamed when he reached to shove a limb aside, and the limb wriggled and pulled itself from his fingers. It was the first time I had seen McCain smile.

"Work your way out to the coast afoot," he said, "and you'll forget to even notice snakes—except the poisonous ones."

Tommy Siddons shook off a shudder of repulsion and went on chopping the trail, his jaw stiff. But it was plain that McCain hadn't forgotten a detail of what he had been through for Siddons Oil—to find, in the end, that Tommy Siddons had taken his girl. The jungle was finally closing in.

After that we spent as much time on the banks, hauling the launch through the shallows or chopping out some tree-growth that lay, still living,

fallen across the channel. It was hard to keep track of time; every day was the same. Sweat dripped from every pore and our clothes stuck to our bodies, day and night. Finally McCain gave up the boat.

"I figured the water would be higher," he explained. "We go on afoot."

Pete and I found a shallow side creek, where we tied up the launch with a couple of two-inch lines, doing a job of it, in case the rainy season broke before we got out again. Siddons and McCain were both on the boat, making up shoulder-packs. My back was turned when a gun went off, startling as a blast of dynamite against the green silence. I whirled.

McCain was standing in the stern, the flat black automatic he carried at hip in his hand. Before him, young Siddons crouched on his hands and knees over some duffle—a white, terrible expression on his face. I jumped the distance from bank to the boat in a stride. Not till then did I see the rifle that lay under Tommy Siddons' hands among the duffle, and realized that it was the rifle that had been fired. McCain's eyes were pale points of flame.

"Why so fast?" he asked mockingly. "If you killed me now, Siddons, there's a fortune in oil that would go to waste. Foelick died in here for Siddons Oil, but somehow I lived through to reach the coast. You might as well wait till I show it to you."

"Something in the duffle caught the trigger," Tommy Siddons said. "I didn't—I don't know how it happened."

"Skip it," said McCain. "But get this! I'm bringing you in here because I want you to see the ground and write your report. I want that report to reach the company. Then I can sell my share. Maybe I won't be so wealthy as the heir to Siddons Oil, but it will be enough. Siddons, do you think Mary has entirely forgotten me?"

For answer, Tommy Siddons rose on shaking legs, and before I could yell to stop him, he had flung his rifle at the water. It hit with a splash and was gone. That was our only rifle, although both McCain and I carried sidearms.



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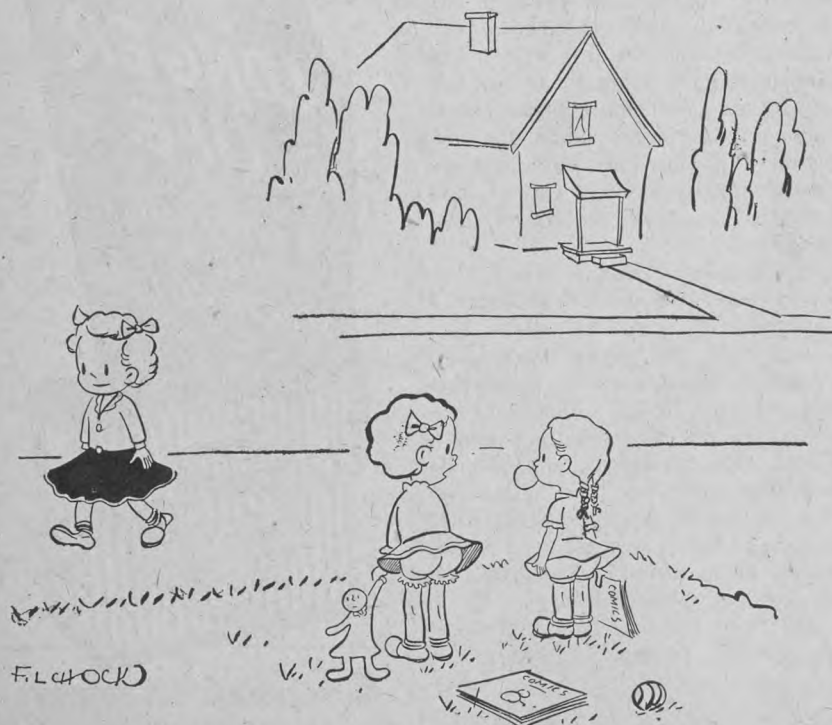
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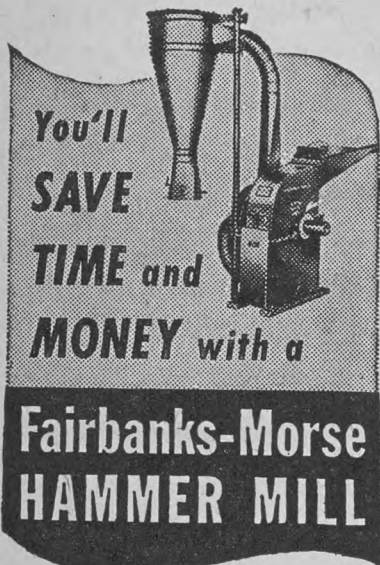
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McCain shrugged, and turned away. There was something about McCain, in the swing of his bony, powerful shoulders, in the look of his mahogany-brown features with that band of white like a scar across his brows where the brim of his hat had shielded his eyes. It occurred to me that his sort of men have always had a fascination for a certain sheltered type of women.

I found myself watching the two men after that, contrasting them and wondering. I recalled some yarns about old Yank Siddons in his younger days; like all his stripe, old Yank had fought hard—to win—and other men had gone down. The boy had the same look about the features, and this wasn't the coast. How hard would Tommy Siddons fight before he was through, and by what means in the end?

This was the jungle, pressing in. It did something to a man; and we went on afoot, packing 50-pound loads. Our shoulders galled before the day was out, and it was agony to shoulder a load after that. We took turns cutting, hacking, our way on—I doubt if we made three miles a day.

When dusk fell we dropped the loads and Pete opened tins and we ate; then slept in our same sweated clothes. I lost track of time altogether; there was old fever in my blood and it was bothering me. But I kept wondering about that gun.

"What's oil mean?" I heard Tommy Siddons whispering once, over and over. "Curse the oil!"

It was Hugh McCain and the girl up home that had brought Tommy Siddons into this, not oil. I don't think he knew he was talking aloud, but McCain heard. He turned and smiled for the second time I had seen, mockingly. One day was like the next.

THEN late one afternoon, we walked out into what had once been a sort of clearing. But now it only seemed to mean that we could walk on a space without chopping our way through with a machete every step.

It was Tommy Siddons who stumbled and, slowly climbing to his knees, stopped and bent over again. He had tripped over a rusty oil-tool, hidden under ground-creepers. Looking up, I realized that I was staring at a sort of shack beyond.

We had reached the ground. But that's about all I remember of it. That night fever took me again. . . .

Next day I was lying under the shack, staring up at the roof of rusty tin, with Pete crouched beside me. "It was an accident. Something in the duffle caught the trigger of the gun," I was trying to explain to a girl with golden-yellow hair. I could see her face plain against the tin roof of the shack. But she didn't seem to believe me.

Then again, McCain and young Siddons had just come in, boots smeared with mud and something else that dripped black, and Pete was cooking food for them. I turned over and tried to point them out to the girl, to show her both were standing there alive, talking.

"I don't understand it," Tommy Siddons was saying to McCain. "I can't understand how you did it!"

"We came in the other way," McCain answered, in his rasping, slow voice. "There was high water, and we'd picked up a tribe of jungle Indians to help us. We got the whole outfit across before the bunch deserted. The test-rig had been made special, and once it was on the ground two men could manage. I'd found oil-seepage on the surface, and Joe Foelick was a driller. After that nothing could stop him!"

"There must be a million barrels collected in that one natural pool," Siddons said, awe in his voice.

"When she blew in, we couldn't hold her," McCain explained wearily. "We didn't have equipment for that. But Foelick estimated 5,000 barrels a day, and she's been flowing here, day in and out. In another 50 years the pressure will give out and stop, I suppose."

"Equipment!" Siddons said. "We've got to have it in here in another month, before the rains get really started. I'm on the ground; the company will back my order to the limit. Any amount of money. Men—"

BUT then I saw the girl again. She wanted to know about the gun once more, and how the accident had happened. She couldn't understand why Tommy Siddons had come down here in the first place. I tried to tell her; to match himself against Hugh McCain and prove to himself that he was worthy of her, as good a man. It was the only thing he could do.

"Hush," said Pete, in his guttural Spanish. "Eat some of this. Food, senior."

Young Siddons was still talking. "How did Joe Foelick die?" he asked. "I want to set down all the facts in this report."

"We'd both started for the coast," McCain explained. "But Foelick wasn't strong. He'd been down with the fever for days before we started. One morning, out in the jungle, he couldn't get up. He died there on the trail. Hardship and exposure."

"I can understand it," Siddons said. "But we'll leave Manning here with Pete. If we go back light, they'll have food enough to last till help comes in. It's men and equipment we've got to get in now. . . ."

That's the last I remember for the time, that and a rusty tin roof and the face of the girl in the picture, real as life. She was pleading with me to do something, to stop them, and not let McCain and Tommy Siddons head back for the coast alone for any reason. I promised a thousand times I'd do something. But it was 11 days later that I sat up and faced Pete, clear-eyed.

He grinned like a wizened little monkey and told me it had been 11 days. A freak, sudden storm had lashed over the jungle; water had streamed through every depression and collected in the hollows. Fresh, green tendrils were starting everywhere. McCain and Tommy Siddons had been gone since then, nine days.

I tried to get up and fell back. It was four more days before I could travel. Pete carried a pack of two blankets and what grub was left.

Following the trail hacked through the thickets, three days took us out to where the launch had been tied. Sign of high water had flooded everywhere, and the launch was gone, of

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course. I told Pete to look around. There was a fire-blackened spot on the bank where camp had been made, and quite plain on the soft earth I found two sets of tracks, McCain's hobnailed heels and Siddons' plain boot soles.

"Both of them were right here," I said.

I'd explained to Pete that we could better wait here on the river for the men and equipment Siddons intended sending in, especially if the rains shut down. Then I heard Pete whistle behind.

He was holding up a long end of rope, 10 feet or more of the two-inch line with which we had tied up the launch. The line had been chopped off square with a knife.

Pete waded along through the shallows and pointed to a gnarled end of root above waterline, where a patch of paint had been scraped loose from the side of the launch. I walked back to the spot where the fire had been and thought it over.

"Pete, did that boat drift loose?" I said. "Or did they pole it out?"

Pete shook his head. "Who knows? But drift maybe."

"I think so, too. One man cut it loose and let the launch drift away—after night maybe. Without a boat both men walked on from here."

"Si—but why?" asked Pete. His wizened cheeks shook.

"You wouldn't understand," I said. "But there's a girl up home. One of these men wants to prove to himself that he's as much a man as the other. Or maybe—maybe only one went on from here."

Pete scoured the brush. "Aqui!" he called. "The tracks of both."

"Could one be hurt?"

"Not yet, senor!"

AT dusk we came to their next camp—a n o t h e r fire-blackened spot on the ground, bits of old ash and the stub ends of limbs that hadn't burned and tracks. Siddons' smooth-worn soles and McCain's hobnails.

We were two weeks and more behind, but the tracks and the cutting of the two men led on. For five days. Six. . . . How long now had it been since we had left the coast? I didn't know.

For two days I had had to stop, racked and weak with fever-chills. Any time now the rains would start; the sky one morning was leaden black, but not enough moisture fell to wash out tracks. We had to follow; there was nothing else left to do except watch the banks for the launch that had been cut adrift, hoping. But Pete still carried food, rations cut in half and half again—and I knew that the man who had cut the launch adrift had not first taken spare stores off.

Again we stopped over the fire-black mark of a camp. Pete bent over suddenly; his hand swooped to earth and came up with something. He held it out in his brown, withered palm—the brass shell of an exploded cartridge that had not yet time to corrode. A shot had been fired here, two or three weeks ago. It was nearly dark.

Next dawn we searched. Pete found the track where one man had gone off alone, hacking his way toward the coast. The track was that of smooth-worn boots. Young Siddons then! Something cracked in me, and

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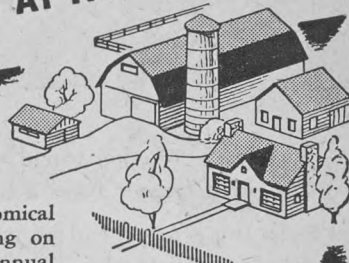
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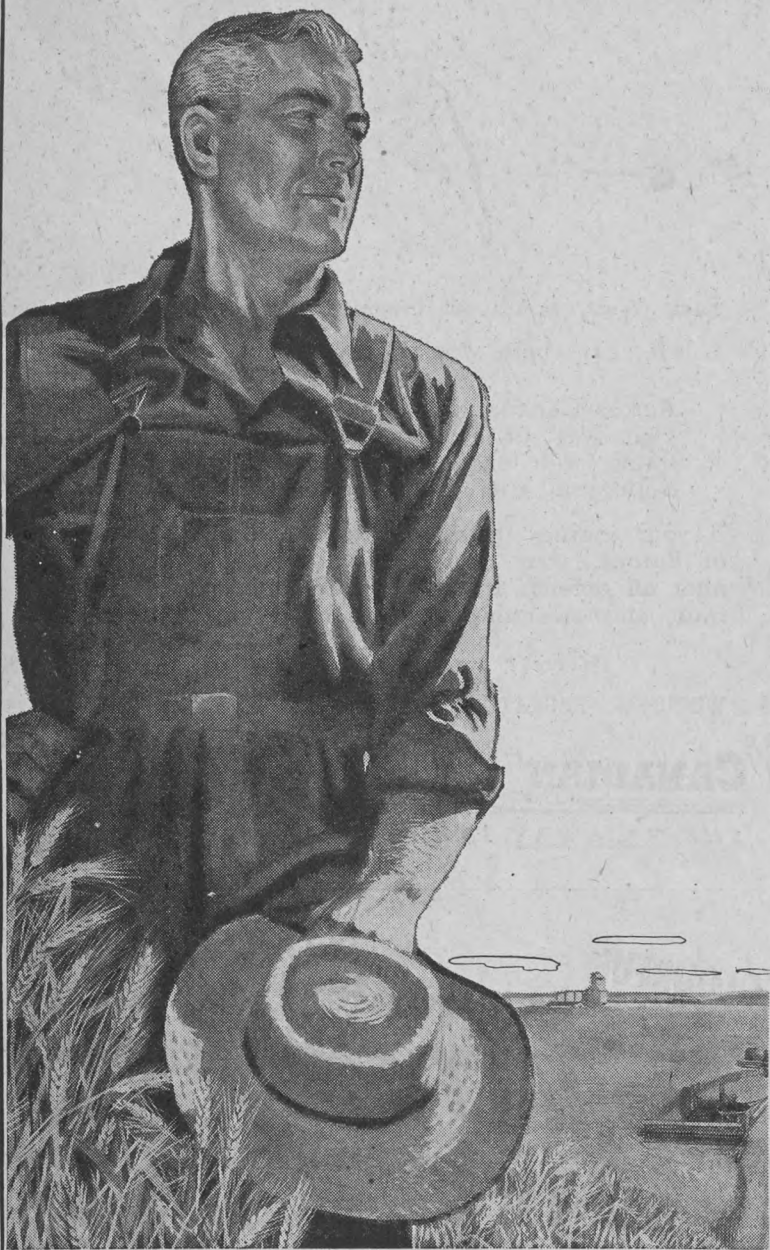


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the face of the girl came back before my eyes.

"No, this wasn't an accident," I explained. "No, this couldn't have been—"

Pete had been scouring ahead. He turned and came back; I realized that he was shaking me.

"See! Look there—"

"What is it?"

"A man—what was once a man!"

He lay pitched into the jungle growth—a few bleached white bones and a shred or two of cloth. A stem of vine grew up through the bones of his chest. I recoiled from the spot.

"But this was long ago. Too long ago—that vine!"

"Still here is the mark of another camp long ago," Pete said. "And this man was white. Por cierto, no native would have golden fillings in his teeth! Here a white man was shot! But long ago, months ago."

"Shot?"

"Si, senor—through the back of the skull. A gun did that. Look closer."

I REMEMBERED about Joe Foelick then; vague, feverishly heard words swam through my brain. "We'd both started for the Coast," McCain had explained to Siddons for his report. "But Foelick wasn't strong. He'd been down with the fever. . . . He died there on the trail. Hardship and exposure."

"Died with a bullet through his skull!" I echoed hollowly. "While McCain was with him. McCain killed Joe Foelick here!"

Whoever had purposely cut loose the launch, McCain had been leading the way toward the coast since then. McCain knew the jungle and the ground. He tracked along the narrow bank of the river, following old landmarks of that other trek toward the coast with Joe Foelick. The trail we followed after him and McCain had brought us here.

And now, within yards of the spot where Foelick had been killed long ago, Pete had picked up the bright brass of a new cartridge shell. From this place only young Siddons' boot track led on.

We followed Siddons' smooth-soled track once more. Here he had run,

hacking his way blindly through the growth. He had turned the other way. Again he had stopped and waited, hours perhaps, for the mark of his boots had trampled the ground, turning this way and that, all in one spot.

"Like something hunted and at bay," Pete said. His black, beady eyes fastened on something else. It was a strip of rag, stained with discolored blood; and Pete added simply, "He was hurt!"

Fifty yards on, we stopped and stared. There, suddenly, on the ground we saw Hugh McCain's hob-nailed track once more. McCain's track came from the deep undergrowth aside, halted and then went on, following Siddons' trail.

So finally we knew the truth. From the camp behind, we had been trailing the wrong man. McCain had been alive off in the brush, stalking, hunting down the younger man and closing in.

But this had happened two, three weeks, or more ago. . . .

That night it rained. Rain fell in steady torrents, leaving the ground puddled, running with rivulets of muddy water. Rain dripped from every branch and twig overhead; it descended in little streams from the leaves. The dank growth steamed and grew. Finally the rains had set in.

I don't remember much of it; there isn't much to tell. Five days later, Pete caught sight of a dugout on the river and two dripping, brown-skinned natives like himself. Nine weeks from the day when Hugh McCain had stood on the piling, the man I thought he was, and asked to hire the launch, the dugout came in sight of the beach. But the thing I remember best is a dry, clean bed somewhere.

Neither McCain nor Tommy Siddons had come out, of course.

There were questions, yes. But nobody on the beach had recognized young Siddons, or guessed McCain's identity. Nobody knew about that million-barrel pool of oil collecting in the jungle, and a prospect gusher struck at a few hundred feet flowing day in and out, one year to the next.



"Everybody's gone home, mister—I say, mister! Hey, MISTER!"

After that last thing Pete and I had seen on the trail, I figured that McCain would make it out again—alone. He'd done it once; he knew the jungle, following his old landmarks. Sure, the thing was big, bigger than I could calculate; and Hugh McCain wanted more than a hired geologist's share of it. So he'd killed Joe Foelick on the way out, months ago, because the driller would have hampered him—and he'd gone back in with Siddons, Pete, and me only to get Tommy Siddons' report on the ground.

McCain had cut the launch loose, so that no trace would be left; none of us was intended to reach outside again, except McCain. But there were markets in the world where Hugh McCain could reappear with his information, backed and verified by the report that Tommy Siddons of Siddons O.I. had written on the ground, and collect himself a fortune.

I didn't intend to talk to anybody—except one man. That man was old Yank Siddons. Yank Siddons would know how to handle it, and it was up to him. Accordingly, I planned to catch the first boat down to Puerto Bolivar and get in connection with him there, where it all wouldn't be so conspicuous. A Star Line fruit boat came in one afternoon.

I was standing on the cargo-dock, waiting my turn to go aboard. The swinging chair on the end of a hoist lifted two passengers ashore by the boarding launch. One was old Yank Siddons. The other was a girl, rather small and slim and golden-haired—not a particularly beautiful girl to look at by any classic standards, but the kind that held your eyes and made you look again, a lump of something growing big in your throat, the sweet way she smiled.

I TURNED and left the dock, breaking into a shuffled run as quick as I was out of sight. Anything to get away right then. Yank Siddons was the man I wanted to see all right. But not the girl—not this girl. Not with Tommy Siddons left back in the jungle somewhere, and the other man she loved—a murderer! I didn't want to see her now and have to tell her.

Pete brought me word just before dark. Yank Siddons had been talking, asking questions along the beach, and they wanted to see me right away. I sent Pete back saying I was sick. Then I got out. Tomorrow I'd see them, the next day. Anything to put it off. After all, I had come out alive and two others hadn't. Oh, I could prove my story through Pete and make old Yank Siddons believe it. But just how was I going to answer that other question in her eyes? . . . I didn't sleep.

Next daylight I was walking along the river bank, dreading more than ever to go up to that white man's hotel on the beach and tell my story. The rain was a steady downpour that sopped through clothing and ran in rivulets next your skin. It beat on the leaves and growth and dripped with an incessant drumming roar across the jungle.

I remember I had turned finally. The only sound was the roar of beating, dripping rain; the steamy mist of it hid everything beyond 10 yards. It was through this mist that I saw two men coming along the trail.

Two men? . . . No, two human scarecrows! Two emaciated figures

that shambled along and looked like men, walking, plodding one foot before the other along the trail. Tommy Siddons must have weighed 185 or 90 when he went in; now you wondered what held his bones together. Pads of leather cut from the uppers of worn-out boots tied to his feet. A few rags of clothing. The bones of his face stuck out through sagging, loose skin.

HUGH MCCAIN walked ahead. He passed me on the trail without noticing, while I stared. I was seeing ghosts. I looked into Tommy Siddons' face, while he went by. His lips moved.

"It's all right, Manning," he muttered unsteadily. "I'll get help in, despite anything. Just hold on!"

McCain was going on ahead, his shambling figure misty in the rain, his two arms bound behind him with the leather of what had once been a belt. Tommy Siddons turned and followed after him. Then suddenly Siddons stopped and stared back at me again, rubbing one arm across his eyes.

"Manning, it's you in the flesh!" he cried. "But how could that have happened? How did you get out?"

"Never mind, it'll keep," I said.

By what iron will had Tommy Siddons made it, bringing out Hugh McCain? By what steel fibre of character and purpose stronger than his own weak, exhausted body? Here was something big—bigger than a million-barrel pool of oil there in the jungle, a gusher flowing eternally.

The last Pete and I knew Siddons had been hurt and McCain was hunting him through the jungle like an animal. I could see the mark a bullet wound had left, scarred in the flesh across Siddons' shoulder. Through all the incredible tangled miles from there, in the end he had brought out a murderer.

But not till we reached the gravel up to the ramshackle hotel on the beach did I realize what the rest of it meant.

A group of men had come swarming out onto the veranda, Yank Siddons among them, and the girl with golden-yellow hair and sweet, trusting eyes. Then it came home to me, utterly grim. This girl had once loved McCain; maybe she still did. And now the other man she loved was bringing him out—a murderer!

McCain had failed to kill young Siddons, true enough; but the bones of that other white man lay back in the jungle—a bullet through his skull! He would have to pay the bill for that.

I watched the girl coming down the rickety steps of the hotel—but she didn't seem to recognize McCain. Then old Yank Siddons, who had hired McCain and knew him well enough, passed with only a sideways glance. The truth broke in a sudden flash.

This man wasn't McCain, and never had been! He had used McCain's name and gone back with us to get Siddons' report on the ground, so that he could sell his knowledge. Otherwise no one would have believed his story. This man had killed Hugh McCain long ago, on trail.

Joe Foelick, tramp driller, was the murderer Siddons had brought back! (Copyright)

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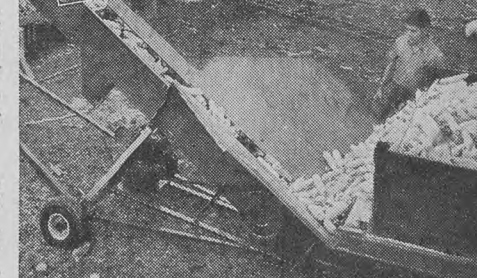
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CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

The twenty-first fiscal year of Canada Packers Limited closed March 31st, 1948.

Dollar Sales, a new high, were	\$238,454,037	(A)
Tonnage,—weight of product sold,—was	1,447,725,661 lbs.	(B)
Net Profit,—after Depreciation, Taxes and Inventory Reserve,—(also a new high)	\$2,182,300	(C)
Net Profit in relation to Sales,—(C to A),—is 9/10 of 1 per cent.		
Net Profit in relation to Tonnage,—(C to B),—is 15c per 100 lbs., otherwise 1/7c per lb.		

The following is a comparison of this year's Profit and Loss Statement with those of the two previous years.

	1948	1947	1946
Dollar Sales	\$238,000,000	\$204,000,000	\$209,000,000
Out of each Sales Dollar there was paid:—			
For Raw Materials,—chiefly Live Stock and other farm products	81.37c	80.21c	81.33c
For Wages plus Salaries	8.48	9.10	8.06
For Services,—General Expenses	4.38	4.25	4.13
For Materials and Packages	3.12	4.06	3.76
For Taxes,—Municipal, Provincial, plus Federal	1.08	.98	1.48
For Inventory Reserve	.26	—	—
For Depreciation on Fixed Assets	.42	.43	.40
	99.11c	99.03c	99.16c
Remainder, — Profit from Operations	.89	.97	.84
Plus Income from Investments, etc.	.02	.04	.03
Total Net Profit for the year on each dollar of Sales	.91c	1.01c	.87c

The products handled by the Company fall into four groups,—viz.:—

LIVE STOCK PRODUCTS, comprising products derived from live animals:—

Meats,—Beef, Veal, Pork, Lamb and Mutton;

By-Products,—Hides, Skins, Tallow, Bones, Tankage, etc.

Tonnage of this group	467,879,272 lbs.	
Profit from this group		\$1,049,833
Profit per 100 lbs.	22.4c	

OTHER FARM PRODUCTS, comprising,—

Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Fruits, Vegetables, etc.

Tonnage of this group	241,899,777 lbs.	
Profit from this group		\$644,013
Profit per 100 lbs.	26.6c	

NON-FARM PRODUCTS, comprising,—

Edible Oils, Shortening, Soap, Fish, Fertilizers, Stock Foods, etc.

Tonnage of this group	658,548,607 lbs.	
Profit from this group		\$863,024
Profit per 100 lbs.	13.1c	

MANUFACTURING, comprising,—

Canned Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, and Frosted Foods.

Tonnage of this group	79,398,005 lbs.	
Profit from this group		\$198,046
Profit per 100 lbs.	24.9c	

Profit from the four groups	\$2,754,916
Profit on Group No. 2 includes an unusual profit on Storage Butter, viz.	625,968

This item has been set up in toto as an inventory reserve.

Net Profit after setting up this inventory reserve	\$2,128,948
Profit from Investments	53,352
Total Net Profit	\$2,182,300

The outstanding feature of the year was the spectacular advance in the price of all foods, especially live stock and live stock products.

The measure of these advances is shown in the following table which sets up average prices of foods in Canada (in each case the average for the month of July) for the following periods:—

- (1) The six pre-war years, 1934/39
- (2) The six war years, 1940/45
- (3) The three years since the war,—1946, 1947, 1948.

	Average July price 1934/39	Average July price 1940/45	July 1946	July 1947	July 1948
Good Steers, live, Toronto, per lb.	6.07c	10.70c	13.22c	14.47c	21.01c
Hogs, B-1 dressed, Toronto, per lb.	13.20	16.65	21.87	22.98	31.88
Lambs, live, Toronto, per lb.	9.55	14.84	16.91	17.21	22.75
Eggs, 'A' large, Toronto, per doz.	23.75	34.50	46.00	39.75	52.00
Creamery Butter, Toronto, per lb.	21.12	35.60	47.90	50.50	67.37
Cheese, f.o.b. Factory, Ontario, per lb.	12.60	20.50	26.00	28.00	33.87
Vegetable Oil, refined, Toronto, per lb.	6.90	14.65	16.40	41.10	30.50
Wheat, No. 1 Northern, Fort William, per bushel	92.75	97.75	135.00	155.00	155.00
Oats, No. 2 C.W., Fort William, per bushel	42.37	51.12	61.50	65.00	88.25
Barley, No. 1 Feed, Fort William, per bushel	46.00	63.75	84.75	93.00	120.50

NOTE: On certain products subsidies have been paid by Governments,—Federal and Provincial. The prices appearing above include all subsidies, except in the case of Wheat which is shown at Board price. The Wheat Board will make a participation payment (the amount of which is not now known) covering the five crop years ending July, 1950.

As between July 1939 and July 1948, the live stock products listed in the above table show the following percentages of advance:—

Steers	223%	Eggs	62%
Hogs	157%	Creamery Butter	217%
Lambs	123%	Cheese	151%

In contrast to the above, the average advance of all wholesale prices from July 1939 to July 1948 is 110%.

It must be remembered that in 1939 live stock prices were low in relation to other products. It was to be expected that the advance in live stock products would be greater than the average for all products. Nevertheless, the phenomenal advances recorded above inevitably give rise to the following queries:—

1. Is the present level of live stock prices likely to be maintained?

NOTE: If the embargo on shipments to the United States is lifted, the immediate prospect is for still higher prices.*

2. If, finally, there is to be a recession, will that recession be gradual or 'vertical'?

NOTE: Following World War I, prices continued to advance for a period of eighteen months after Armistice Day (November 1918 to July 1920). Then a violent collapse of prices set in.

3. If and when the decline comes, at what (approximate) level are prices likely to be ultimately stabilized?

NOTE: At least one prediction seems safe,—viz. that prices of live stock products will not again sink to the levels of the 1930's. This for two reasons:—

- (a) that prices in the 1930's were abnormally low;
- (b) that the post-war dollar is equivalent to pre-war 50/60c.

All three of the above questions are of the utmost importance to live stock producers and processors. But,—except for the inserted notes,—no one as yet has the answers.

At the present time, complicated and unpredictable political factors seem to count almost as heavily as the purely economic elements of the problem.

One fundamental factor at some time will come into play. The world's food is produced from year to year. At any one time, whether food supplies are sufficient depends upon the last crop.

In a period of short supply, people go hungry. But if a bountiful crop follows, the hunger does not carry over. After a few days (possibly weeks) of heavy eating, famished appetites are reduced to normal appetites. Then the increased food supply will tend to bring prices back to normal (that is, normal as established by the new conditions).

The crop now being harvested in the Northern Hemisphere is a bountiful (perhaps a record) one. This may prove to be the year when mounting food prices will turn downward.

Mention has already been made that net profit was the highest in the Company's history. The record profit of the year is accounted for by the record advance in price (within the year) of most of the products handled by the Company. In addition to the normal operating profit an 'inventory' profit accrued from the advancing prices.

On January 2nd, 1948, the Canadian Meat Board announced an advance in the contract price of Wiltshire Bacon (to U.K.) of 7c per lb. This advance was immediately reflected in corresponding advances in the price of Hogs and of domestic Pork products.

These advances (in domestic Pork products) led to widespread protests from housewives' associations, which in turn led to the appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, enjoined to examine into the causes of the advancing cost of living.

The extent to which packinghouse costs, and particularly packinghouse profits, enter into these advancing food prices was a natural subject of investigation by this Committee. Packers were asked for voluminous reports covering operations of the Industry over a period of thirteen years.

The scope of the present Report does not permit a lengthy analysis of the data submitted, but the essential facts revealed may be summarized as follows:—

1. That over a period of thirteen years (1936 to 1948, inclusive) the average net profit of the Packing Industry was 1/7 of 1c per lb. of product sold.
2. That the highest profit in any one year was 1/5 of 1c per lb. of product sold.
3. That in the rapidly advancing costs of meat, packinghouse profits have played no part. Within the three-year period 1946 to 1948, the retail price of major Beef cuts advanced approximately 20c per lb., and Pork cuts approximately 19c per lb., whereas packinghouse profits in the same three years had been respectively 1/12c, 1/7c and 1/7c per lb.†
4. If the Packing Industry had made no profit whatever, the relief to the consumer could not have been noticed.
5. The advance in meat prices was due entirely to advancing costs of live stock. These advances were brought about by conditions

*The Report was in the printers' hands before the embargo was lifted.

†The figures quoted are from the submission of Canada Packers.

of supply and demand. Packers do not and can not influence either supply or demand, and therefore have no part in determining the general level of live stock prices.

For instance, during the depression of the early 1930's, packers could do nothing to advance prices. They were able to pay for the live stock only what they were able to get back for the meats (and by-products).

Conversely, at the present time packers can do nothing to alleviate the high costs of meats, which are due to a world shortage of all foods, especially live stock.

6. The operations of the Packing Industry, both in buying and selling, are carried on under conditions of keen and constant competition.

The live stock which is the packer's raw material is purchased upon the various markets throughout Canada. On each market numerous packer buyers compete for the live stock. The producer is represented by a commission man. The commission man is an expert judge of live stock, and his job is to get the highest possible price for the animals consigned to him for sale. That he is competent to do this is evidenced by the speed at which prices are forced up when supplies are short of demand. (Example,—Within a period of four weeks,—between May 8th and June 8th, 1948,—the price of Cattle in Canada was forced up 4 to 5 cents per lb.)

After processing the live stock, the packer sells the meats to the retail butcher. Here again the transaction is one in which the keenest competition prevails. Each retailer is called upon each week by many packer salesmen, and the retailer naturally trades down each salesman against the others. In the end the retailer divides his order amongst several salesmen, selecting from each those products for which his prices are lowest, value considered.

The fact is not generally realized that there are no established prices either for live stock or for meats. Each purchase and each sale is a separate 'bargain,'—in which the buyer and seller compete, the one to reduce the price a fraction, and the other to advance it a fraction.

It is this keen and continuous 'bargaining' which explains the small percentage of profit upon which the Industry is carried on. This small percentage upon sales, however, does not mean that the Industry is necessarily unprofitable. In the year under review, capital was turned over approximately eight times, so that a profit of .91 per cent on sales yielded a return of approximately 7.3 per cent upon capital.

However, the small margin of profit does enforce efficiency. While a profit of 1 per cent on sales yields an adequate return on capital, a loss of 1 per cent, if continued, means ruin. The record of the Packing Industry in Canada is strewn with the wrecks of companies which failed to keep pace with competitors, by this narrow margin.

LABOUR RELATIONS

In spite of the fact that a strike, lasting six weeks, occurred within the year under review, Directors are pleased to report that in the main relations with Employees are cordial and co-operative.

The Company Officers feel that the strike was the result of an unwise method of negotiation (on the part of the Union) which had been followed for four successive years.

That method was the introduction of a strike threat at an early stage each time a new agreement was under negotiation. This comment is made, not by way of recrimination, but solely in the hope that a better method may be permanently established. Discussions with the Union are at point of completion as this Report is being written, and there are good reasons to believe that foundations of such a method have been laid.

In the discussions, an increase of 9.6% in wage rates has been agreed upon.

No absolute standard has been devised by which to determine just what wage rates should be in any industry. But two criteria are commonly used:—

1. How do increases in wage rates compare with increases in living costs?
2. How do present rates compare with present rates in other industries?

The following tables apply these criteria to the rates of Canada Packers:—

1. Comparison with Increased Living Costs

Present rates (including the increase of 9.6 per cent) and those of 1939 are as follows:—

	1939	1948	Percentage Increase
Average rate, men - - - - -	50.8c	108.4c	113.8%
Average rate, women - - - - -	32.8	81.2	147.6%
Combined average rate - - - - -	48.1	103.4	115.0%

In August 1939, the Dominion Cost of Living Index stood at 100.8. It now stands (July 1948) at 156.9, an increase of 56.1 points, or - - - - - 55.7%

The increase in rates is thus more than double the increase in the Cost of Living.

However, this excess percentage (wages over cost of living) does not represent an equivalent increase in purchasing power. Corrections must be made for advanced Income Tax rates (modified by Family Allowance payments) and for considerably shorter working hours. When all corrections are made, the increase in actual purchasing power of all hourly rated employees of the Company works out at an average of at least - - - 25%

2. Comparison with Rates Paid in Other Industries

Comparison of packinghouse average rates with those of Canadian Industry generally is possible by reference to a report published monthly by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.* That report includes wages of men and women, up to and including foremen. Besides regular earnings, it includes such additional income as overtime premiums, night work premiums, and incentive bonuses.

By this standard Canada Packers' average rate (including the 9.6 per cent increase just granted) compares with others as follows:—

Canada Packers Limited - - -	\$1.101 per hour
Meat Industry (as a whole) - - -	.954 " "
All Manufacturing - - - - -	.906 " "
Canada Packers' rate is thus higher than:	
The Meat Industry (as a whole) by - - -	15.4%
The average of All Manufacturing in Canada by - - -	21.1%

During the year a plan has been worked out between the Company and Employees whereby through joint contribution, comprehensive protection in time of illness is provided. The protection includes:—

Medical attention and medicines;

Hospitalization for Employees and their dependents;

Surgical expenses up to \$200.00;

Funeral Benefit of \$100.00;

Weekly Indemnities in sickness of \$21.00 for men and \$16.00 for women, continuing according to length of service up to 52 weeks.

A Group Life Insurance Plan to which the Company contributes has been in effect since 1940. Each Employee irrespective of age can insure for \$2,000 for a premium of \$5.20 per \$1,000 per year. For male Employees this Insurance is compulsory,—for females, optional.

PROFIT SHARING

Canada Packers was formed in 1927.

For eight years no dividends were paid on the Common Shares. In 1935, dividends on the Common Shares were begun.

In the same year the profit-sharing plan of the Company was initiated.

The policy of the Company is to maintain regular salaries and wages at a level equivalent to the highest paid elsewhere in the Industry.

If profits permit, a further payment, by way of bonus, is made to each Employee at the end of the fiscal year.

The profit-sharing plan is not contractual. The sum to be paid in bonuses is determined by the Directors, and is based upon the earnings of the Company for the year.

This year, in view of the record profits, a record sum was allotted,—viz. \$1,500,000.

Distribution of profits for the year under review has been as follows:—

Net Profit before bonus was - - - - -	\$3,682,300
Paid to Employees, as bonus - - - - -	1,500,000

Net Profit available for Shareholders - - - - -	\$2,182,300
---	-------------

Reminder:

This sum is equivalent to 9/10 of 1 per cent of sales
1/7 cent per lb. of product sold

Out of this sum there was paid to Shareholders as dividends - - - - -	\$1,000,000
The remainder was added to Reserves - - - - -	\$1,182,300

Since the adoption of the profit-sharing plan (1935), distribution of profits as between Shareholders and Employees has been as follows:—

To Employees, as bonuses - - - - -	\$10,410,000
To Shareholders, as dividends - - - - -	10,550,000

J. S. McLEAN,

Toronto, August 12th, 1948.

President.

*"Statistics of Average Hours Worked and Average Hourly Earnings."

Extra copies of this report are available and so long as they last, will be mailed to anyone requesting them. Address to Canada Packers Limited, Toronto 9.

Farm Wife vs. Flour Sack

A perennial battle which the former never wins.

by CHRISTINE A. McLEAN

FLOUR is much in the news of late, but how about that white cotton sack?

Flour sacks, you know, are used very extensively during depressions and wars for dish towels, lunch cloths, children's underclothes, and anything else devised by the enterprising housewife. They are also good for cleaning the car if friend husband can get hold of them. But to my mind they are one of the most aggravating and exasperating economies ever devised to plague a busy and already overworked homemaker!

Shaking out the empty sack, one feels a glow of satisfaction that here is a whole yard of good cotton, and for free! But there is a catch to it. One side, and sometimes both, are gaily adorned with various forms of advertising, painted in the most vivid greens, reds or yellows, with lots of good big printing sprinkled around in glaring blue.

Now I admit the right of the manufacturer to advertise his product, but why does he have to do it so indelibly and permanently?

However, you hopefully shake out the sack. First you turn it inside out and try to pull out the stitching. The people who sew up flour sacks have special machines for the purpose. They must start first at one end, then the other, then back up a few stitches, then out of pure puckeriness, tighten and loosen various tensions, making it almost impossible to pull out. Some have directions, with "Start Here." I clip off the end of the string, then try carefully to pick out the first stitch. But it ties itself into a hard knot, which I again cut off and start over.

Eureka! Four stitches pull, and then it ties up on the other side. Soon I am reduced to a jittery state of nerves, talking to myself, the manufacturer, the person who sewed this particular sack, and generally losing my temper and disposition. I pick and pull for half an hour, when finally it lets go, and rips out so easily I feel I must be a complete moron not to have done it before.

NEXT perhaps you soak it in cold water (some say hot). Apparently if you use hot you should have used cold. Whatever you do, it sets the dye more permanently. Next morning you take it out and wash it thoroughly with soap. The pictures are still gaily staring at you.

Next you put it on to boil, and it bubbles merrily for two or three hours on the stove. Then you take it off, and find it has turned a bright pink. The red has spread obligingly all over,

toning down the yellows and blues. This is not quite the desired effect, so you scrub it on the washboard. It still looks much the same as ever. Oh well, hang it out and let the frost bleach it. That's the thing to do! I always work on my flour sacks in the winter. In fact, I work on them all winter. It is my regular indoor amusement in the cold winter months.

After about a week I gather them off the line, freezing my fingers stiff and catching a bad cold in the chest. This holds up the process for a couple of weeks while I nurse myself back to health. But my flour sacks are still around. I sort them over carefully and find I can still read "98 lbs. when packed," and the names of all the cities where this particular brand is processed.

Next time I buy flour I craftily choose a brand with the least printing on it. Who cares about the quality of the flour, it is the sack I'm after. I go through the whole process again with much the same result except that yellow is predominating. This one has full printed instructions as to what to do to bleach it. There are five full lines of description: "Soak overnight in lukewarm, soapy water. Rub for three minutes. Boil 20 minutes."

I GET out my best hoarded soap flakes and put the sack in a warm place all night. Next morning I can hardly wait to see it. It is a delightful effect! Multicolored, you might say. The big red A's have stamped themselves firmly on the top of the big yellow B's, mixing up the words until it looks like a double exposure of a family gathering.

"For complete whiteness, use your favorite bleaching powder," are the final instructions. In despair I get out the lye. Some say to use lye, some say not. I dump it in, mix it up, and add my multicoloreds! Let them soak, take them out, rinse and dry. O.K. This is the quickest method and probably the best. At last I take them down, give them a little flip to take out the creases, and they promptly fall to shreds. Oh oh! What happened this time. I sadly add them to the heap in the basement. They might be used for wiping off the crankcase of the car.

Two years ago I made up a bunch of pillow slips for the trailer. My husband would inquire on each trip what brand we were sleeping on this time. I was reasonably certain to wake up in the morning and find a mediaeval English archer with a determined and purposeful glint in his eye, aiming an arrow at my heart, or a big spray of golden wheat tickling my nose.



Sheep on the range at Manyberries, Alberta.

The Donkey

Continued from page 10

the first great shocks of his easy-going existence. Old Jeff had gone, the cabin was deserted, and there were not even any fresh tracks to show which way the old man had gone. Such a state of affairs was wholly unprecedented, but Barney found solace presently in the fodder left in the lean-to behind the cabin. Whatever of feed he could eat had been left for him there. Warmed by a full belly, Barney settled down to await his master's return. All his life he had known constant human association and the idea that he had really been abandoned did not enter his dim understanding.

WHEN another day came, however, and Jeff did not come, loneliness and trepidation descended upon the old donkey. He lifted up his voice in a raucous bray, but the wind whipped the sound away. Another day and night he shivered and waited in a world filled with storm, cold, and misery. All the tricks and cantankerousness had gone out of Barney by now and he would willingly have taken any chastisement Jeff Potter would have given him for the sight or sound of the old man returning. But Jeff did not come, and through a second freezing night the burro voiced his wrongs to a grim and frozen world.

When late the third day the storm abated, Barney set off down the mountain whither he knew Jeff Potter had gone. The snow, however, had piled almost as high as his back and in three hours he progressed scarcely a mile, with the going harder with every yard. Though in summer his feet were sure as a chamois' on the steep trails, the piled snow made the mountain a different proposition. Twice he almost pitched to oblivion over the sheer cliffs. By nightfall the snow was so deep he could no longer battle through it. Dejectedly he turned back toward the cabin, hoping dimly that old Jeff would be there to greet him. But the cabin was still closed, no fire burned within, and the still cold and unbroken silence that followed the storm filled the burro with a definite unease.

That night in the lean-to he finished every scrap of the food that had been left for him and vented many a mournful bray calculated to melt the heart of Jeff Potter wherever he had gone. But the mountain world remained dumb and increasingly desolate.

When the next day he sallied forth from the cabin it was up the mountain instead of down, for on the heights the snow was far less deep, in places the ridges were swept almost bare by the force of the wind. Up along the sparse spruce valleys he plodded, finding here and there a bit of uncovered forage, chewing many pine needles along the way. Toward nightfall in a dense stand of spruce he came upon a small herd of deer banded together in a "yard." Often, in his summer wandering, Barney had seen deer drifting through the pine groves within a hundred feet of where he fed. Always he had wanted to know these silent, gentle creatures. He plowed forward eagerly to join them, his big ears wigwagging his pleasure, but the two leading bucks of the herd

had no such Rotarian ideas. They sniffed suspiciously at the burro scent and shook menacing heads.

But even ill feeling was preferable to the empty loneliness of the peaks. Barney was too forlorn and tired to care what the deer thought of him. He waited dejectedly some 40 paces away with hanging head and half-closed eyes to see what would happen. The snow was too deep for the deer to flee their yard, so the bucks contented themselves with repeated stampings and challenges. But Barney, the burden-bearer, had a way of his own. After three or four hours, his moveless presence, appealing eyes, and unbreakable stolidity had worn down resistance. The deer resumed their sketchy feeding, nibbling at the hanging branches of the trees and pawing down to the sparse feeding beneath the snow. Barney followed their example and as he chewed meditatively he edged by imperceptible degrees closer and closer to the herd. The knifelike winds sweeping down from the peaks that night found the old burro drowsing in the comparative warmth and shelter of the deer yard. The leading bucks remained inhospitable; from time to time they sniffed at the newcomer disgustedly, but Barney was not sensitive. He had found companionship and that was enough.

Next day he plodded back to search for Jeff Potter again. But the cabin remained callously deserted as before and the cold and gnawing hunger drove him back to his adopted friends again. Each day he returned to keep forlorn vigil at the cabin, returning to the deer yard at night. Then one day he returned to find his wild friends had moved. The feeding had given out, and the deer had left to seek a better sanctuary. Barney followed, laboring slowly along the deep trench the deer had left in the miry snow. He overtook the herd a half mile away, tramping out a new yard which was to become a veritable prison for most of them, for a few days later there came a thaw followed by another snow storm which froze the walls of the deer yard to the hardness of concrete, forming a prison from which there was no escape.

Only Barney's persistent burroish urge to find old Jeff saved him from sharing the fate of the deer. He was keeping vigil at the cabin again when the freeze came. Next morning when he labored back to the deer yard he was unable to join his friends. An iron crust had formed over the snow, and the burro stood nearly seven feet above the yard looking dejectedly down on his imprisoned friends. He continued to keep them company, however, finding the quiet peace of all the browsers in mere propinquity. As the day passed and the feeding about the yard was consumed, the deer grew leaner and leaner until the does and younglings were too weak to stand, and still no thaw came to liberate them. Barney looked on in dull wonder, sensing their plight, but unable to comprehend it all.

THE slow drama ended in tragedy when a pair of mountain lions finally discovered the starving herd. But the less said of that piteous affair the better, except that what followed was swifter and perhaps more merciful than starvation. Old Barney, grown woodwise and wary, was warned by

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the panther smell on the breeze and melted away among the trees, for even to his slow, stolid intelligence that rank scent meant death.

Three days later he found what was left of his friends, the deer, and it was there that one of the killers came upon him. In the blue spruce shadows the old jack became aware of eyes, two in number, pale and rimmed with fire, fixed upon him, and in them was the cruelty and cold ferocity of several fiends. Behind the eyes lurked a low serpentlike form. As he looked, the yellow fangs of the cougar parted in a grin of lust.

This queer, strange-smelling creature, though new to the big cat, was plainly harmless. Its scent was like that of a horse, and horse meat was the cougar's pet abandon. He might have felled the diminutive burro at once, but haste was not the cougar's way. Slowly he inched closer and closer while his blood lust whetted. Barney's mild brown eyes never strayed from the face of the killer; his small hoofs danced a slow jig of terror.

EIGHT feet away the cougar gathered himself to spring. His ropy tail lashed spasmodically from side to side, his gaunt body quivered on haunches of coiled steel, the head sunk upon the big forepaws. Instinct told Barney the end was at hand, and

But such glory was empty to a burden bearer.

Barney was lonelier after that than he had ever been before. He took to wandering farther and farther in search of company. In spite of the lessons the deer had taught him, he was pressed to the point of starvation. Snow and pine needles and occasional sprigs of grass are poor fare for a pampered and urbane palate.

With each storm the snow grew deeper on the lower slopes, so Barney's roaming took him higher. One day, rounding an outcrop of rock high above timber line, he had the most astonishing surprise of his life. A dozen fleecy hummocks of snow suddenly came to life and shook the gathering flakes from their backs—animals to be sure, yet stranger than the yak to the old burro. One of them, the biggest, with pale, fierce eyes, had a long frosted white beard and black scimitars curling above his head. Barney was staring at his first band of mountain goats.

The goats, all eight of them, fled up over the rims, but could not go far because of the drifted snow. Barney followed with true Rotarian vigor, disregarding the loud, snoring challenges of the old leader. Again, as in the case of the deer, he had to win the strangers over by slow and painful degrees. Several times the leader sought to engage the old



"We'd better hurry back before our wives notice their hats are gone!"

suddenly he voiced fear in a mighty, elemental bray. It was a call for help and a bawl of protest in one, an unearthly and stupendous sound there in that mountain stillness. Of all the things a cat abhors, sudden nerve-racking sounds rank first. And of all the sounds of heaven or earth, the bray of a burro is the most appalling. As the calamitous sound broke upon the still air the cougar was just launching his spring. The spring was never carried through, for the killer double-bucked in mid-air as only one of the cat tribe could, and landed ten feet away from his objective. One more leap and the swart shadows of the spruce-fir grove swallowed him up. Barney did not wait to see if he returned.

That particular male cougar, by the way, was Public Enemy No. 1, so to speak, of all the killers of that part of the Shoshone range, and by that token Barney was on the way to being master of the mountain himself.

donkey in battle, but it takes two to make any sort of battle. Barney's stolid immobility was an unreckonable quantity and the old patriarch, finding nothing to vent his wrath upon, would subside into an occasional angry snorting.

LIFE with the goats was a very different proposition from that with the deer herd. Instead of yarding, they were constantly on the move; and the manner of their moving was an eternal wonder, for they were the nimblest things on four feet. They were infinitely wise with the wisdom of centuries of mountain life and persecution. They had a city of their own amid the high peaks, laid out with streets and ladderlike escapes up and down the seemingly unscalable cliffs. Along these they sought the sparse grass which the winds had uncovered. Barney found it lean fare, but it kept life in his body and he was thankful

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for any food that went with companionship.

In the second week the old goat led the band along a series of narrow precipitous ledges to some distant peaks. Nothing else save a mountain sheep or a burro could have followed, but Barney's small trim hoofs with their hairy clefts were almost as sure as those of the goats themselves. Acrobatic feats, however, were a bit beyond them. The narrow ledge the band had been following pinched sharply into space. But ten feet below it a two-foot nubbin of rock protruded from the face of the cliff. The old goat leaped for it, balanced a moment, then dropped still farther to another narrow ledge beyond. One by one his harem followed suit. Barney stood at the end of the ledge looking miserably after them. He could not follow nor even turn around. Misery and vertigo seized upon him, and he lifted his voice in a protesting bray. The goats, however, paid no heed. Already they were almost out of sight.

There was but one thing to do. Cautiously, feeling for each foothold, Barney began backing along the ledge he had come. There were over 400 yards of that before he reached a spot where he could turn. Up over the rims he went by a roundabout way, but the goats were nowhere in sight. It was not until two days later that he found them again. Thankfully he pealed forth his joy as he plodded up, much to the alarm and disgust of the wary band.

THAT night he was again left behind, for the goats clambered nimbly up to the highest, narrowest ridge of the peak that towered above a sheer precipice, while Barney had to remain on a much wider, safer bench below them. The goats knew that any place easy of access left them open to attack of their eternal enemy, the mountain lion, whose broad, round pad-marks were everywhere on the heights. But these signs were not for a burro's urbane senses. Night after night Barney spent in some cranny out of reach of the flying snow, wondering dully why his wild friends deserted him for the peaks. Then on a stormy morning in January, as the goats came bounding down from their favorite ledge, he learned. A streak of tawny yellow shot out from behind a rock, and an old nanny was stricken in the snow with a broken neck. The rest of the band made a mad scramble up the peak again, fighting their way over the knife-edged rim above. Barney, who had been coming to meet them, caught one glimpse of the lion as it lanced downward, and, whirling about, fled down the mountain in terror. The killer was the same lion he had bluffed a few weeks before, but the old jack was in no bluffing mood just then. He put an entire line of peaks between him and the big cat, and thus lost track of the goat band again.

For two whole weeks thereafter he wandered, miserably searching for them along all the streets and avenues of the high goat city. Each day a bald eagle sailed close to him expectantly, fully aware that he was an alien in the wild and waiting for the mountains to strike him down. But Barney, with the ruggedness and craft of his kind, was doing the un-



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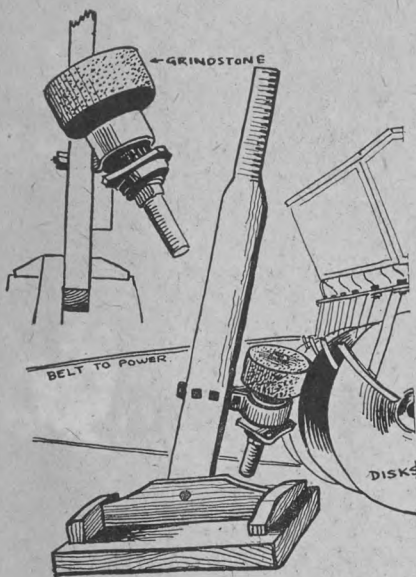
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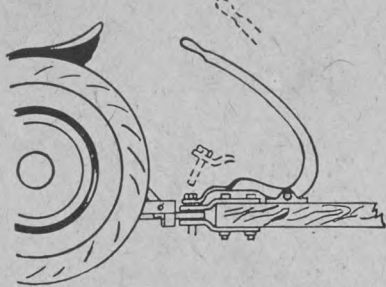
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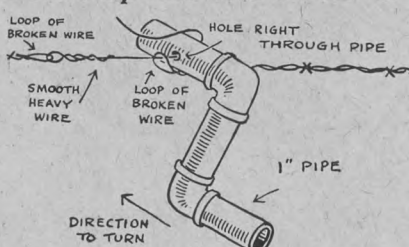
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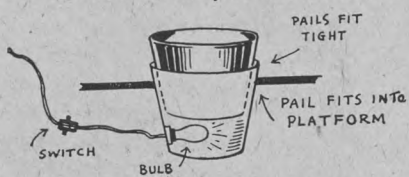
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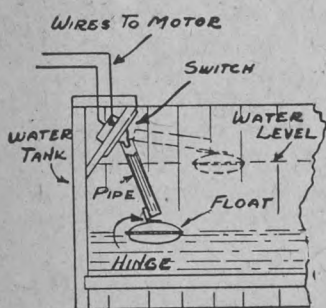
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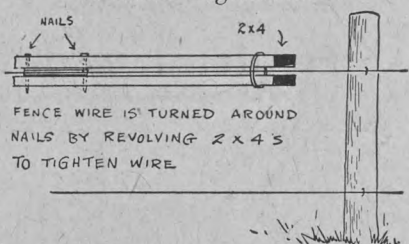
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believable—meeting and beating the winter wild in its cruellest and grimest aspect. Ancient long-buried instincts had awakened him, and an untamable fighting spirit that harked back to far-off wild-ass ancestors. His wily brain, that had formerly worked in guile, now worked overtime to the end of self-protection. He had profited by all the object lessons of deer and goats, and added thereto numerous wrinkles of his own. The fierce winds of the heights could be depended upon to uncover enough herbage to keep life in his body, and by night he kept from freezing to death by seeking the sheltered side of the peaks. But his sociable civilized nature was dying the seven deaths in those frightening solitudes, and many times a day his appalling burro's bawl echoed pleadingly among the crags.

A third week began, and still the burro combed the heights. At length on an afternoon he sighted a number of white specks against a far cliff. A valley lay between, but undaunted, Barney descended clear to timber line, bucking the deep drifts, and labored grimly up the other side. By nightfall he came up with the band again, braying his satisfaction.

FEBRUARY was a terrible month up on the roof of the world. Storm after storm swept the heights. From the forested valleys the hunger call of wolves and coyotes sounded nightly and often the whining scream of a cougar would split the breeze. Even the wild goats began to feel the pinch of hunger, for the snows were such that even the peaks became mantled with white.

Now came the time of greatest peril, when hunting in the valleys grew lean and the mountain lions sought the high peaks for meat. The broad pads of these killers held them up on the deep snow where the sharp hoofs of the goats cut through; also, the lions could climb almost anywhere the goats could climb among the peaks. The deadly stalking of the great cats could not be guarded against no matter what the craft of the goats. The cougars would prowl the heights until they found some points where the goats would have to pass and, lying in wait for hours until the band approached, would drop like a bolt from some overhanging rock, and one of the band would pay toll with its life.

After each attack by a lion the goats would take refuge for days among the rim rocks, but they could not remain there indefinitely, and when hunger drove them down again the killers would again cling like shadows to their trail. By the end of February six of the original fifteen goats had been killed and still there was no break in the weather, no chance of the goats' repairing to another range.

Barney came unscathed through that grim month, partly because he was always straggling at the tail end of the file of goats, and partly because the lions were suspicious of him, associating him and his scent with man, their greatest enemy. The leader of the goat band likewise escaped attack. That hoary patriarch, who had no fear in his being save for man and the magazine rifle, would have welcomed facing a lion or two lions in combat, but the killers were cowards at heart and had no stomach for facing a four-hundred-pound fighting machine. But as winter began to wane and still the deep snows made hunting in the lower forests impossible for the great cats, the situation between goats and cougars came to a dramatic head.

For weeks the band had been growing warier and warier. They never approached a rock cliff now without beating carefully upwind, eyes and nostrils alert for a sign of the enemy. For a fortnight there had been no casualties in the band, for the goats had lived on the leanest fare in order to avoid every possible ambush. Finally, one still night with a dying moon bathing the white peaks in a spectral light, the lions, driven by desperate hunger, brought the battle to the old patriarch.

BARNEY was with the band this night, and all were bedded near the brink of a broad, open ledge where no enemy could approach without first appearing boldly in the open. It was in that hour before the dawn when night hunters that have found no kill turn ravenous, that an eddy of wind carried the rank scent of carnivore to the old leading goat. He knew that taint and had the band on their feet in an instant. Then, after long minutes of waiting, a mountain lion showed among the rocks of the distant cliff, a second close behind. This was the pair that had ravaged the peaks all winter. Beyond all



caution now, they advanced into the wash of moonlight, phosphor-eyed with hunger.

The goats backed to the brink of the ledge, the old patriarch standing well to the fore, facing the cliff. Then mighty minutes of waiting passed. The lions flattened themselves to the snow, advancing but a few inches at a time, their eyes never leaving the goats. Never before had they carried the war into the open like this. Their every instinct was for waiting and indirection, but fiercer even than their blood lust was the gnaw of hunger. The big hunched muscles of their shoulders bulged above their gaunt bodies.

Barney, standing on the edge of the goat band, was trembling faintly; his gaze fascinated into stupor. Weakened by cold and privation, he wanted only to sink down in the snow; wanted only to sleep. But the lions came on—so stealthily that they seemed not to move at all, save for their long tails that twitched like tormented snakes. Puffs of wind sent sprays of snow across the ledge from the rocks above.

Abruptly, with a rubbery liquid life, the foremost lion launched an attempt to pass the old goat's guard. But the bulky patriarch, agile as any kid, reared on his hind feet with a bawl of defiance, and the thrust of his crinkly horns caught the killer in the side. In mid-air the lion seemed jerked to one side by invisible wires. Almost at the same instant he was in again, a succession of short businesslike rushes. His great mailed paws tore white patches from the old goat's immaculate robe, but wheeling and pivoting with horns held low, the other managed to block him at every turn. The patriarch's tactics were like those of a skilled fencer; his challenging battle cry continued, full-throated and unwavering.

Back and back to the very brink of the ledge they went, till another step would have pitched them into oblivion, and still the agile cat was unable to break through to the huddled kids and nannies behind.

His mate circled meanwhile, and came in from the opposite side to make a swift kill or two while the old patriarch was engaged. But there stood Barney in the way, trembling in every limb but with big, white teeth bared and nostrils ruckling in a frenzy of courage. The lioness sprang from haunches like coiled springs. Blind instinct moved Barney in the same instant. His powerful hind legs shot out and caught the killer a glancing blow on the shoulder.

WITH a fiendish squall the big cat sprang aside, then rebounded to the old burro's back, her four sets of claws sinking deep into his quivering sides. Barney staggered, pitched to his nose in the snow, but struggled up again, his broken bray of protest blending with the battle cry of the patriarch.

The mailed paw of the lioness, that had felled many a mountain goat and deer with a single blow, crooked beneath Barney's neck and was wrenching cunningly. Her custom was to kill by dislocation. But the neck of a burro is no likely object for the laying on of claws. Years of burden bearing had given Barney muscles as unyielding as

concrete. But the claws of the killer tore at his heavy coat, ripping through the tough hide.

Then Barney's big teeth caught the silky ear of the attacker and ground it into a bleeding rag. A yell of rage went up as the lioness wrenched free. She crouched for another spring, perilously close to the limit of the ledge. Blind instinct, terrible and avenging, snapped Barney's hind quarters round in that moment to deliver a broadside kick with his powerful hind legs. It landed squarely and soddenly against the big cat's ribs, flinging her back. She teetered a moment on the very brink, her claws rasping on the ice and snow to regain her footing, and Barney kicked again. A moment the tawny body dangled over the snowy ledge, then slipped and pitched, a writhing, screaming thing of claws and legs, into the gulf below.

The male lion, circling the old goat, turned his head at the death cry of his mate. It was only an instant, but for the patriarch, dancing on his hind feet preparing for a charge, it was enough. He drove in with a mighty thrust of lowered horns that rolled the killer over. Before he found his feet something like a pile driver hit him from the opposite side. Barney, brave as a maniac now, had lashed out again. It was too much for the lion's high-tension nervous system. Before either opponent could reach him again, the despot of the peaks was streaking for the shelter of the cliffs.

THAT victory seemed a winning over famine and the winter wild in general, for there came a break in the weather shortly after. The southwest wind, that blew steadily in summer, was already beginning to sing its old, old song, when the hoary leader of the goats began a leisurely journey down the mountain. The first tender shoot of herbage, he knew, would soon be showing at snow line. Barney, of course, went too.

About ten days later, as the goat band fed slowly along the snowline, something startled them into sudden flight. Barney fled in their wake, but was halted in his tracks by an old familiar call. Jeff Potter had just rounded a bend in the valley trail, a heavy pack on his back. He dropped the pack and came forward at a stumbling run at the sight of the old burro.

With a raucous bray of greeting, Barney went crashing through the thickets to meet his master.

Jeff Potter was aware of a vague but definite shame as he faced the stolid little burro on the trail. Barney's woolly sides were lean, and Jeff's woods-trained eyes picked out the many half-healed wounds along his back.

"Cougars!" he muttered. "You pore little cuss, you, I reckon you saw a thing or two besides cold and hunger up there in the peaks."

The two stood looking at each other across the great gulf of silence. Had Barney been human the gulf might never have been spanned. But being an animal he rubbed his nose against the man's sleeve, and Jeff dropped an arm about his solid neck. It was enough for Barney that Jeff's voice continued to fall blessedly on his ears.

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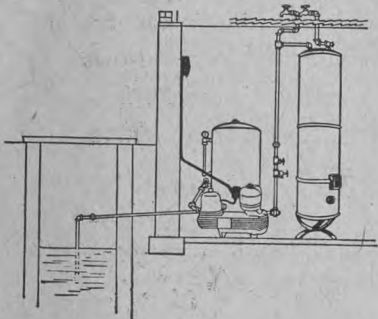
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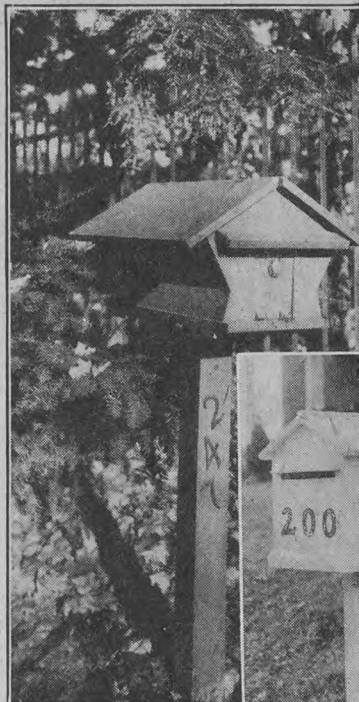
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Dressing Up The Mail Box



The appearance of many an attractive farm house is spoiled by a creaking, tilted, rusty mail box.

by PAUL HADLEY

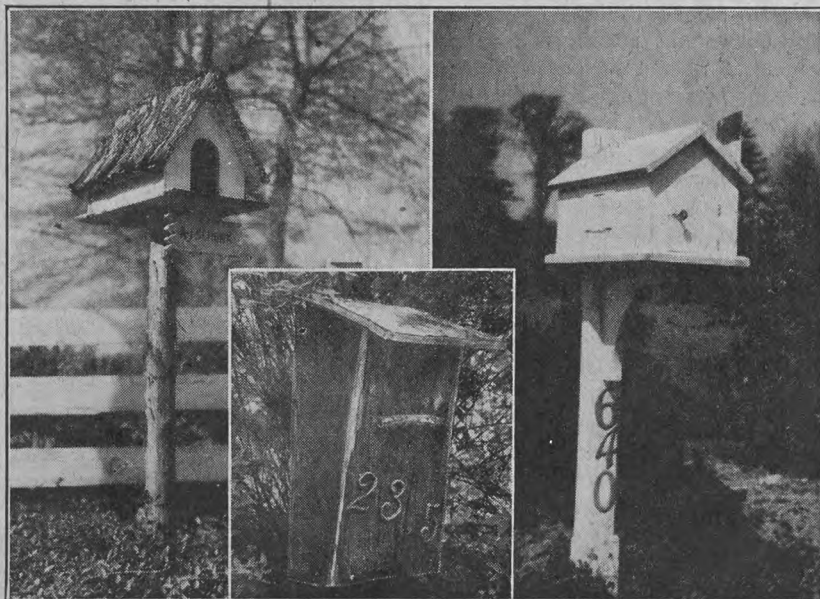
THE rural mail box as usually seen is a commonplace affair of metal, sitting atop its post by the roadside, and ornamented only with the name of the property owner. There is nothing about it that is decorative, or that which would distinguish the owner of the box as a man who takes pride in the appearance of his grounds down to the smallest detail.

With a little time and simple materials, the country mail box can be made decorative as well as useful, and will add distinction to the appearance of the entrance. The accompanying photos show several types of decorative mail boxes, all of which can be easily duplicated (or improved) in an hour or two spare time. Materials are those which may be picked up in any workshop, plus a few cans of paint.



The most unusual of the mail boxes, yet one of the most easily made, is the "covered wagon." The mail box itself is an ordinary metal box; but by mounting it on a small platform of wood, to which has been added four small jigsawed wheels and a cut-out "team of oxen" from the same thin wood, it becomes unusual and decorative. Of course, all parts are painted with at least two coats of good outside enamel in bright colors. The one I saw had red and yellow wheels, the animals in brown, and the driver with blue pants, yellow shirt, and red hat.

The boxes shown are equally simple. Some of them are of wooden construction, and two are of concrete. The wooden boxes are of two types, smooth planed wood, either salvaged from dried fruit boxes and painted, or are the "rustic" type, made from slabs of wood or lengths of round wood, both of which are used with the bark left on. Cedar, pine, or any of the evergreens have decorative bark which lends itself well to this purpose, but others may be used. Some of the boxes combine both the smooth wood and the rustic in their construction, with box itself of neatly painted wood, but with roof of "slabs." This "slab" roof is of course laid over one of smooth wood to make the mail box tight and proof against rains.



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The writer has seen very similar boxes, one a miniature house of white, the other equipped with a steeple sawed from a short length of two by two-inch material, in replica of a rural church. The doors of these boxes are all hinged, and can be locked if desired. One example is shown of a

common metal mail box fitted with a red-painted wood roof. Another mail box of conventional design was lifted out of the commonplace by the addition of a painted rural scene upon its sides and front in oil colors. The scene can be in black and white silhouette, or in natural colors.

Wells Without Mice

A mouse in the drinking water led to a complete overhaul.

by W. F. HUTTON

WHAT drove me to take action was the day I pulled a dead mouse up out of our well. I can't imagine a more disgusting thing to come up in a pail of usually good water, but well do I know that it could have been avoided had I heeded even the small callings of common sense.

Our well was everything a well should not be. Like many other settlers, we came to the north in a hurry, and since we had to have water quickly and inexpensively, I sunk a well 20 feet deep in a grove of trees not far from our house. Money was indeed scarce and so I built a plain, green-board, square curbing. This I put down quickly and without much precaution. I found that the hole I had dug was far larger than my curbing. I must need fill in the difference with the dirt excavated.

This I did. I let the curbing stick up two or three feet above the surface of the ground, and, having no pump, it was my practise to pull up all the water used for the stock in a galvanized pail, pouring this into an old tub I had handy for the animals to drink out of.

My arrangement soon demanded action for several reasons. First, the dirt I had packed around the well settled down, for it was a forest floor leafy loam, and when it has been packed for a while it decreases in original volume. Since I had hauled all the other superfluous dirt away, I proceeded to place boards over the holes appearing beside my well curbing. If I had not, one of the children would have fallen into the holes.

Second, since I had to draw water frequently for the stock and house, the cover of boards which I had at first kept loosely on the top of the curbing remained off permanently, since too much time was taken with their removal and replacing. This was during the summer. Soon it was necessary for me to remain away for haying all day, and since I could not expect the wife to haul water for the cattle, at times the tubs went dry. Then the cattle would go right up to the curbing and break down the boarding on one side, thereby allowing them to lean over the water, with the hazard of putrifying the water present, or the danger of falling in.

Third, as if the others weren't enough, since I had left the top off my well, the top green board began to shrink, dirt began to seep into the well—and mice. When I took off the boards around the well for an explanation of where the mice were coming from, I found the holes alive with the prolific rodent. Then I began to think of a new curbing.

The following is how I planned for a well free of mice and other hazards:

First, I removed the old curbing and dirt, cleaning out my well completely, drawing out the water.

Second, I then got some gravel and sifted some small stones no smaller than a pea and no larger than a walnut. (This I did approximately by using an old piece of chicken netting two or three times folded so that no two holes came one under the other, stretching this on a wooden frame.) I then spread this six inches deep over the whole of the bottom of my well hole. This was so that when I lowered my pail into the well, if the water was shallow, I could not stir up the loose mud on the bottom, thereby having no danger of muddy water. Then too, the water in my well comes from a spring and the water can seep upward through the gravel and thus remain clear.

Third, I built a new crib out of dry boards, making it square and long enough to protrude four feet above ground.

Fourth, I went to town and bought enough galvanized iron sheeting to cover the whole of my cribbing ON THE OUTSIDE from top to bottom. I also covered the last four feet at the bottom ON THE INSIDE with the galvanized tin also.

Fifth, I strengthened the corners, over the galvanized sheeting with corner boards from top to bottom. Also, I drilled four holes on each side of the cribbing at the bottom, to allow water to come in at the sides in case the water level in the well rose due to a proportionate rise in the water table.

Sixth, I lowered the cribbing into the well. On the top I built a trap door, using half the top. The whole I covered with iron sheeting.

Seventh, I filled in the spaces around the well with sand, gravel and dirt mixed. I kept packing it all the time till a hard surface was gained.

Eighth, I built a windlass out of an old pole and a couple of uprights. Although I could not afford a pump, yet this measure is just as handy.

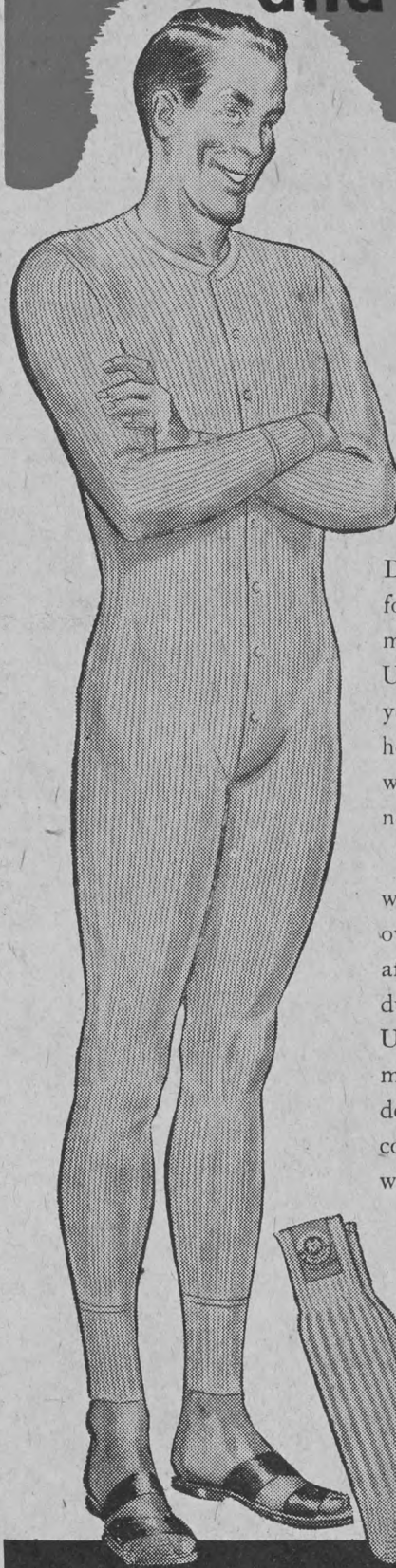
Ninth, I always take my pail out of the well and never let it hang down inside. I hang it on a peg up high enough to be out of the reach of the children. In this way the sun scours it with its rays and it remains as sanitary as possible. **PAILS SHOULD NEVER BE LEFT IN THE WELL.**

Tenth, I built a fence five feet from the well on either side, so that the stock cannot get in, and use a wooden trough to carry the water from the well to the good-sized reservoir I made out of the few good planks left in the old curbing. I had a few pieces of the galvanized iron left. With these I strengthened the water trough.

There you have it friends—with \$30 although I am poor, I made a well that is safe from my farm animals, is economical, and most of all—there will be no mice in it. For my money and time spent, I will get years of good service and safety.

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The Turning Point

Continued from page 13

that was so likeable he could not be angry with him.

"We're not so far from the border after all," Jim added casually. "I'd head that way—if I were you."

Sherwin looked up. "You're generous, I appreciate it."

Jim turned away awkwardly. He was half way to the house when he turned and spoke over his shoulder.

"I'm relying on you not to stay around Las Palomas," he said grimly.

SHERWIN nodded; it was the only thing Jim had said which infuriated him. It made him feel his position; he was an out-cast—spared because he had done something for both of them, the girl and her brother. Her last look at him had repudiated him as completely as Jim's words; they both believed him guilty. The girl would marry Stenhart!

Suddenly he laughed aloud, harshly. What a mad fool he had been. He might have killed Stenhart under the trees that morning. It was useless to play fair with a snake. His eyes swept the wide slopes of the ranch. The men had stopped hammering; it was near supper time, and he could see groups of them down by the corrals. In the water under the bridge he saw the big white horns of a drowned steer; there had been too much to do to recover all the bodies for cremation. Presently he too might be found lying in some creek, starved on his long hike for freedom. He had not moved from the spot where Jim had left him when he heard old Mac call to him.

"Come in here, I've got something for you to eat," the old man said brusquely, holding open the door of his own room behind the kitchen.

Sherwin saw that he had a good meal spread for him and a knapsack packed. As Mac closed the door behind him he looked around at him and saw compassion on the lined face.

"You knew I was going," he said quickly. "Did Keller tell you over the phone just now?"

Mac smiled. "You told me, son! I've lived a long while. I learned how to get behind a man's spoken words, a right smart while ago. Sit down and eat, ain't any use starvin'."

"Do you know why I'm wanted?" Sherwin asked, still standing.

The old fellow nodded. "Seen th' paper you had in your pocket, Sherwin. You'd marked the description, and it dropped t'other day an' I saw it. Th' sheriff talked some, too, when we were goin' to look for th' place where Jordan jumped th' creek. I ain't askin' questions. You sit down an' eat."

Sherwin sat down. "You're a good man," he said chokingly.

"I'm old," said MacDowell quizzically. "I ain't dead set on punishing other folks."

"Except Jordan?" said Sherwin.

Mac laughed. "Well, maybe! Eat, son, you may have a long hike. You can't take th' trains; Cutler'll have your picture up in 'em."

Sherwin nodded, eating in silence. Half an hour ago, with Jane's eyes changing as they looked at him, food would have choked him, but he was hungry now and he ate mechanically. Old Mac, sitting down opposite, filled

his pipe and lit it. Neither of them spoke for a while and the light began to fail. It was still daylight outside but the little room was in the shadow of the big ranch-house and it was so dim that Mac rose, got a lamp, lit it and set it on the table. Sherwin had finished his meal and he thrust his plate aside, looking across at the old man's face behind the camouflage of tobacco smoke. At last he spoke hoarsely, forcing himself to it.

"You said awhile ago—when you were tending my arm—that—Miss Keller was going to marry Stenhart. Is that true?"

MacDowell considered, pulling on his pipe. "I've heard Jim say so. You don't like Stenhart?"

"He's my cousin," Sherwin said in a flat, emotionless voice.

The old man started and took his pipe out of his mouth. "Gosh!" he ejaculated, and stared at the young man dumbly.

"He's my cousin and his testimony sent me to jail for life," said Sherwin, and his voice shook. "He lied. He lied me out of the way for fear I'd break our uncle's will. He got everything."

"And you're accused of killing th' uncle because he cut you off, ain't that it?" Mac leaned his elbows on the table, looking across it at the shadowed face of Sherwin.

The latter nodded. "The old story," he said shortly. "Uncle was killed in the garden. He was stabbed while he

healthy man up behind stone walls for life," Sherwin said bitterly. "I won't be taken if I can help it; I'd rather die—only I've got something to do first."

THE old man looked across under the lamplight again; something in the white face opposite moved him deeply. Sherwin was a stranger, he was an escaped convict, yet—

"Don't do it, son," old Mac said gently.

Sherwin, startled, raised his blood-shot eyes to his. "You know?"

"I reckon I do!"

Sherwin rose and began to walk about the room. "I came out here to find him. He wasn't in his usual haunts in the city—so they told me—and I'd tracked him patiently, tracked him to Keller's ranch, when I stumbled into your accident and motored you here. It was pure luck, I thought, to get here so easily—without credentials, too!"

MacDowell nodded. "He's gettin' well an' he's sure to hang around Jane."



"Hmm, a severe case of flat feet."

slept on the old bench by the cedars. I'd just found him when Max came in the gate; he'd been up the street at the newsstand. He swore I had the knife in my hand. It was perjury but he got away with it. Uncle and I had had a difference the day before, and people knew of it. That went against me, and Max swore me into jail for life. That's all."

Mac was silent for a while, then he grunted. "Did you tell Jim about it?"

Sherwin laughed bitterly. "He wouldn't believe me if I did! The jury didn't. I've served eight years. I was 22 when I was sentenced. Ever been in jail?" he asked ironically.

"Came mighty near it once, son. Punchin' a rogue's head got me arrested, but somehow th' judge kinder agreed with me that it needed punchin'."

"It's like being in hell—to shut a

Sherwin said nothing, but his hands clenched until the nails bit into the palms. In the silence the little room seemed full of Jane's presence. Again he saw her eyes change, saw her recoil! A shudder ran through him, fury leaped up in him, he remembered Stenhart's white face, his cowardly cry: "Don't let him kill me!" Again he paced up and down. No words were spoken. Old Mac sat thinking, his pipe in his hand. It was still; then one of the men began to sing out under the trees, a Spanish song. In half an hour the moon would rise; now it was pitch dark outside.

Old MacDowell rose slowly, stretching his uninjured arm.

"Th' sheriff'll be around here for a spell, maybe 36 hours. You can't hardly miss him if you try to get out now; some of 'em will meet up with you. I tell you what I'll do—you come along with me now, before moonrise,

an' I'll fix you up. I've just been figurin' it out."

Sherwin stopped in his pacing and looked at him, strangely touched. "How about Keller? He wanted me to get out at once."

"You ain't goin' to stay on th' ranch; you follow me." Mac picked up the food-pack and opened the door.

A sudden gust of wind blew out the lamp. In the dark Sherwin pressed his hands over his eyes; he was trying to shut out Jane's face!

They stepped out into the night, dark before moonrise. Lights streamed from the ranch-house windows. They could hear voices over there; once someone laughed loudly. Mac touched Sherwin's hand warningly.

"We're goin' to th' stables; ain't no one there, an' we can saddle up."

"I can't take a horse from here!" Sherwin exclaimed sharply.

"Easy, son, I'll lend you mine to-night," said Mac. "I can ride one of the ranch horses; we ain't goin' so terrible far."

THEY went to the stables and old MacDowell brought out the horses. Sherwin hated to lay a hand on one of them but he mounted when the old man told him the roan was his own property. Silently, after that, they rode past the ranch-house and out on to the twisting mountain road. Five miles up in the redwoods they passed the limits of Las Palomas. The wind from the hills grew cold, but the sky was brightening; the highest peaks were already touched with moonlight. Sherwin turned in his saddle and looked down. Below him lay the ranch; he could just see the lights in the house, mere pinpoints of brightness. Darkness, like a velvet cloak, had fallen on the valley. He drew a deep breath. Jane was there, Jane, who had repudiated him with her chill look, and Stenhart! His hand clenched. Stenhart's lie had sent him to prison, it pursued him still. Resolve was hardening in him, he could not go until he had killed him. He rode on again, but all the while, he was aware of those lights down there in the darkness. He had lived eight years in prison but he was still young. The girl's eyes, her voice, her soft hands on his wounded arm, had kindled a flame; now the flame was made fiercer, more terrible, by jealousy. Stenhart was with her!

Then suddenly he was roused from his fierce reverie. Old Mac drew rein.

"Get down," he said briefly. "We can hobble th' horses, we've got to hoof it the rest of th' way."

The moon was rising over the top of the mountains as Sherwin swung himself out of the saddle. They had left the road and were on a mountain trail; great trees surrounded them, their spreading boughs making a dense shade through which the rising moon shot, here and there, an arrowhead of light. MacDowell led, and, as they advanced, the almost imperceptible trail grew narrower, tree-trunks of gigantic size locked them in; far off was the sound of rushing water, a mere murmur at their ears.

"Walk slow," Mac cautioned him, "th' path's mighty narrow in front now an' a mite treacherous. We're coming to the edge of a precipice, ain't nothing to save you if you fall."

"I hear water somewhere," said Sherwin.

"Mighty pretty little cascade below us, 'bout 200 feet. It's too far down for th' moonlight to strike it yet—mind th' turn now—there, you can see th' drop, it's mighty steep."

They stood on a narrow ledge. Some convulsion of nature had long ago ripped out the side of the slope. Behind them was a bit of sheer rock; on either side the great trees stopped and there was only a narrow path at the edge of a deep ravine. Far down a turbulent little river roared over the broken rocks and tumbled from a high cliff into the depth below. The moonlight revealed a sheer precipice with nothing reaching out from it but one old, gnarled tree.

"A mighty bad place to slip," Sherwin said musingly; "easy to thrust a man over there—to his death!"

Old Mac grunted. "Mighty easy—but you ain't goin' to get th' chance, he's too lame a duck to get this far!"

Sherwin felt the hot blood burn in his face; how easily the old man had read his mind!

Mac stopped now and pointed, ignoring what he had just said.

"Th' cabin's hid in there—among them trees. I built it most 40 years ago. I hadn't no health those days; doc said I'd got to live out, up here in the redwoods, so I knocked up th' shack. There used to be mighty good shootin' an' fishin'. It's stood weather better'n I expected. There ain't anybody knows about it—except Jane; she saw it once, I fetched her up here. You can camp here safe enough till I bring you word where Cutler's gone."

Sherwin, looking ahead into the dense shadows of the mountainside, saw a light. Both men stood still, electrified.

"By gosh!" Mac caught at his companion's arm and gripped it, listening. "I'm darned if Jordan ain't up here—sure as shootin'!" he whispered.

"In your cabin?" Sherwin smiled grimly, loosening his pistol in the shoulder holster.

MacDOWELL cautioned him to silence with a gesture and they both crept forward. As they did so, Sherwin discerned the outline of a little cabin set in under a sycamore. A rectangle of light appeared, the door was open; softly, step by step, the two men approached, keeping in the shadow. Sherwin slipped behind the house and looked in the window. A man was sitting on the floor, smoking and reading a newspaper by the light of a candle. It was the outlaw! Sherwin signalled to MacDowell and the old man came softly over and looked in. The man was an easy mark, but they did not shoot, both loved fair play too well. Making a sign to Mac, Sherwin went quickly toward the thicker shadows of the trees in front of the cabin, then, deliberately and slowly, he began to tramp down dry twigs and make the noise a man might make in carelessly approaching from the woods back of the ravine. The sounds reached the rustler's ears. He extinguished the candle and stepped outside the door.

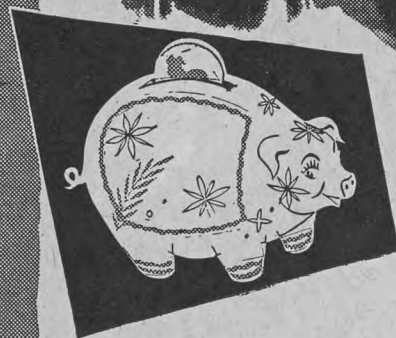
"That you, Kenny?"

For answer Sherwin sprang forward, pistol in hand, and old Mac emerged from behind the cabin with a roar.

"We've got you now, you skunk!" he shouted.

The outlaw dodged, dropped to his knees, rolled over like a ball and went spinning down the slope, Sherwin's

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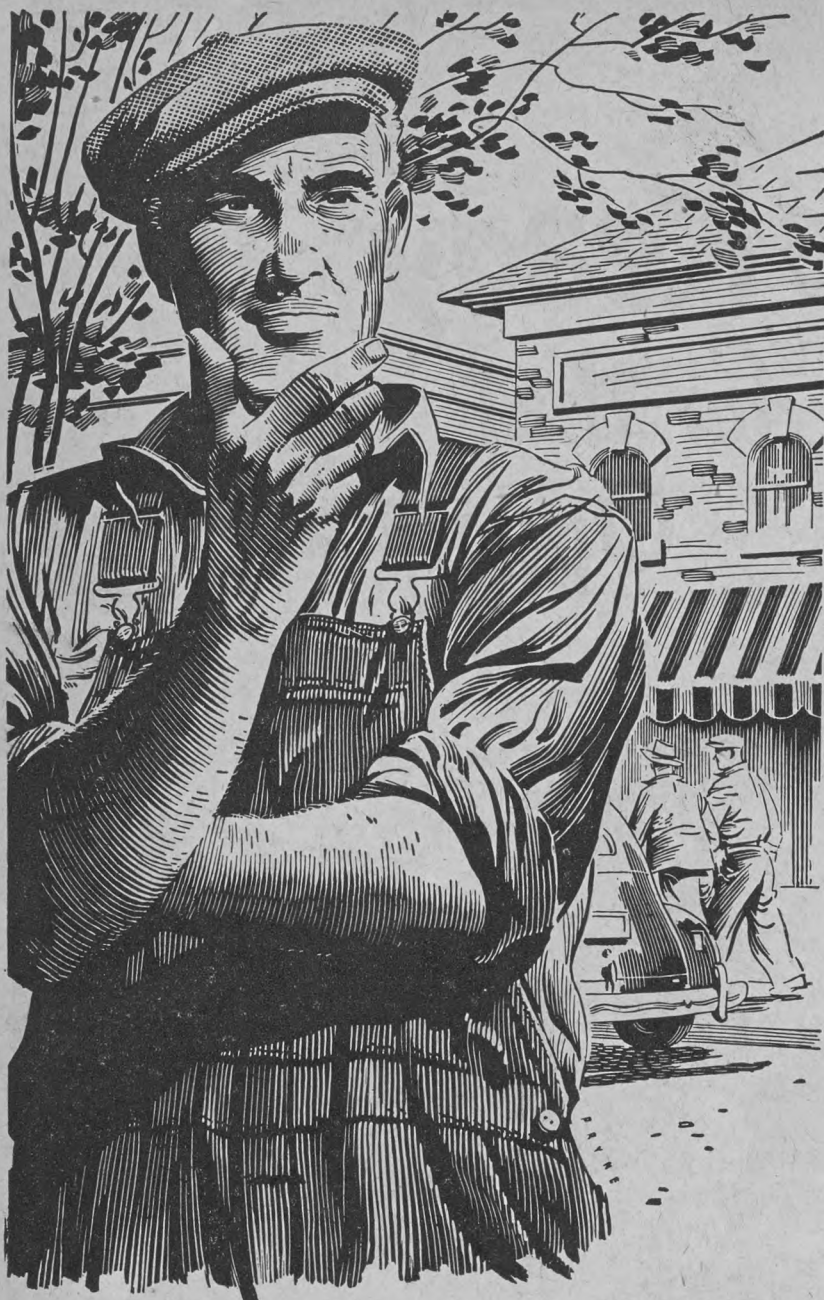
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bullet speeding after him. A sailing cloud suddenly obscured the moon and, in the darkness, a gun flashed below them and a bullet whistled past. They heard a scrambling fall, Sherwin fired again into the dark, a man cursed and silence followed.

"Damn that cloud, I can't see a thing!" old Mac whispered. "You think Jordan's down there, Sherwin?"

Sherwin, who had gone to the edge of the ravine and came back after the last shot, answered as softly. "Yes! I can hear him scramble—I'm hanged if I know how he got away without falling over the precipice! There comes the moon—back out of range or he'll pick you off, MacDowell!"

THEY both stepped back into the shadows of the cabin and waited, expecting a rush by Jordan and his confederates, but nothing happened. Far below them they heard a twig snap and some gravel slide.

"Comin', I reckon!" Mac whispered. Sherwin shook his head. "Still goin', the same man. Very likely he's gone for help."

"That's true, ain't any use stayin' here to be shot at!" As he spoke he felt his way into the cabin.

"Want to risk lighting the candle?" Sherwin asked him from the door. "I've got matches."

"Nope! We'd be targets sure then. I can see from th' moon. Where you goin'?"

"I'm going to stay here."

"You'll have to give th' cabin up, son; you'd have a batch of them rustlers to fight—if he comes back."

"And the sheriff on the road," Sherwin replied grimly.

"That's true!" Mac thought a moment. "I say, Sherwin, you'd better just keep under the trees for th' night an' skip at day break. The posse'll be most likely tired an' restin'. You'll get some hours start anyways."

Sherwin nodded. He had other plans, but he would not tell them. He grasped the old man's hand. "Come, I'm going to see you off safe with the horses, then I'll come back here quietly."

Mac protested, grumbling, but he finally let the younger man accompany him to the road. His lame arm still made the old man more or less awkward. Sherwin helped him get the two horses and saw him mount.

"You skip at daybreak," Mac said kindly, and leaned from the saddle to hold out his hand again. "I don't believe you did it," he ended, brusquely.

Sherwin wrung his hand and stood under the trees, watching him go. The old man's blunt sympathy and active help had touched him to the quick. He watched until the old figure in the saddle and the two horses became mere specks on the white road toward Las Palomas. There was small likelihood of Jordan following so far, and Sherwin turned back to the mountain path at last, with a feeling that Mac, at least, was safe.

It was half an hour later when he found himself near the cabin again. He had approached from the ledge and stood in the shadow of a live oak, listening intently. Personally, he had no thought that Jordan would return here, for Jordan did not really know how many had been in the attacking party, and he must know that the sheriff was after him with a posse. Sherwin reasoned that he would

scarcely venture back that night and, on the other hand, Mac thought that he, Sherwin, meant to leave at daybreak. He smiled grimly, he wanted Mac to think just that! Meanwhile, he hid his food-pack and his blanket; he should not starve while he waited. And he intended to wait here until he met Stenhart again face to face. He advanced cautiously, made sure that the cabin was empty, and, determined to take no risks, found a spot in the redwoods where he could look out on a scene as bright as day with moonlight, himself unseen; and unrolling his blanket, he lay down there to rest. He wanted to smoke, but the chances were against that, although he believed himself to be utterly alone. He clasped his hands under his head and lay there thinking steadily, not only of his purpose, but of the past. He recalled his uncle's violent end. The old man had made a will in Stenhart's favor, having quarreled with Sherwin's father, then, when his father died, the eccentric old man sent for him, liked him, and spoke of altering his will and dividing the property between his two nephews. No one knew of this. He had spoken only to Sherwin, and, when he was found dead, Max Stenhart accused the cousin who was, he said, cut off and disinherited because of a quarrel. He had come upon Sherwin just after the latter discovered the dead man, and he swore the knife was in his cousin's hand. Perjury? Yes; perjury that sent a helpless man to prison for life. Man? A mere boy, it was eight years ago. He had had eight bitter years behind stone walls; there was no death penalty in the state. Perhaps, if there had been, Stenhart might have hesitated. But would he?

SHERWIN could have believed that his cousin had killed the old man to make sure of his inheritance before the will was changed, but Max had proved his alibi. There was no one to testify for the newcomer, the nephew who was little known in the neighborhood.

Sherwin had escaped from jail by a mere accident. Two other convicts had tunneled a way out, and at the last moment they invited him to join them. The thought of liberty had set him wild; he had taken their chances, jumped into the river with them, got ashore in the dark and, with their help, changed into another suit of clothes. He had one faithful friend who had taken care of the little money he had of his own. He had got that secretly and, against the pleadings of his friend, started west—after Stenhart! In all these bitter years of imprisonment he had nursed his hatred of Stenhart the perjurer. He knew that Stenhart came into the possession of his uncle's large estate and went west. Never once had he really lost track of him. His hatred was an obsession, it knew no mercy; his one thought had been to kill him. He had bought a pistol and spent days in practice, and he was a crack shot now. He had resumed his horseback riding; coming west he must ride!

Search for him had been so far fruitless; he had been advertised, tracked—all in vain. The fates were with him; he would not be taken until he had reckoned with his enemy, the man who had sworn away his liberty. He had found him; found him making love to a girl who could not know

how vile he was, the liar! And that girl—?

Sherwin rose and began to walk to and fro; he had forgotten the outlaws, what were they to him? He was himself an outlaw! Jane had recoiled as if he were in very deed the criminal Stenhart's black lie had made of him. Love is so close to hate that he almost hated Jane in the passion of his shame that she had scorned him for Stenhart's sake. More than once, when he had looked into her eyes, his stern purpose to kill the man had wavered. She had roused the best that was in him, but now her shudder of horror at the crime had turned him into a human tiger. He wanted blood—nothing else but Stenhart's blood would satisfy his fury. He would kill him. Alone in the night, Sherwin planned it; as surely as the sun rose and the day dawned he would kill him. It mattered not if the girl meant to marry him, Stenhart must die, and die by his hand. He had come all this way for his revenge! Without pity and without conscience, he planned it.

JANE had passed a sleepless night, a new experience for her cheerful youth, and she rose early, dressed in her riding suit and slipped out into the hall long before breakfast time. She was going out and she did not want questions asked. She had phoned to the stables to have Tex saddled and waiting.

The wide old hall was flooded with morning light and, almost unconsciously, her eyes turned toward Jim's desk. She seemed to see Sherwin standing there as on that first night. She stopped a moment and stood looking at it, remembering every word that he had said.

She was still there, motionless, when she heard a step behind her. She looked up, startled, and saw Stenhart.

"I didn't know you got about so early," she exclaimed. "How much better you are!"

He took no notice of her little half-hearted attempt at lightness. He came close, looking down at her with his stormy eyes.

"Where are you going, Jane?" he demanded gravely.

She flushed hotly. "Out for a canter before breakfast," she answered shortly.

He did not believe it, she saw that in his eyes, and her flush deepened. He leaned his hand on the desk beside hers. She could feel the emotion that shook him and she dreaded it. She tried to escape.

"I must be going—" she began nervously.

"Jane!"

She raised her eyes reluctantly to his. "You're not fully yourself yet, Max, you look pale—sit down here, let me call Fanny—"

He laughed bitterly. "You can't evade me, Jane, I'm here for my answer. Will you marry me now—at once?"

"Are you quite generous? I asked you to give me time!" she parried.

"I've given you time! I'm human, Jane, I can't endure this any more. Will you marry me now?"

He had laid his hand over hers on the top of the old desk. She felt it trembling as she drew hers sharply away.

"I'm sorry," she said in a low voice, "but I can't!"

"Do you mean not now? Or never?" he was breathing hard.

Jane felt a sudden fear of him, a fear she had never felt of Sherwin, though Sherwin was a convicted murderer! She tried to give him a friendly smile, but her lips shook.

"I mean never, Max."

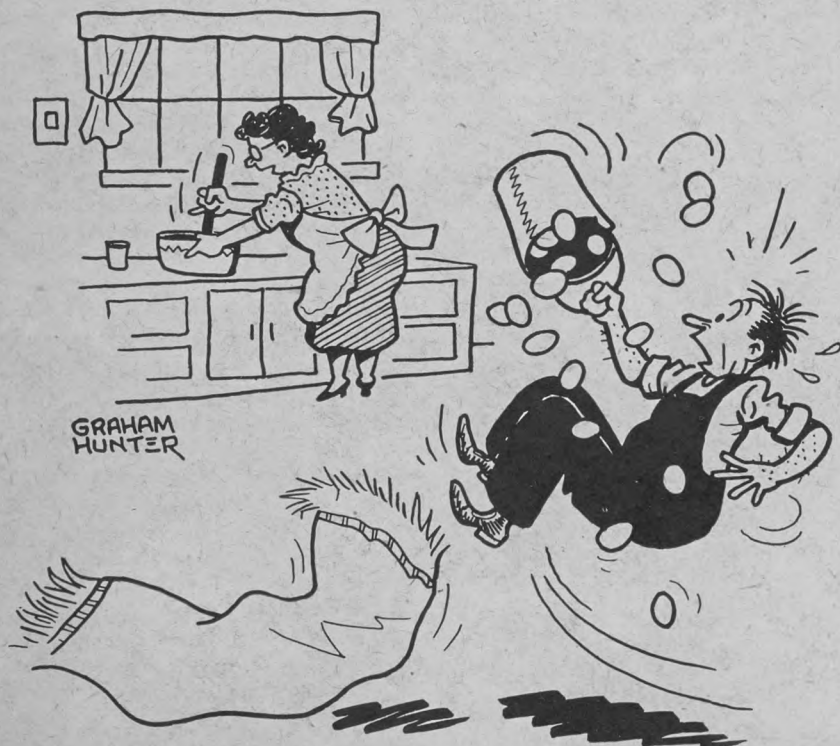
THERE was a moment of intense silence. The sweet morning air coming in through the window lifted the soft hair on her forehead; she was pale but her blue eyes shone. Something in his look and his manner angered her.

"I know why, Jane!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"I'm sorry, Max, I must go—I'll see you again at breakfast."

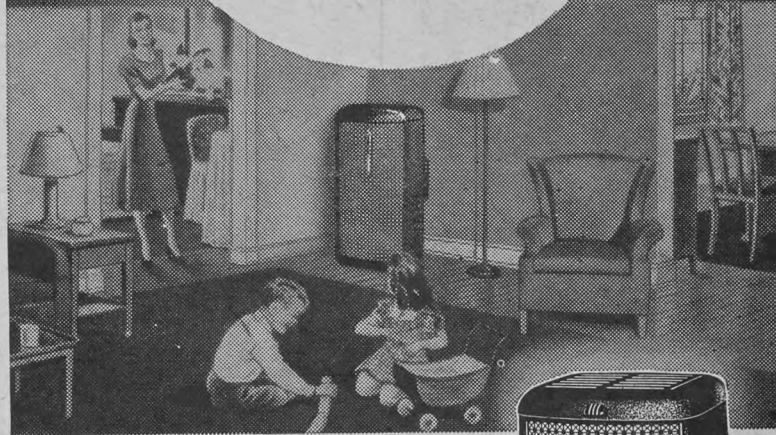
He caught her wrist violently. "You shan't go! You're in love with that fellow!"

"You've no right to say that to me!" Jane flashed at him angrily; then she remembered that he had been ill, and relented. "It's all over, Max; can't we be friends?"



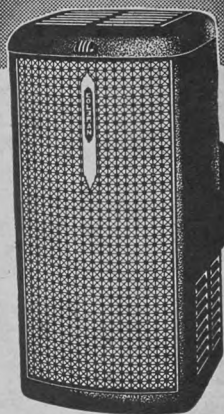
"Thanks for getting the eggs, George. Will you crack a couple for me?"

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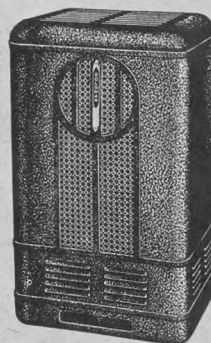
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He shook his head, folding his arms and standing there, motionless. His expression was sullen, but there was a strange light in his dark eyes.

"Oh, if you don't want to be friends!" Jane turned away proudly. "I'm going out now, Mix!" She lifted her chin scornfully. He was behaving like a sulky boy, she thought; she liked to see a man lose like a good sport, like—well, like a brave man!

Stenhart said nothing at all, but she was aware of his tall figure motionless there behind her. She felt his eyes on her back, but she hurried away, ran down the slope to the stable and swung herself into the saddle.

"I'll be back presently, Jose," said she lightly, giving Tex his head.

The *vacquero* stood watching her ride off, a smile on his dark face. "She some rider!" he thought.

Tex had cleared the bridge almost at a bound. The horse was full of pep today, ready to run, but Jane rode like a boy. The man stood watching, shading his eyes with a hand burnt black by the sun. He was surprised at the way she went. So surprised that he jumped when a voice spoke sharply at his elbow.

"Saddle one of the horses, I want one right off!"

The *vacquero* stared. "You able to ride, Meester Stenhart?"

"Get a move on you! Saddle up, I've got to go with Miss Keller and she's way ahead now!"

JOSE grinned, saddling a steady horse for this sick man. "He catch up with senorita, eh?" The grin widened into silent laughter. But he was amazed at the ease with which Stenhart had mounted; he did not know that sheer rage can carry even a sick man far.

But, after crossing the bridge, Stenhart slowed down his horse. He had glimpsed Jane far ahead and she might turn and look back; it was no part of his purpose to have her look back; besides, in spite of his bravado, he was almost swaying in the saddle. Illness had weakened him and the sunshine seemed amazingly vivid; his eyes ached. But his will power kept him erect on the horse, and he rode steadily. Now and then he lost sight of the rider in front but he knew there was no crossroad and he could afford to give her a long lead. She was not riding so fast now; in a way he sensed that she was looking for some spot, or expected to meet someone. He had had that in mind from the first!

The flame of jealousy within him leaped up and tortured him. He saw nothing of the beauty of the day, the near hills green and brown, the distant blue peaks against the blue sky, the shadows in the canyons, the wooded spurs, the slopes of Las Palomas falling behind him. Presently his horse forded a wide stream. It ran swiftly, and it seemed to him his ear caught the sound of a cataract somewhere in the ravine, then he saw Jane so close ahead that he reined in violently. His horse plunged and he was near discovery. But, happily for him, the girl took no thought of being followed; she had found an unused trail and turned into it. For an instant Stenhart thought he had lost her and his heart beat stormily, then he sighted her through the trees. He dismounted, hid his horse in the brush and followed on foot. Ten yards up the trail she had slipped from the saddle and vanished

up a steep ascent. Passing Tex, where he was cropping grass, Stenhart crept after her, treading softly, and, as he climbed, the tumult of the cataract came nearer and nearer; it must be below him now, hidden by the trees. Far up he caught a glimpse of a slender figure still ahead and he followed doggedly.

SHERWIN had slept heavily, physically exhausted, and it was sunrise when he awoke. The solitude of the wooded height seemed drenched in peace. He saw only great tree trunks about him, and the sun had not yet penetrated their dense shade. Somewhere a bird sang sweetly. For a moment it seemed impossible that he had fallen asleep with hatred in his heart, but his first waking consciousness brought it all back; he was to stay here, hidden, until he killed Stenhart! Nothing less would satisfy his thirst for vengeance.

He opened his food-pack and ate sparingly; there was a lovely spring close at hand, and he lacked for nothing now. His meal finished he rose and began to explore the place; it was evident that Jordan had not returned. There was no sound but those innumerable small noises of life in the

he recollected the candle in Mac's cabin.

He turned back at once. He had chanced on an ideal hiding place and he must know it thoroughly, know, too, if Jordan had found the other opening. Emerging, he rearranged the screen of brambles and made his way, more cautiously, toward the cabin. There was always the possibility that Jordan or his pals might return there. But it was vacant, and he had ample time to look for what he needed most, candles and matches. He found only the one half-burnt candle and two matches, evidently tossed there by the watcher after he had lighted his pipe. There was an old blanket, a remnant of Mac's camping-out there, and a coil of rope.

Sherwin stood still, staring at that coil of rope; suddenly it had an immense significance—it brought into his mind a full-fledged scheme of vengeance! The cave and the rope! A man bound securely and hidden in that unknown cavern, beyond reach of the sun, beyond the sound of human voices, might taste something of the misery of a prison! And, if he stayed there long enough, he would—die. It was a scheme so simple and so hideous that it appealed at once to



his ferocious passion for revenge. It would be easy, too, if only he could get Stenhart by himself; with all his wily skill in shielding himself at the expense of others, all his bravado, Stenhart was, at heart, a coward. Ah, how well Sherwin knew that! How the shifty eyes had cringed away from his cousin's when he took the oath in court and—lied. Lied a young man into prison for life—for what? So that there might be no one to dispute that will, the will that the old uncle meant to change in Sherwin's favor. To secure himself in that he had sworn to a lie.

Sherwin came out of the little cabin with the rope in his hand, he would not leave it there for chance to rob him of it, he would hide it ready for his hand, for he was sure that Stenhart and he would come, at last, face to face!

He stood in the full glory of the morning. The far off heights were shorn of their shadows and melted like peaks of gold into the golden sky. By contrast the nearer hills were darkly wooded, glancing with lights and shadows, and far up an eagle soared. Something new and mighty swept into his soul; he seemed to hear the voices of the wilderness crying to him: "Ven-

geance is Mine!" For a single instant his very soul was shaken, then he turned and walked to the far edge of the little clearing. There, through a window in the foliage, he glimpsed the lower road, running like a white ribbon far beyond the ravine. As he glanced down at it he saw a man riding slowly across his vista and he gasped for breath. The uplifted moment plunged deep down into the chasm of his hate—it was Stenhart!

He did not question why he came thus. Instinctively he knew that the man was on an errand of betrayal, but his own heart leaped fiercely; he had seen him first, he was alone. Holding the rope upon his arm, he felt for the pistol in his shoulder-holster; knew it to be loaded and ready. With a kind of savage joy he turned and began to descend the dangerous path on the ledge of the ravine, and its very danger thrilled him. How easy to thrust a man over here—in a struggle! He glanced down at the boiling water far below and smiled grimly; either way, his weapons were ready to his hand.

HE did not walk fast, he took time to order his thoughts; the man should have his chance, a chance he had never given him, to fight for his life. Sherwin scorned to stab in the dark as the other did, to kill with lies! Imprisonment for life—and he was so young then! He thought of the cavern, its gloom, its dripping walls, and he laid a caressing hand on the coil of rope upon his arm. Torn with the evil forces of his passions, sure that revenge was near, he turned the corner of the ledge and saw a figure coming toward him. Not Stenhart so soon. No, a slighter, younger figure, a white face, clear eyes—Jane!

They stood looking at each other. The silence seemed interminable. Through the man's mind flashed the conviction that she had come with Stenhart, that she must be in league with him! To think her treacherous was as bitter as death. He flung down the coil of rope and stood waiting, with folded arms. It was certain that he could not kill Stenhart before her, but his purpose was unshaken, he would do that when the opportunity came.

Jane, looking at his hardened face, his grim lips, wavered. Her courage—which had been high—went down in sheer terror of him; he hated her—suddenly she felt it. Then, having come so far, she would not be utterly dismayed. She came on weakly, catching at the trailing limbs of nearby trees.

"I guessed where Mac had taken you. I've come to—ask you one question," she faltered, "I—"

She could not go on and he would not help her. He stood there looking at her and she saw only his inexorable eyes. At last she could not endure them; she lifted her shaking hands and hid her face.

"I came to ask you to—" Her voice broke and then rose almost to a cry of pain—"to tell me that it isn't true!"

"To what purpose?" he asked hoarsely. "You don't believe me. Ask Stenhart; I know, you see, that he's with you!"

"With me?" She lifted her flushed face and looked at him, amazed. "What can you mean? I'm alone."

Sherwin could not doubt her honesty; she did not know that she was followed.

"He's behind you," he said gravely;

"he dismounted on the lower road. I saw him just now."

She gasped, casting a frightened look over her shoulder. "I never thought he could ride so far. He'll—she shivered—"he'll betray you!"

Sherwin laughed discordantly. "It wouldn't be new; he began that long ago—with a lie!"

She caught at that, trembling. "It was a lie? Please tell me that, tell me the truth—I want to believe it!"

"So you can convince him?" Sherwin mocked her.

"He isn't here, I tell you; I came alone!" the girl cried excitedly.

"You came alone? Then come here and I'll show you the horse he rode." Sherwin turned as he spoke, walking back toward that vista through the trees.

THE girl, half dazed by his manner, unbelieving that it could be true that Stenhart was with her, followed him. They turned the shoulder of the cliff and saw the one clear vista of the lower road, seen over the cedar that thrust itself out below them.

"There's the horse," said Sherwin, "and there he is! You see? He followed you, he's going back now—he knows where I am."

"Oh!" Jane gave a little cry of horror. "He—oh, I can't think he'll tell the sheriff!"

"Can't you?" Sherwin's tone was bitter. "You led him here."

The girl recoiled at that, not with the horror she had recoiled before, but with a flush of pride. Her blue eyes shone.

"I did not lead him here," she said coldly, and turned away.

She was in a tumult; how dared he accuse her of treachery? She started rapidly, retracing her steps. Once she almost slipped on the narrow ledge, but she did not look back though she heard his steps behind her now.

"Jane!"

She would not turn; she stumbled on. But he overtook her.

"Speak to me," he said brokenly. "Forgive me—I thought I was strong, but I'm weak; I'm a beggar for a word of kindness. You came here—tell me, Jane, you knew it wasn't true of me?"

She stood still, looking down, pale and shaken. "You wouldn't answer me. Tell me that you're innocent—" she lifted her eyes to his—"tell me and—I'll believe you!"

He looked at her strangely, he was still iron in his will to kill the perjurer.

"I am innocent of that crime," he said.

She leaned back against the cliff behind her, panting, her face flushed and her lips trembled.

"Do you believe me, Jane?" he asked hoarsely. "Had I been guilty of that—I would never have told you that I loved you."

She looked up and their eyes held each other.

"I believe you, John," she said simply.

For one long moment they looked at each other thus and a strange change swept over the man. He felt it without knowing it, without recognizing this hidden thing that took possession of him; but suddenly the world seemed flooded with light and in it he saw only the face of the girl. Gently, almost reverently, he took her in his arms.

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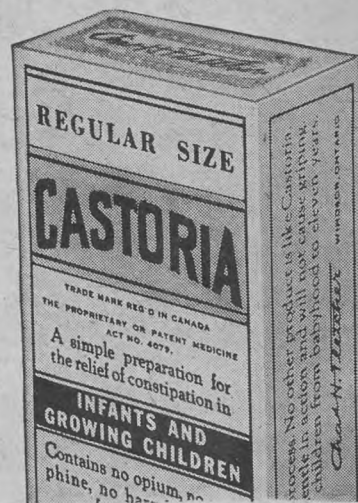
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Dakota Journey

Continued from page 14

because of its poor quality. But the varieties they recommend fall down on several counts. All of them are too long in the straw besides their susceptibility to disease.

The Fargo station is hot on the trail of a better Durum. It has released three different varieties in the last eight years, all of them seven-eighths Mindum-Emmer back-crosses. But it has something better still in sight. Some years ago its plant breeders obtained a short-strawed Durum from Egypt and the progeny from its crosses may provide the answer.

BARLEY production in the U.S. has undergone significant changes. A decade ago the important brewing centres of St. Louis, Milwaukee and Cincinnati drew heavily on the farms of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Minnesota. Disease has cut the crop steadily in those states and barley growing has moved west into Dakota. North Dakota grows 20 per cent of the nation's barley. But its nemesis is following that crop. Disease is becoming more noticeable in its new home. Most important is scab.

Just how seriously the Americans are taking the destruction of the barley crop by disease may be guessed from the fact that 28 new varieties have been distributed since 1940! The North Dakota station has embarked on a joint barley breeding and marketing program. The key man in the breeding work is A. J. Lejeune, a young graduate from Manitoba University—fair exchange for Dr. P. J. Olson, head of Manitoba's agronomy department, who came from Fargo. The breeding work will probably be long and difficult because there are no disease-free stocks to use as basic crossing material, as there were in the case of rust-free wheats.

There's a good chance that the northward march of barley scab will peter out before it reaches the Canadian border. Dr. Walster declares that there is some reason for believing that it is associated with the corn crop. Scientists have not worked out this angle to their satisfaction yet.

The Nodaks are disturbed because of the amount of physical damage to their commercial barley. Of the 1946 crop, 50 per cent was degraded because of skinned and broken kernels, which, of course, spoiled it for malting purposes. You hear the opinion expressed in Dakota that this is due to the multiplication of small combines. I checked that observation with Canadian authorities. Grant Denike, of the Swift Current Station, does not believe it is a valid criticism. He thinks it is more likely to be because in the wider use of combines in recent years a larger percentage of them have fallen into the hands of men who are not expert operators. In the hands of a good craftsman, says Denike, a small combine can be made to do a thoroughly good job on malting barley.

NORTH DAKOTA is almost synonymous with flax. It provided the bulk of the American crop in the early days of settlement along the upper Missouri. When flax wilt decimated the Dakota acreage, it was Fargo's Prof. H. L. Bolley who originated the first wilt-resistant strains,

This battle must be fought all over again. Flax has developed three enemies. Stem rust has assumed menacing proportions. Anthracnose, called canker by dirt farmers, is getting in its licks. From Argentina comes a little known disease, "pasma." Dr. H. H. Flor, of the U.S. department of agriculture, has worked out the genetics of flax rust. Fargo is the workshop where his ideas are being harnessed. It is the nation's main centre for flax breeding. One rust-resistant variety has been released—Sheyenne, spelled with an "S." One of Bolley's old strains, B5128, is now known to be rust-free. Out of this hive of activity more disease-free varieties will come in the near future.

Up here in Canada we have added an eleventh commandment to the Mosaic Law. "Thou shalt sow spring grain early." In Dakota they are beginning to doubt the validity of that rule for their changing conditions. In some localities the severity of wild oat infestation has forced them to reconsider. One of the brightest of their young professional agriculturists, G. N. Geiszler, who operates the state farm at Minot, is making use of the observation that wild oats will only germinate in the early spring and late fall. He is demonstrating that cultivation before seeding, plus the work of fall frosts, will control this weed which is beyond the reach of 2,4-D. To be sure, North Dakota, with its longer frost-free season, can afford to spend precious spring days that way. Geiszler's choice may not be open to Canadians.

There is another consideration which he emphasizes in promoting pre-seeding cultivation. The soil scientists now know that in these northern latitudes the bacteria which provide soluble nitrates for plant use are not active till the soil warms up. That accounts for the quick start given to a crop by nitrogen fertilizers applied when a soil is cold. Geiszler's principle is to spend the time killing wild oats till the soil is warm enough to provide its own natural quick starter.

ON the Minot farm one may see a crop of safflower. It is a new oil plant which some day may supplant flax because it is, so far, free from disease. Under Dakota conditions the dollar return per acre is about the same as flax. It has a lower oil con-

tent, but the yield is higher per acre. Safflower will never win friends by its appearance. If you do not peer too closely, it looks like nothing so much as a crop of bull thistles.

The federal government sustains a soil conservation service which blankets the state of North Dakota. Its agents do the same work as is done by Canadian district reps in promoting soil conservation. It leaves the state controlled county agents time for other work. Among the alternative activities which they have undertaken one must rate highly the assistance they give in the construction of farm water supply and sewage disposal systems. As an example take the work of Milton Leetun, in Kidder County, certainly not one of the wealthiest in the state. At the time of this reporter's visit he was supervising an even hundred such building projects, some of which, to be sure, were still in the planning stage. Power machinery moved from farm to farm was doing the excavations.

Memories are as short in North Dakota as they are elsewhere. Farmers are no longer drift conscious, although that state was as much of a dust bowl in the '30's as Saskatchewan. Strip cropping is passing out. You do, however, find a few straw mulchers coming into use. A straw mulcher is an implement used in combination with a plow, press drill and packer in the lighter soils where spring plowing gives relatively good returns. The whole gang of implements is pulled by one tractor. The mulcher lifts straw from land not yet traversed and deposits on land already blackened. Dakotans say that straw so spread will not drift.

NORTH DAKOTA agriculture takes in more than grain growing. Its farmers lean heavily on livestock. At one time, at the height of the depression, livestock and livestock products accounted for two-thirds of the farm revenue. But the same thing is going on across the 49th parallel as may be observed on the Canadian prairies. High grain prices and high labor costs are hastening the rate of mechanization. I saw only six horses doing farm work in a trip across the state.

Livestock numbers in all classes are dropping sharply. The consensus of opinion was that things would not return to the old balance.

Livestock raising doesn't lend itself to mechanization as readily as crop production. Certain areas peculiarly adapted to specialized livestock enterprises will restock. Indeed a few of these areas are maintaining their numbers. But the typical Dakota farmer who can grow a bit of everything doesn't seem to feel that he will have to be rescued by livestock production again as he was in the '30's. He feels that North Dakota will weather the next dry cycle with fewer casualties even if it is equally severe, which is not likely. They list these reasons for their faith. The state is more completely mechanized, enabling them to complete their spring work earlier in a dry year. They now have better varieties. Their know-how is improved. There's more cash tucked away in the sock.

IF you wish to start a heated argument in North Dakota, suggest to the locals that they need not rebuild their herds—that they can satisfy their appetites from Canadian surpluses! North Dakota is as Republican as Georgia is Democratic. Call anything New Deal and you have condemned it already, even if it be the many miles of fine windbreaks planted with New Deal money and more recently ruined by the indifference of private enterprise. Next to the New Testament, the Nodak reveres the doctrine of the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Canadian grain and livestock will only be admitted to the United States over his politically prostrate body. How, one asks, can the principles adopted by I.T.O. at Geneva prevail over the militant protectionism of Dakota?

The North Dakota farmer in politics has followed a different course from his northern neighbor. The rise of the Progressive party north of the border was paralleled by the growth of the Non-partisan League on the other side of it. But while protest parties survive in Canada, third parties have a notoriously short life in the United States. The North Dakota farmers, like the labor unions of their state, prefer to bargain with the existing parties for what they want. As the Republicans are invariably elected, farm politics at Bismarck consist of trying to capture the state Republican machine.

There are two farm groups which have exercised some power in the life of state. The Farm Bureau is the refuge of the safe, conservative, and the eminently orthodox. Its power seems to be on the wane. The members of the other group, The Farmers' Union, are innovators, with not too much respect for the established order. This organization has devoted its attention largely to the promotion of co-operative activity, and with remarkable success. Besides the co-operative grain and livestock marketing organizations, consumer co-operative stores, and creameries with which Canadians are familiar, it has fostered a wide range of other co-operative enterprises; electric power lines, lumber yards, hatcheries, restaurants, hospitals, and undertaking parlors, although I do not suggest that customers patronize the last three in that order.

If Canadians copied only one feature of current farm effort in North Dakota it might well be the zeal with which co-operatives are established and supported.



A dog wheel for pumping water on the farm of Albert Lewanzick, White Star, Sask.

(Photo courtesy of M. W. Knutson.)

How Much Is A Pound?

An account showing the care taken by government authorities to ensure precision in the standard of weight.

THE Dominion Standard Pound weight has recently been compared with the Imperial Standard Pound, in London, for the first time since 1874, according to an announcement just released by the National Research Council. The relation between the Canadian and Imperial standards has been found to have remained constant to better than one part in 8,000,000, equivalent to less than two grains in a ton, over the period since Confederation.

While the pound unit is of quite early origin, the present Imperial Standard Pound weight dates from 1853, when it was constructed under the supervision of a scientific committee following the destruction of the previous British standards of length and mass in the fire which destroyed the House of Parliament, London, in 1834.

The committee used as references various weights which were known to have been compared more or less directly with the old standard. Platinum was chosen for the material of the new standard, as having the advantage of large density (and hence of less buoyancy when being weighed in air, buoyancy being an important source of error in precision weighing) and of resistance of chemical attack. It has the disadvantage of being somewhat soft.

Four similar weights were made at the same time, and were distributed in different buildings to provide substitutes in the event of the complete loss of the standard. One of these copies, No. 1, was immured in part of the House of Parliament as a further precaution, but this treatment seems to have caused a deterioration in its condition, as indicated by inspection. The law made provision for the pound and its copies to be inter-compared once every ten years. Actually, war has interfered with the strict fulfilment of this requirement, but the last "decennial" comparison has just been completed, and arrangements had been made previously for the Dominion Standard to be included.

The Dominion Standard was made in London in 1873-1874, under supervision of the British Warden of Standards. For the Canadian weight, the Warden selected an alloy of 90 per cent platinum with 10 per cent iridium, this being slightly denser than platinum, and considerably harder. It is the same material as that chosen for the International Kilogramme Standard and the national kilogramme prototypes, and even today there is probably no more suitable composition known for a mass standard of the highest order.

THE Canadian Standard is of cylindrical form, height 1.35 inch, diameter 1.15 inch with a groove near the top for the insertion of a smooth lifting fork during weighings. It is marked "A." Two similar weights marked "B" and "C" respectively were made at the same time, and all three were carefully weighed against the Imperial Standard before being sent to Canada in 1874.

The Weights and Measures Act established "A" as the Dominion

Standard for the pound. "B" and "C" were named "Parliamentary Copies," following British procedure, and were allotted by the Act, respectively to the custody of the Speaker of the Senate and the Speaker of the Commons. The Standard "A" was placed in the custody of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, who is now also Chairman of the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, the Cabinet group responsible for the operation of the National Research Council.

Standards "A" and "B" are still in a very good state of preservation, except for small scratches on the lower faces, presumably received during weighings. "C" has never been found since the fire which destroyed the Parliament Building, Ottawa, in February, 1917.

Originally, in 1874, "A" was certified by the Warden of the Standards, from direct weighings against the Imperial Standard, to have a mass of One Pound less 0.02310 grain, and "B" to be One Pound less 0.01688 grain. A comparison made by the metrology laboratory of the National Research Council in 1934 yielded a value of $B-A=0.0078$ grain, which agreed very well with the original difference.

It was considered advisable, at that time, to have the Dominion Standard verified directly against its ancestor, the Imperial Pound, and the opportunity presented itself when it was announced some time ago that the National Physical Laboratory was preparing to conduct the deferred decennial comparisons. The pound was taken to England by air (something probably beyond the dreams of the men who made and compared it in 1874) and is now safely back in the custody of the National Research Council.

IT was compared by the National Physical Laboratory against the Imperial Standard, and against each of its copies Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 5, while the British weights were compared together in all possible pairs. The final results were computed by least squares, and gave a value for "A" of One Imperial Pound less 0.02228 grain, i.e. compared to the British Pound, "A" is now 0.00082 grain heavier than it was in 1874. No one can say, whether both standards have changed by different amounts, or only one has changed, but the result of this carefully made comparison, carried out on a special balance designed and built by the Metrology Division, National Physical Laboratory, and perhaps the most accurate in the world today, tends to confirm the experience with the kilogramme prototypes that platinum-iridium is a very satisfactory material for precise mass standards.

There is evidence, moreover, that the Imperial Standard Pound lost mass to the extent of one part in 5,000,000, as compared to the International Kilogramme, between 1883 and 1927. If the Imperial Pound has been slowly decreasing in mass, the Dominion Standard may even be more stable than the recent comparisons would indicate.



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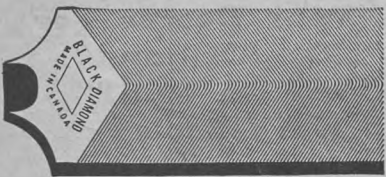


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The Salty Touch

Salt keeps us pepped up. Without it we would die.

by E. P. HERMAN

SALTINESS is one of the four prime savors. A craving for it characterizes many living creatures. If salt is entirely withheld from any animal, including man, death from salt starvation is the result. It is for this reason that saltiness is a very desirable flavor in food. In man the desire for salt and salted foods remains with him from the cradle to the grave.

Salt gives an agreeable taste to food and stimulates the flow of digestive juices. Hence food that is properly salted is more easily digested. Salt hastens the absorption and utilization of food from the intestines. It circulates very readily, and thus aids in the diffusion of the food particles through the tissues.

There are about six or seven ounces of salt in the human body. Like all minerals, salt is found in food. In an ordinary mixed diet there are about two grams of salt contained in a day's supply. When the usual amount is used in cooking, the daily total is about four grams. If more is added as the food is served and eaten, it is difficult to estimate the total since it depends so much on the individual's tastes and habits. It may run to ten grams a day or higher.

Attention is frequently called to the fact that salt is one of the few substances which we seem to crave in greater quantities than occur naturally in our food, and that we share this appetite with the herbivorous animals. Dr. Bunge, a physiologist of note, explains this by saying that it is because we use great quantities of potassium which is found in most vegetable foods. Potassium tends to eliminate great quantities of salt from the system, and this must be replaced.

DR. Bunge has also found that without salt we would have a strong disinclination to eat many of the vegetables rich in potassium such as potatoes. The use of salt enables us to employ a greater variety of the earth's products as food than we could without it. For this reason the craving for salinity is one of the most important factors in maintaining a healthful equilibrium.

A perversion of the salinity sense is disastrous. Salt maintains the proper density of the body fluids and cells. A conspicuous function of salt in the tissues is the maintenance of the normal osmotic pressure. Salt is found abundantly in the blood and other fluids of the body and in a lower concentration in the tissues. Since the cells are in constant contact with the circulating fluids, the abundance of salt in the fluids makes it evident that the taking up of salts by the cells is an active or "selective" process.

Salt can be used to advantage in controlling constipation. Two level teaspoonfuls of salt added to a quart of water makes approximately a physiologic salt solution—a liquid good for a number of things. This solution has a slightly salty taste, and is not bitter. It should be taken neither warm nor cold. This may be drunk with comfort about an hour or two before breakfast. With some persons, two cups will be sufficient, others, three cups, and still

others, the entire quart. This salty solution thoroughly washes out the intestines with the most gratifying results.

WHEN men are required to work in high temperatures, the addition of salt to their drinking water is regarded as a valuable preventive of heat cramps. In extremely hot weather the liberal use of salt does much to prevent heat exhaustion and other disagreeable symptoms associated with intense heat. This is to replace the salt lost through an increased flow of perspiration.

Salt has, within recent years, established a definite place for itself in medical treatment. Salt losses occur in a number of diseases, and the loss must be replaced before an appreciable amelioration of the condition can be expected.

In such a serious ailment as Addison's disease, the use of salt works miracles. The dosage of salt given in these cases is large, from 10 to 15 grams daily. Divided doses seem to be most suitable, given in milk, capsules or tablets. Salt given to these patients does much to minimize the disagreeable symptoms, and to them salt is as much a necessity as insulin is to diabetics. In some cases salt alone

with great benefit. Again the sense of salinity guides the way to safety.

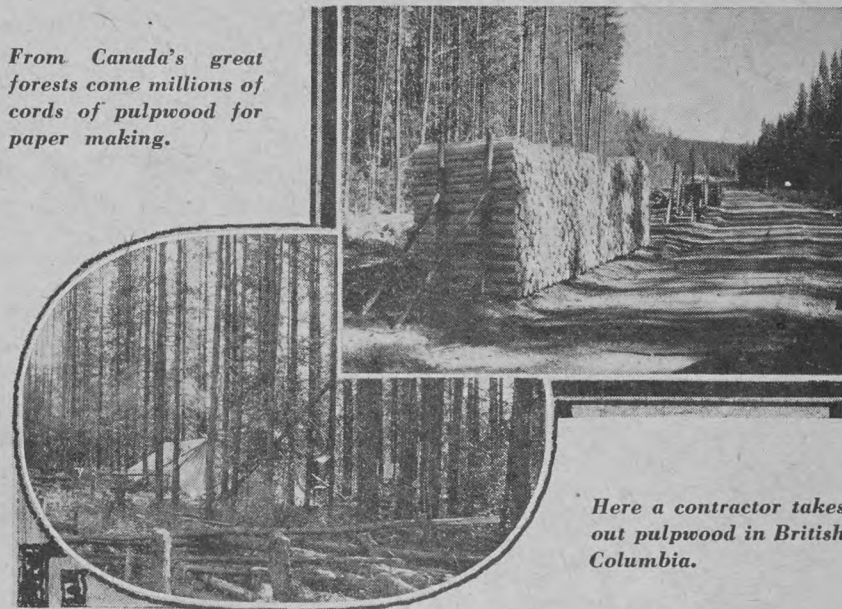
Another interesting thing about this salinity sense has recently been discovered. Persons who are easily tired usually crave salted foods inordinately. This is only natural. In cases of chronic nervous exhaustion and neurasthenia there is an abnormally great loss of salt from the fluids and tissues.

The saltless individual fails to feel refreshed even after a night's sound sleep. He complains of increased nervousness and irritability. He is always tired, depressed and listless. But as soon as his salt intake is increased he begins to gain energy. Salt is certainly the means of keeping him going, of improving his appetite, of refreshing his tired brain, of putting energy into his tired muscles.

Sunburn and other skin burns also call for more salt in the diet, because the destruction of skin tissue results in appreciable salt losses. The lassitude and weariness following sunburn is at least partly explainable on the basis of salt losses. The use of heavily salted soups is an agreeable way to replace these salt losses and to restore the body fluids to their normal salt levels.

The salinity sense also comes in for some attention in cases of severe shock. Here there is a marked disturbance of the salt equilibrium, and salt must be added quickly to overcome the progressive weakness and overwhelming prostration, nausea, vomiting, increasing pulse rate and falling blood pressure, subnormal temperature and sunken eyes. After an injection of salt

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Here a contractor takes out pulpwood in British Columbia.

will bring about a complete remission in the course of a severe relapse. Several patients treated with salt have continued to remain well after more than a year, and the span of life of other patients seems to have been prolonged indefinitely.

SALT is also of value in controlling the serious symptoms of diphtheria. In the early stages of the disease the simple expedient of giving the patient a teaspoonful of salt by mouth three times daily results in a definite improvement. Without salt the improvement is less marked.

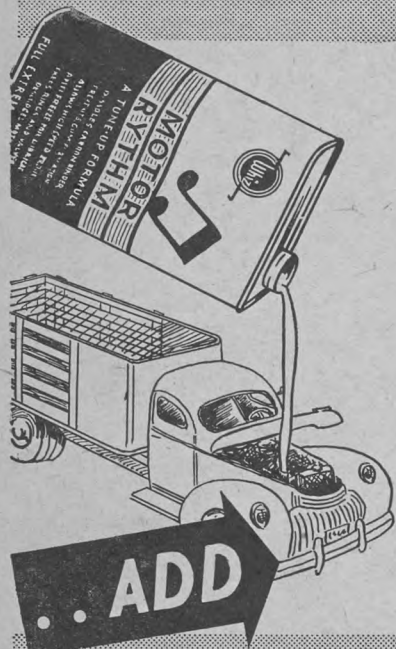
For those suffering from pneumonia, salt is, in many instances, a life-saver. In pneumonia the body loses large quantities of salt, with severe exhaustion, heart weakness and other distressing symptoms. The pneumonia patient often craves salt intensely. Salty broths are given in such cases

into the blood stream, more salt may be added to the body by eating liberally of salted foods and drinking salted liquids.

Another remarkable thing about the craving for salt is that it acts as a safety measure in cases of profoundly upset acidity or alkalinity. Salt more than bicarbonate of soda will bring about the proper state of alkalinity. Drinking salted liquids or eating salted foods will supply the necessary material to reduce the acidity or overcome the excessive alkalinity. The body fluids are able automatically to retain the ions needed and to excrete those not wanted.

The body requires fluids for its well-being, and the sense of salinity takes care of this very nicely. The more this sense is developed the more water will be taken and the better the water needs of the blood and tissues will be met.

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Yellowknife

Continued from page 7

visiting Alberta's capital from Yellowknife, found \$60 in cash and turned it over to the city police. When the owner of the money failed to claim it within a year, it was sent by money order to the finder, who had returned to Yellowknife. Louie staked himself to a prospecting trip and made a find. After panning out a bottle full of gold, he sold the property in February of this year for \$50,000.

ASIDE from the mining, which is Yellowknife's real business, there is the same collection of establishments which you would find in any modern Canadian town. There are two churches—the Roman Catholic and Anglican, schools and recreation facilities; drug stores, bakeries, meat markets, hairdressing salons, dry cleaning establishments, theatres, hotels and boarding houses to cater to the population of more than 3,000 (figures as of June 1, 1946). A hydro-electric plant furnishes power to the town. Night clubs and dine-and-dance places have opened up, providing a lot more colorful recreation than one could find in an established city such as Edmonton.

Everyone from the waitress to the bush pilot is on the alert to make some extra money, and ingenious indeed are the methods employed to do this. They range all the way from tinkering in furs to shooting craps and "plugging" claims.

Waitresses up there average about \$180 a month, but marry shortly after landing. At one time the men used to outnumber the women 15 to one, but this ratio has been greatly reduced. It used to be a standing offer that any girl who went to Yellowknife and remained unmarried for a year got free transportation home, and a lot of girls who wanted to marry and settle down found security and happiness at Yellowknife. One business girl, however, went up strictly to make money. She worked there two years and saved enough to return to Edmonton and open up her own cafe.

A kid fresh out of college looked around him and decided that soon you would need a B.Sc. degree to dig ditches, so he hit for Yellowknife to work in a grocery store. He figured that if he staked enough claims to make one good find, he would accomplish far more much faster than by using his college degree. Canadian law states that any person over 18 years of age may obtain a miner's license for \$5, and with it may stake and record six claims for himself and six for two other friends. There is a provision that you must do \$100 worth of what the government calls "representative work" each year on each claim, a stipulation which the youth got around by having a plane fly over his claim yearly for the receipted sum of \$100. He also observed that many filed claims expired because weather or sheer negligence or lack of faith kept the owners from keeping their titles in order. So in his spare time he hung around the claims office and paid out the odd \$10 here and there for claims that had expired. At the age of 23, he now owns a half-share in a grocery business and has complete ownership of a theatre and taxi business.

They warn you that there's gold aplenty in Yellowknife—as well as silver and uranium—but that it's hard to get out. You need at least \$5,000 to hope to succeed, they tell you, but the ingenious have beaten this handicap, also. Many of them net themselves \$3,000 or \$4,000 in the summer months alone by "plugging" claims. This consists of outfitting yourself with a grubstake and hustling out into the wilderness, staking claims where you expect the big companies will want to work. Sometimes you make a strike, but most of the men merely wait for the bigger outfits to buy them out. The summer's plugging over, they return to work in the mines or the beer parlors again.

One young fellow fresh out of an eastern college came to Edmonton to take work with the air service to the north. On a freighting mission to Yellowknife, he bought shares in a private company for nine cents per share. The company flourished, and his shares today are worth \$1.67—and he is hanging onto them.

Another bush pilot, looking around for a birthday present for his mother, bought himself enough red fox pelts for \$20 to make an extravagant coat for the lady. Other bush pilots, flying privately or with some commercial line, lob down on some routine flight, stake a few claims and hope that one of them will pay off.

Everybody's business is gold, and the blasting and drilling shakes the earth 24 hours a day. Actual production started in August of 1938 and by the end of 1944, \$14,000,000 worth had been produced. Supplies must be flown in or freighted, and this makes the business costly. Air express is 35 cents a pound from Edmonton. In the summer, supplies are freighted in from Waterways to Yellowknife for two cents a pound. Winter freight (January to April) by tractor trains and trucks from Grimshaw to Hay River Settlement on the south shore of Great Slave Lake, then across the ice to Yellowknife, costs \$160 a ton.

There is good money in the freighting business alone, for the game is hazardous and risky. Many an eager farm lad who lost a truck over a hair-pin turn in the construction days of the Alaska Highway lost another in the treacherous weather preceding the break-up. It is a long way down to the bottom of Great Slave Lake.

DESPITE the terrific handicaps of transportation, though, Yellowknife calls all types of adventurers, from the ordinary Joe to the financial brains of Wall Street. A 1946 survey showed 263 companies planning full-time activity at Yellowknife. The settlement is established there now to stay.

Because of these same isolation difficulties, of course, the cost of living is high. The ordinary miner probably earns the poorest wages of all, considering the nature of his work. He gets about \$15 a day, and with prices the way they are, he can't expect to save much—but there is always the chance that he will stumble onto fortune.

Austerity in prices has reached a new peak in Yellowknife. One loaf of bread costs 24 cents; five apples for 95 cents; one grapefruit 29 cents. A bottle of beer costs 75 cents straight—and, incidentally, the first boat which arrives from the railhead at Water-

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AUTUMN

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ways in late June or early July, is always the beer boat. You can see a movie for a dollar and dance your feet off any old night for the same. At Mah Gow's restaurant, it costs you a dollar to sit at the table, whether you have a double helping of everything or just a cup of coffee. And if you think that discourages anybody, remember that when Del Curry ran a 14-room hotel, he still had to set up 25 cots in the beer parlor.

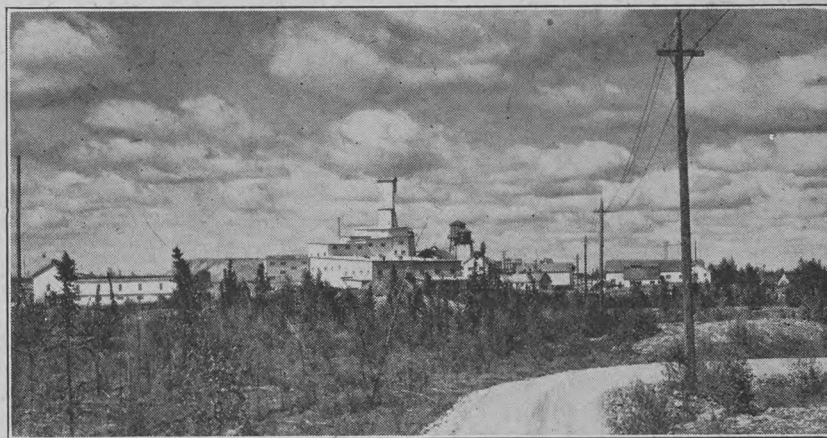
Unlike the rough and colorful Klondyke, equally rough and colorful Yellowknife is relatively crime free. The Mountie can stop a fight in the dance hall or beer parlor by ordering the aggressor to follow him and simply leading the way to the door. Even the toughest follow, for they have innate respect for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Prostitution is unknown in Yellowknife, for police check the passenger lists of every plane arriving. One girl who had ideas in that direction was forced to leave the town in a hurry. The miners may drink and gamble and swear and dance in the best spirit of the wild west movie, but they are as solid as the rock they dig, and their morals are clean. And the law knows their restless nature and their adventuresome hearts, and if they respect

the perfect crime occurred when one designing employee stole a solid gold brick, painted it black and affixed a skate blade to it, then left it outside his cabin as a footscraper. For two years the Mounties searched for the stolen gold brick; they even scraped their boots on it as they questioned the suspect. In time, the hue and cry died down, but the law never forgets. The man was caught as he tried to smuggle it out by plane.

The above incident, which is told frequently around Yellowknife, demonstrates aptly enough that there is no future or fortune for the adventurer who is dishonest. But men with a lot less brains are making a fortune by flying a little further north (Yellowknife is only 300 miles south of the Arctic Circle) and selling sunglasses to the Eskimos. Nowadays you are not at all socially elite among the Eskimos unless you possess at least one pair of sunglasses—the pixie style preferred.

The men and women who are making Yellowknife are solid citizens. They are not easily defeated, and they recognize that, along with making a living for themselves and their families, they are opening up a country of such wealth as few people dream of. Their town is growing and is modern



The Consolidated Mining and Smelting mill at Yellowknife.

other people's freedom, they are left pretty much alone.

Twenty-four hours a day, gambling goes on, generally in the bunkhouses. Men sit there steadily, rising only when they have to return to their shift or when they become so sleepy they can play no longer. The pots are big—it is nothing at all to see \$10,000 in one game—and the favorite choice is "Ace Away," a dice game in which three dice are used instead of the conventional two. Once you get in "Ace Away," you can't get out, unless you want to quit the game, hence the terrific pots. One fellow made \$8,000 in a single night. A more modest pilot stopped in for a couple of hours and ran \$2 into \$300.

The gold itself is handled in a manner to make the ordinary citizen gape. It is slung loose in burlap sacks and wooden boxes and handled as if it was pig iron. In fact, one newcomer to the airport, searching for something to keep the hangar door open, found an old bag with what he thought was scrap inside. It kept the hangar door open all right, but it also kept company officials hunting for three days for the missing shipment of gold!

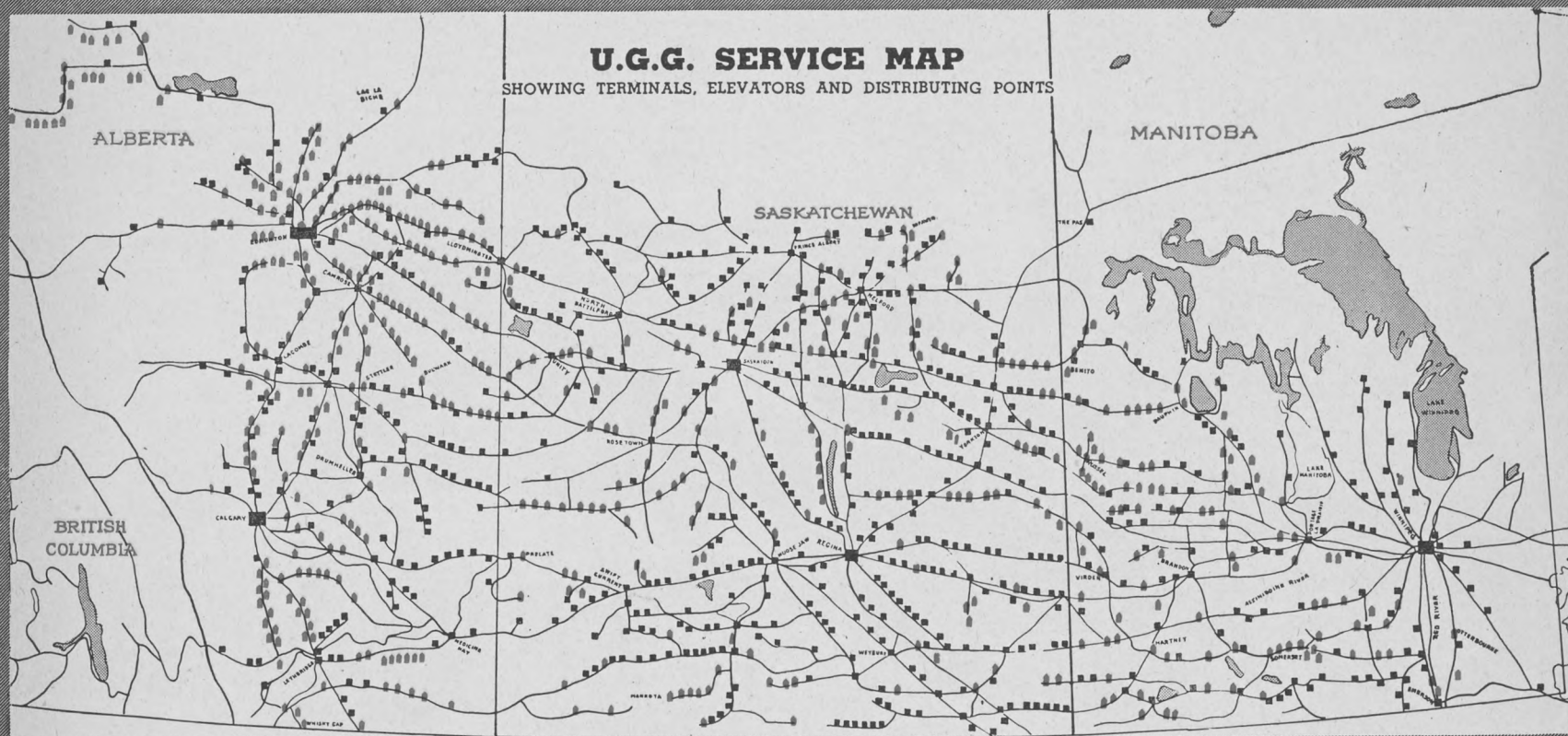
IT is a fine tribute to the nature of the Yellowknife people and the spirit of the R.C.M.P. that no one has ever stolen successfully. Nearest to

in every respect. While the season is short, growth is terrific, and some day there will be some farming carried out. There is a fortune in fur to be had, especially in white foxes, and with an eye to the future, the Canadian government has set aside 70,000 square miles as a game preserve, trapping on which is definitely limited.

Yellowknife holds plenty of uranium, too, the base of atomic energy; and while little publicity is given to this important aspect, it is inevitable that the town may have to contribute its share of the precious metal for the welfare of Canada, either in peace or war. The landing field itself can be used as a military base in the event of hostilities in the north, especially if the much-bridged Alcan Highway has to be destroyed for security. (A route necessitating much bridge-building was deliberately chosen for just such an eventuality.)

In the meantime, there is gold and glamour in Yellowknife for those who wish to take it. The adventurers and the gold-seekers will come and go, but the people who love the north-land, despite its isolation and its black mosquitoes, will remain. Like the man who made a million dollars in the current gold boom, they will find themselves so attached to the white wastes that they will never be able to leave.

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PORT ARTHUR TERMINAL

- The first organizational meeting of Co-operative Pioneers was held in a little Methodist schoolroom at Rochdale, Lancashire, England; the first business done was across a wooden plank counter over two barrels in a one-man, one-room "store."
- U.G.G. Pioneered the first Canadian Farmers' Co-operative in a tent, 42 years ago.



VANCOUVER TERMINAL

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THINK of all that improved conditions of grain handling and marketing, pioneered by U.G.G., have meant — and still mean — to all Western Farmers.

THINK what the millions of dollars saved to all farmers by bulk purchases and economical distribution of farm supplies, pioneered by U.G.G., have meant—and still mean—to every Western farm and farm home.

THINK of all the History, Achievement and Progress pioneered and still being carried forward by U.G.G., then decide: "I will deliver more grain and purchase more supplies at my local U.G.G. Elevator this fall."

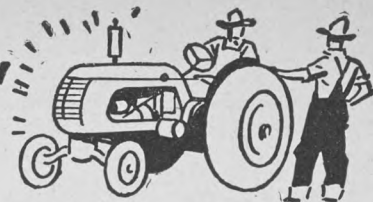
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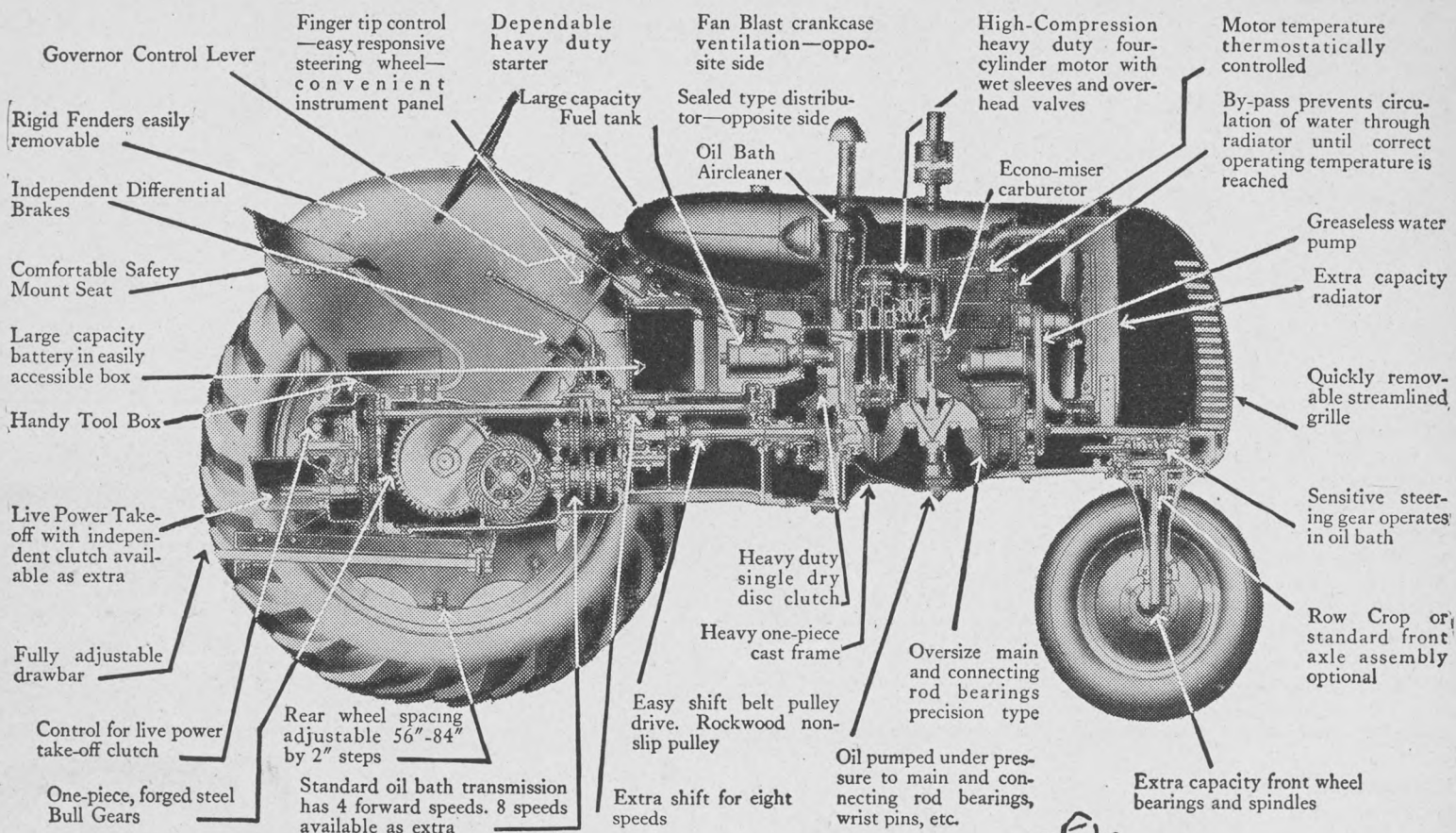
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The "Live" Power Take-off picks off power from the flywheel instead of going through the ground drive clutch and its driven shafts. It has a separate clutch providing controlled power at all times for the drawn or mounted machine.

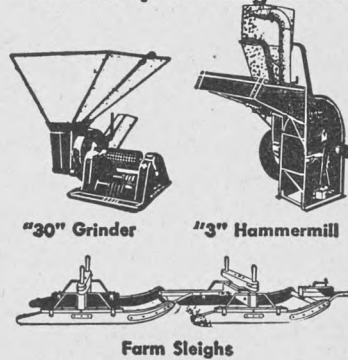
If, for instance, your combine is starting to plug, the "Live" Power Take-off allows you to shove in the foot clutch, stopping further forward movement of the tractor

until the slug is cleared away. You can start in motion with your power take-off operated machine at full speed and stop with it still running. If you are in trouble you can just "inch" ahead.

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Peace Tower

Continued from page 4

here think that James Ewan (Barney Oldfield) Matthews, 80 years old and all, could beat him if he tried.

There was a time, but you have to be over 40 to recall it clearly, when Manitoba was rather Conservative. In 1930, Bennett took Selkirk with one Stitt, called Jim; captured Churchill with another Stitt, the late Barney. In Winnipeg, W. W. Kennedy and the late Bob Rogers were the winners, while the late Col. Beaubier beat Crerar in Brandon. Down in Souris, Errick Willis won the day; up in Dauphin, the Hon. J. L. Bowman, later Mr. Speaker, triumphed. Over in Marquette, the redoubtable Col. Harry Mullins beat Jimmy Glen. In Portage it was W. H. Burns, while in Springfield, T. Hay was an easy winner. I have gone over all these names to show Conservatives that Manitoba "can be had."

In Ontario, we need not waste much time. The right man is sure of 50 Conservative seats, maybe 60. You never know who the right man is, though, till after election day.

Quebec is a puzzle, and you could write from now till Christmas about it. But the crux of the matter is Hon. Maurice Duplessis. The premier of Quebec is more solidly entrenched in office right now than any premier in Canada. He has a powerful machine; he has the know-how; he is at the zenith of his political fortunes. But the question is, how much does he want to dabble in federal affairs? Since this is not a treatise on Quebec, we shall have to cut it short.

It must seem clear, however, even to a reader away up in Northern Alberta, almost 3,000 miles from Quebec City, that if Duplessis wants to jump into the next federal campaign, he can deliver a good many seats to the new leader. If he wants to mark that—if he wants to. So, if Duplessis takes the notion, he can be a latter day Warwick, a real king maker. He can put the new Conservative leader on the prime minister's throne.

To all this there must be the objection from some Ontario people at least, that Duplessis will want his price. The new leader at Ottawa will be strictly a Charlie McCarthy,

mouth the words that originate in Quebec City. Duplessis is always boss! On the other hand, many have complained that the Liberals have usually been dominated by Quebec, and the voters may say that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the Conservatives.

Turning now to the Maritimes, it is certain that provincially, the New Brunswick Tories have fallen on evil days. The bad trimming Conservative leader Hugh Mackay took in 1944 was not half as bad as the one he absorbed in 1948, again at the hands of the clever but inscrutable Premier J. B. McNair. There is little hope here that the provincial Conservative machine can do much. McNair can deliver the vote pretty well through the province.

In the 1940 to 1945 parliament, Conservatives were stronger in provincial representation at Ottawa than anywhere else in Canada, having five of the ten seats. But they faded a bit in '45 when they lost York-Sunbury and Charlotte. In the case of the former, Prime Minister King promptly rewarded the riding by making its member, the late Frank Bridges, Fisheries Minister. He further rewarded them in the fall of 1947 when he appointed Hon. Milton Gregg, V.C., as Bridges' successor, then quickly elevated him to the Department of Veterans' Affairs.

If the Conservatives can see any comfort in the Herring Choker province, I cannot. There will have to be a real re-organization, and strong cabinet representation would have to be sought. It will take the Maritimers many a day to forget the immortal triumvirate of wartime years, Hon. J. L. Ralston, Hon. James Ilesley, and Hon. Angus L. Macdonald. True, they were all Nova Scotians, but they reflected the down east spirit. New Brunswick would have to come up with a powerful Conservative to reverse the McNair-Liberal tide.

In Nova Scotia, things are equally sorry for the Conservatives. Their leader (or ex-leader) the personable Mr. Fraser, was not able to get elected in the previous provincial election, and today the Conservative opposition in the legislature at Halifax is, according to the Parliamentary Guide: Liberals 28, C.C.F. 2, total 30.

IT'S pretty hard to start from nowhere, but there is a crumb, perhaps two, of comfort. There are two P.C.'s in the Commons from Nova Scotia, they being Percy Black and Frank Stanfield. Moreover, the nine Liberals from Nova Scotia in the federal house are not outstanding. They are all very decent, run-of-the-mill M.P.'s. Admirable personally, with one or two showing some promise, but even a casual survey will indicate that they will do little to strengthen the Liberal cause. Perhaps the lack of Liberal personalities may be the Conservatives' opportunity. Perhaps.

In Prince Edward Island, there has not been a Conservative administration for a quarter century, and the Islanders seem no more minded to have one now than at previous elections. But there is one Conservative M.P. in Chester McLure. It is also true that a few votes down there swing things, and it might not be impossible to win another seat. But the sad fact is that if the whole island went Tory, it would hardly affect the national result much. When the Island goes Conservative, so does the whole country, and the swing is not as valuable as it might otherwise be. Last Tory majority was in 1930, when the Island returned three Tories and one Grit to Ottawa.

Returning now to our panoramic view on Parliament Hill, it can be seen that the Conservatives have a big job ahead of them. Of course, there is no telling what a good man can do. Nobody could have looked at the pudgy figure they called Mackenzie King, back in 1919, and realized that this fellow was going to get the Liberal convention, and then dominate Canada for the next 30 years. You can't tell by the looks of a politician how far he'll go.

There is no doubt that since governments are elected but to be defeated, the Liberals must go some time. Then the choice will be: right or left? The C.C.F. scared a lot of people when their wild-eyed left wingers picked up the ball and ran the wrong way at the recent Winnipeg convention. When they persisted in their Marxian course while middle-of-the-roads and seasoned politicians like Premier Tommy Douglas of Saskatchewan told them not to do what they insisted on doing, it really scared a lot of people, notably in the east. And this country is not yet big enough where that area west of the Great Lakes can win an election on its own. (It is a sombre thought for the west that there are living on the Island of Montreal alone, about as many people as in two out of the three prairie provinces!) Anyway, should the voters, tired of Liberalism, and scared of Coldwellism, come to think things over, they might find that an enlightened Conservative leader was the answer to their prayer. Labels don't mean much any more. The Liberals are a pretty small "c", Conservative crowd; while many Conservatives are small "i" Liberals. What's in a name? George Drew, the new leader, may have what it takes, and if he has, then: Right Turn, Canada!



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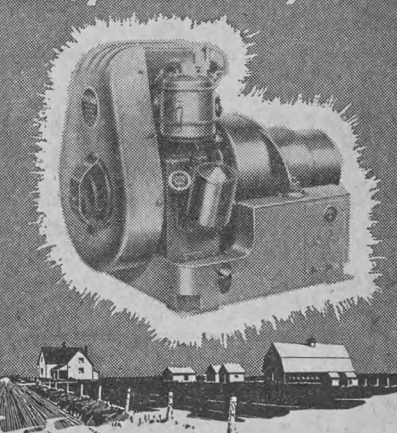
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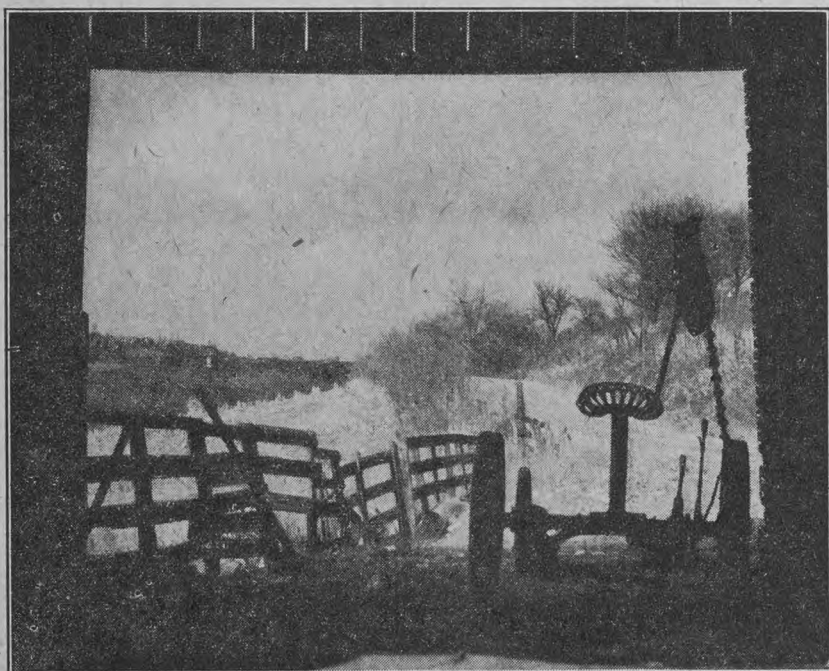
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Relief From Sour Milk

BRITISH farmers have been told by Dr. Christopher Boffard, bacteriologist at the Mullard Research Station, Reigate, England, that it will soon be possible to sterilize milk by sound vibration. A vibrator fitted to the milk truck will sterilize 1,000 gallons in less than an hour while the milk is being picked up at the farm gate and transported to the dairy.

Sterilization is to be done by sound. Science tells us there are innumerable sounds in nature that human beings cannot hear. The vibrations which produce such sounds are too shrill. Dr. Boffard says that sound vibration 40 times more shrill than human ears can hear, will destroy all germs in the milk and completely sterilize it. The germs are crushed and destroyed by the pressure exerted in the milk when the sound waves are beamed through it. The suggestion is that smaller sound generators may soon be available for use on the farm.

Similar results are reported from Germany where the effects of ultraviolet light on milk has been studied. German scientists claim vitamin B enrichment of milk by irradiation and, simultaneously, destruction of spore forming proteolytic bacteria and all pathogenic organisms, with a corresponding increase in keeping quality. This process has been used to sterilize water and butter, and in a modified form to check mold growth in cheese during the curing process. An incidental result of such treatment was improvement in cheese flavor.

Kootenay Flood Control

THE members of the International Joint Commission, United States and Canada, met at Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, on July 27, 1948, to consider damage caused in both countries by the recent flooding of the Kootenay River. The meeting was called at the request of Governor C. A. Robbins, of Idaho.

The importance of the control of the headwaters of the Kootenay was emphasized. This control was felt to be needed if a repetition of the serious flood damage suffered by the Kootenay Valley was to be avoided. Emphasis was placed upon the great water power resources of the Pacific Northwest. If storage reservoirs are built it was felt the flood waters could be

used for development of hydroelectric power, and for irrigation purposes.

Governor Robbins reported that Idaho had suffered damage amounting to between \$13,500,000 and \$15,000,000, and urged the Commission to take action to provide reservoirs upstream, to prevent this happening again. Premier Byron Johnson of B.C. assured the meeting that his province would make every effort to co-operate to prevent similar disasters recurring. Damage in British Columbia amounted to about \$1,300,000.

Sweetest Thing in the World

THE sweetest substance man knows of is now being produced in the Netherlands. It is called 1-N-propoxy-2-amino-4-nitrobenzene, an in its pure state is said to be about 4,000 times as sweet as sugar, or about eight times as sweet as saccharine. It is used as a sugar substitute in Europe and is diluted with lactose so that it is only 500 times as sweet as sugar. It is a powder-like substance, produced in the form of crystals, and is as its name indicates, a benzene derivative. It is only slightly soluble in water.

Capsules For Mastitis

A BRITISH firm of manufacturing chemists have developed a new form of anti-infection treatment for mastitis.

It consists of a capsule, about two inches in length, and containing about 20,000 units of penicillin. On the capsule is a nozzle, specially designed to permit easy injection into the infected parts.

Each tube is sufficient for only one dose, after which it is discarded. This, it is claimed, reduces the danger of transmitting disease from one animal to another, as compared with a system where the same instrument is used for treating a number of animals. The treatment has proven effective. Records of two herds of cattle that were given this treatment showed over 95 per cent bacteriological cure in one herd, and over 86 per cent in another.

Britain Saves Dollars

THE bill for "herbage seeds" for use by British farmers runs to about 40 million dollars a year. In the past a considerable proportion of these seeds have been imported from the dollar areas, using scarce dollars. Added to this the imported seed has often not adapted itself too well to British conditions.

British farmers decided to discuss the situation. A conference was called and 600 farmers, breeders, dealers, and other interested parties, from the counties of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire and Berkshire, attended. They decided to begin a long-term campaign of developing seed suitable to Britain's needs, and then produce their own seed.

In view of the fact that these seeds grow into crops that are annually worth about 800 million dollars, development of better seed would appear to suggest a profitable venture.

September Crop Estimate

THE Dominion Bureau of Statistics issued its second estimate of 1948 crop production on September 14. Estimated wheat production (391 million bushels) was increased nearly 20 million bushels above the estimate

of August 17, due to unusually good maturing and harvesting weather. The oat crop was also increased 23.5 million bushels and barley by 11 million bushels.

The Saskatchewan spring wheat crop is estimated at 184 million from 14,389,000 acres, for a yield of 12.8 bushels per acre. Manitoba will secure 23.8 bushels per acre from 2,397,000 acres, for a total of 57 million bushels. Alberta's wheat crop will be 117 million bushels, or 18.7 bushels per acre from 6,634,000 acres.

Oat production is estimated at 361.7 million bushels, of which Ontario is expected to provide 78.7 million bushels, the largest oat crop in that province since 1942.

Canada will also produce 157.1 million bushels of barley, of which Manitoba will provide 45 million bushels from 1,540,000 acres (29.2 bushels per acre), and Alberta 57 million bushels from 2,226,000 acres (25.6 bushels per acre). Adding Saskatchewan's 42 million bushels from 2,316,000 acres (18.1 bushels per acre) leaves only about 13 million bushels for the remaining six provinces.

The flax seed crop is estimated at 17,748,000 bushels from 1,934,500 acres (9.2 bushels per acre). This compares with 12,240,800 bushels a year ago. Of the total Canadian crop, Manitoba will produce 10.5 million bushels from 1,062,000 acres (556,000 acres in 1947); Saskatchewan four million bushels from 588,000 acres (700,000 acres last year); and Alberta 2.5 million bushels from 218,000 acres. Alberta's flax yield is expected to average 11.5 bushels per acre, Saskatchewan 6.8 bushels and Manitoba 9.9 bushels.

Total prairie crops of wheat, oats, barley, rye and flax seed are estimated at 767.6 million bushels, or 100 million bushels more than in 1947. The rye crop is double that of last year. Grains produced for feed in eastern Canada are nearly doubled, and shelled corn is also nearly double. Hay and clover, including alfalfa, will be about the same as last year at 18,786,000 tons, while fodder corn, produced for feed largely in Ontario and Quebec, will be up 1.2 million tons.

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The Countrywoman

Autumn

Spring and summer were the movements in
A pastoral symphony.
But now, for the climaxing strains,
The quickening trumpets sing of red and gold
In long crescendo—
As if they would defy in sudden glory
The quiet peace of winter's white finale.

—CONSTANCE BARBOUR.

Calmness Of Spirit

by E. P. HERMAN

ONE of the finest qualities to possess is calmness in every-day and trying situations in life. Calmness is in great part, the power to be poised, balanced and self-controlled under all circumstances. It is not acquired suddenly. It must be built up gradually and continuously. Practice builds it into habit.

The average person fails to keep cool in situations demanding calmness mainly for the following reasons: In the early impressionable years he may have permitted the growing of the habit of faint-heartedness. He says in effect to himself, "I cannot possibly do this. This is too difficult for me." In time the nervous system is conditioned to react in a negative way to trying situations. Everything of importance is evaded or postponed. Gradually there is built up in that individual's personality a dominant feeling of self-effacement, instead of a reasonable sense of self-assertion.

Fear of ridicule from making a blunder often makes a person nervous. In such a case a strain is put on the usual safe-guarding tendencies against the making of possible mistakes.

On the other hand, a tendency to neglect proper preparation for any task, any public duty may lead to nervousness. An ill-prepared speaker will usually be much more nervous than one who is well prepared in thought for the words he must speak.

The inability to adapt oneself quickly to new situations, new demands, will encourage a nervous approach to new work or problems. The nervous and excitable individual should study his approach to new ideas and things. If he can discover what makes him nervous, he is in a fair way to remedy the matter. A great step forward has been taken if the hidden factor, which is causing the panicky feeling can be laid bare. For a fear, coldly and critically analyzed soon loses its power over one.

The cultivation of a sense and the habit of leisureliness will help in the setting of a habit of undisturbed coolness and calmness. Those things which we do leisurely are the ones least likely to cause us regret or remorse afterwards. Those who act hastily and excitedly often have to waste valuable time putting blunders to rights.

It would help the excitable person to recall to mind the self-possessed, calm people he knows among his own circle of friends. Nearly every one of us knows of at least one person who is envied for his calmness, his quiet way of going about doing things while others get excited. Study such self-controlled personalities.

The objective attitude is essential to calmness. If one's thinking is centred all the time on one's own feelings then self-control becomes difficult, almost impossible. If the fullest powers of concentration are put upon the task in hand, the thing needed doing, and one's own feelings relegated to the background, calmness itself takes possession of us. To work objectively has a calming effect in itself.

Some people are nervous only when in the presence of employers or in the company of people they consider their superiors. They should make a point of meeting precisely that kind of person fre-

For October this editorial corner is given over to a new contributor's discussion of a significant subject, edited

by AMY J. ROE.

quently, instead of evading them or shrinking from them. Cultivate the habit of speaking to prominent people, find out their interests, and make many small friendly contacts with them.

Learn to welcome tests, trials and ordeals as opportunities to show one's mettle, instead of crumbling under them. After you have weighed all the factors in any trying situation or problem, make a prompt decision and take immediate action. Stifle at the outset any thought of possible failure. Doing something definite about the matter brings its own measure of peace of mind. Inaction doubles worry and leaves things exactly as they were.

Affirm to yourself each morning that you will take a definite attitude towards the acceptance of the experiences which that day may bring to you. Practice calmness of attitude, no matter how trying the experience or the circumstance may be. A

A Glass of Jelly

*My jelly's on the window sill,
Each jar was such a joy to fill.
Imprisoned there the rosy flush
Of crabapples and cherries lush.*

*It sparkles like some jewel rare,
And holds the scent of summer air.
The flaming sunset's gorgeous hue,
The glow of dawn, the kiss of dew.*

*It's all within that jelly glass
The summer's gladness, soon to pass.
But I can hold it here at will
Upon my kitchen's window sill.*

—CHRISTINE A. MCLEAN.



philosophy that accepts as one of its basic principles the belief that whatever comes into our lives is meant to be used as life-experience, is sound and helpful. Disappointments, tests and disaster are as real and as much a part of life as are love, joy and other pleasant parts of living.

Calmness is as important in meeting success as it is in meeting failure or disaster. One needs to keep one's head when having done something to merit praise or applause. Success may mean that the eyes of many are turned in your direction. Many who have won through to success, later become victims of nervousness, because they then become unduly self-conscious.

Calmness is attained by steadily declining to be over-enthused, over-joyed, over-desirous or over-covetous. Excesses of emotion bring an inevitable reaction and destroy peace of mind. A life of impulse leads only to a jumble of exciting, disturbing and conflicting emotions. Our many emotions, like an orchestra of many parts and players, needs a conductor. So it is perhaps most important of all for the establishment of inner poise, to have a well-developed, co-ordinating power at the centre of our being.

The thing which helps most to reduce warring elements of emotion, worry, fear and depression,

and to gain through to calm self-control is to have a definite goal in life. Not any goal will suffice. Nor can one lay down what that goal should be for another. Study the lives of men and women famed for their coolness and self-reliant behavior. You will find that such people directed their lives toward some definite and chosen goal, on the useful side of life.

It may have been in the perfection of some skill, craft or art or it may have simply been to bring up a family along healthy and sensible lines. It may have been the promotion of international goodwill, in some field of social service, in the field of scientific discovery or in rendering some particular service in their own community or in some other sphere of life.

The lack of a definite goal often denotes mental laziness, indolence, a divided mind, emotions not well controlled or directed, all of which tend to mental unwholeness if not nervous breakdown or actual illness. The highly strung nervous person should seek and discover a goal towards which he aspires and moves in a definite fashion. He must have a confident expectation of reaching that goal.

The calm man is not a fatalist nor a stoic. He lives and feels intensely, but it is a conscious intensity consciously controlled.

Curiosity, Natural To Children

THE next time that you feel worn out by the many questions put to you by your children, remember that their curiosity in everything is just as natural as their breathing. Also, remember that they learn by being curious, asking questions, and receiving sensible, intelligent answers. The mother or father who pushes aside questioning may some day regret this when the child goes elsewhere to ask, and to be informed.

If your child never asked a question about the many things he sees about him, he or she would indeed be far from normal. The average healthy child is full of wonder, curiosity and an eagerness to see and hear all that is going on. He doesn't mean to be inquisitive, and his curiosity should not be mistaken for inquisitiveness, as it might be were the same interest shown by an adult. So, the next time you are inclined to be out of patience with your curious child, remember that she is being just what she should be: a naturally curious person who will learn by the proper response on your part.

Good Sense

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.—Horace Walpole.



Hereafter

*If there are mountains I shall be content.
If there are mountains—what is this I say?
Here there are mountains with the gentle grey
Of rain to spot the lonely languishment
And wind to walk their canyons redolent
Of spicy pine and tansy, while the day
Moves languidly upon its sunlit way
With scent and shadow for its sacrament.*

*But here there is no pungency of sage
No fire of dawn upon a copper sand,
No spray flung in white fury from the rage
Of salty water for a brackish land.
Dear God, with quiet mountains let there be
The flaming desert and the storming sea.*

—GILEAN DOUGLAS.

High School-- new style

THE majority of rural students have to board away from home in order to get an education beyond Grade IX. This means added expense. Then too it is not easy to find the right type of boarding home for youngsters, who need a certain amount of supervision after school hours. For many years rural parents have keenly felt the need for a high school which would provide academic and technical training, along with supervised boarding accommodation at a price that the average farm parent could afford to pay.

Research on the problem indicated that a composite high school would provide these facilities. But it would be expensive and complicated to operate so the matter was shelved. But good ideas, once discovered, seldom die. They merely lie dormant until a fertile seedbed is provided and the proper time arrives for them to blossom forth.

Red Deer, nestled among the foothills, lying about half way between Calgary and Edmonton, proved to be a likely spot. During the war years, an army camp had been established on the outskirts of that thriving little city of some 4,000 people. It was located in an attractive riverside setting and contained many buildings. Some of those had been occupied by the Canadian Vocational Training School. It looked like a suitable spot for a composite high school. At least that is the way some of the most enterprising and educationally minded citizens of central Alberta felt about it. They put their best efforts into transforming the idea into reality. They sought the co-operation and aid of adjoining school divisions and the provincial department of education, and got both.

By September 1, 1947, committees from Red Deer, Lacombe and Rocky Mountain House had completed arrangements that made it possible to accommodate 500 high school students. Half of these were from rural divisions and about half came from the City of Red Deer itself. The former high school building was turned over to the elementary department and the high school staff moved out to the composite high school. Here 26 teachers were busy working out time-tables, fixing up the army buildings, making them into comfortable classrooms.

IT is an ideal site for any school, spacious and private, with the city spreading out in friendly fashion on three sides, the open land in front, edged with tall evergreens which fall away to the Red Deer River's edge. The campus consists of 112 acres, of which some 40 acres are occupied by army huts, laid out along streets. The remaining land is in brome grass. Last fall 70 tons of hay were harvested off it. That land is being used in connection with the livestock projects undertaken by the students taking vocational agriculture. About 15 acres of the land have been made ready for garden plots which will furnish fresh vegetables for the dining room as well as providing experience in actual farming.

The school area is served by electric light and sewage facilities. A maze of dark green former army huts serve as living quarters and classrooms for teachers and pupils. The huts are built on cement foundations. They are insulated with rock wool and finished inside with plaster board.

It was a tremendous undertaking for Mr. R. L. Whitney, the principal, and the staff of Red Deer High School to move from their big building out to the 40-acre campus and reorganize vocational classes in a dozen different buildings. However it worked out well and the teachers declare that the short walk between classes now required is just what is needed to freshen up the students.

For several years past, the Red Deer School Division has operated a large dormitory. The equipment from it and the services of the matron were put at the disposal of the composite high school. Two buildings formerly used by the C.W.A.C.'s now accommodate 120 girls boarding in new dormitory quarters. Partial partitions and curtains provide privacy. Two girls of a similar age occupy each room. Beds, bedding and clothes



Farm students feed pigs or calves at the school. Others in the mechanics course brought old cars and fixed them up or worked over defective engines.

Red Deer Composite High School provides choice of many courses and living accommodation for rural students.

by MARJORIE K. STILES

lockers are provided but the girls have added curtains, pictures and rugs of their own, to make their rooms attractive.

The former hospital is now used as a boys' dormitory, kitchen and dining room. The five wards accommodate 160 boys. This year additional buildings will be available and it is hoped to provide more privacy for the boys.

A staff of five cooks and three dining room assistants are required to serve meals to the 300 dormitory boarders. The kitchens are spotless. They are equipped with power meat saws and potato peelers. A huge refrigerating room is filled with quarters of beef, pork and other bulk supplies required to feed the large number of pupils.



Girl students take an interest in handicraft table on Achievement day.



Meals are served cafeteria style. Students form in two long lines and are served from three mobile food tables. Alternately eight girls and eight boys are served and take their trays of food to tables, each accommodating eight persons. On the Friday I enjoyed eating dinner with the students, the menu consisted of fried salmon, mashed potatoes, creamed carrots, bread, butter and milk with ice cream for dessert. Anyone who wished a second helping took his or her plate back to the

food table and received it. At first the students were required to wash dishes but it was found difficult for them to do this and get to classes on time. So this chore was discontinued.

While the Red Deer Divisional Board, with L. A. Thurber, superintendent, is responsible for maintenance of the staff and buildings, the administration is completed through the Composite High School Board with members from Lacombe, Rocky Mountain House and the City of Red Deer. The cost of operation is determined by deducting any government grants earned, and sharing the remaining costs on a basis of the number of students from each district within the plan. There are some students attending this new-style high school from points as far distant as Grande Prairie, Peace River to the north, from Magrath and Vulcan to the south and even from the province of Saskatchewan to the east. Such non-residents pay \$100 tuition fee in addition to the board and room. If students board and live in dormitory they may do so at a cost of \$20 a month. This sum covers all living-in costs for five days a week. If the student resides too far from the school to return home for week-ends, he or she may stay in the dormitory for seven days a week at a small additional cost.

In addition to the usual and required high school courses there are courses in woodwork, electricity, welding, machinery, commerce, home economics and agriculture. The provincial Department of Education points out that the agricultural course is exceptional at Red Deer. It is popular with students from the farms and agricultural facilities have been increased this year. There is ample ground for various seed plots and a new greenhouse is planned for the plant science class.

THE student selects courses best suited to his needs and capacity. For example, a student intending to farm would take agriculture, woodwork and machinery for perhaps two-thirds of his course with one-third of his time spent on academic subjects. The student who intended to go to university would reverse this procedure and take the full academic course.

A real effort is made to teach the boys things which will be of practical use to them upon leaving school. The boys installed the electric bell system which operates from the principal's office throughout the campus. When materials are available, plans are ready to install an inter-campus telephone system with the lines buried underground. There is an attractive grandfather's clock in the principal's office, which was made by the woodwork instructor and his pupils. It is the aim of the farm mechanics teacher to have an automobile engine for every boy to work with. Car manufacturers have co-operated in donating defective engines to use for practice and demonstration.

The old army drill hall houses forges and welders for blacksmithing as well as a dairy testing laboratory. Cattle are kept in nearby sheds and corrals. Each student in agriculture is required to carry on a practical project. A number of boys have bought beef calves, which they are fattening at the school. There are also three pigs and 50 hens for the use of the agricultural classes.

In one of the two huts reserved for home economics I saw, on my visit, girls from grades VII,

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VIII and IX from Red Deer Junior High busy at work. One little girl was ironing towels, another was sorting clothes just brought in from the line. Several were making fancy pot-holders. Two others were mastering the working of a sewing machine with the help of the manufacturer's instruction book. The teacher showed me the pretty curtains students had made for their classroom, and outlined the plans the girls had to redecorate it in the spring. The girls of the senior class in home economics were studying fabrics and the care of garments. Among these were the wives of several war veterans, whose husbands were taking a short course in agriculture.

Vocational guidance is one of the important departments of the composite high school. It is in charge of Mr. Gidman, who was formerly in that work with the Canadian Vocational Training Centre. For some weeks, classes are held in different occupations so that the pupils may become familiar with the demands and opportunities of a number of jobs. Students are encouraged to study the calendars of other technical schools and universities, which are on file, so that they will understand the educational requirements of those occupations in which they are interested.

As a first step to personal guidance, each student is given an intelligence test. Then his interests are listed and recorded. Finally an aptitude test is given which tells where his skills lie. Then a student is required to hand in his written autobiography. By this time Mr. Gidman has considerable knowledge of the individual student. A private personal interview with the student then discloses his preference for his life work. If this coincides with the conclusions reached from a study of his interests and skills, he is encouraged. If the choice seems unwise, the student is told why and an alternative is suggested.

The library is conducted along the same lines as a city library. There is a main reading room, where 70 students can read or study in their spare time. It is a popular place with the students. There is also a small game room where checkers and chess boards are provided. Another room is used by students who are working together on some project where talking and activity is required and where they may be busy without disturbing the others. During my visit the 1,000th book was borrowed from the library and the student-borrower of it presented with a pair of book ends to commemorate the event. Two daily papers and a good assortment of magazines have been donated to the library by interested citizens. A Students' Union and "The Static," the school paper, co-ordinate and give publicity to school events. A canteen is run on a co-operative basis by the students, where chocolate bars and other things popular with teen-agers may be purchased.

Hobbies are encouraged. Where the number warrants, a club is organized so that students of similar interests may get together to their mutual benefit. An Art Club meets in the library twice a week. Mrs. Tupper, the art teacher, supervises it. Some very nice pictures, done by the members, were on display.

The former "Y" building provides
(Turn to page 82)



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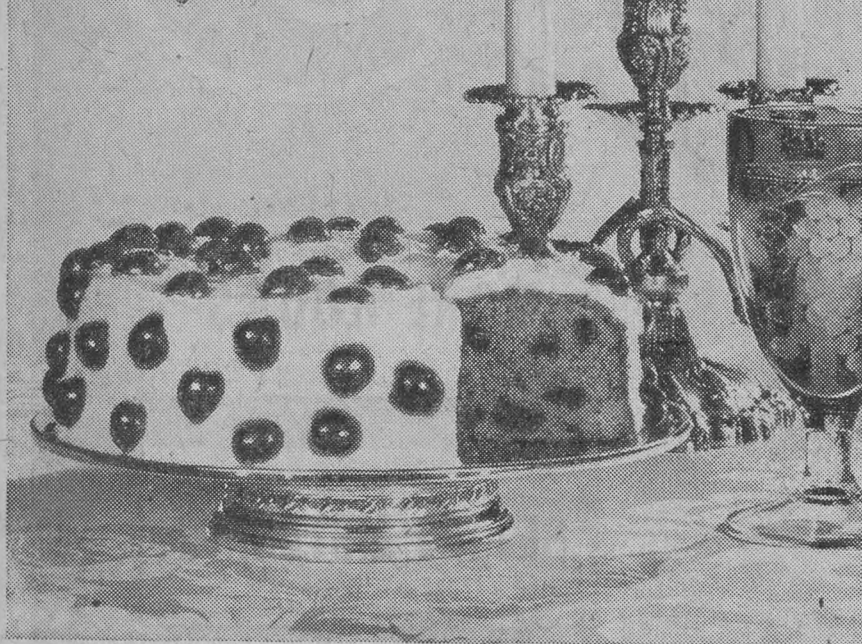
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CHERRY SNOW CAKE

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder

¼ teaspoon Magic Baking Soda
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup strained thick applesauce

⅔ cup seedless raisins
⅔ cup chopped pitted dates
Snow Frosting
Maraschino cherries
Citron

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs; beat well. Sift dry ingredients together. Add alternately with applesauce to creamed mixture. Add raisins and dates. Bake in 9" greased tube pan in 350°F. oven, 1 hour. Let stand until cold. Remove cake from pan. Spread frosting on top and side of cake. Decorate with cherries and citron.

SNOW FROSTING: Cream 2 tablespoons butter. Sift 2½ cups confectioner's sugar; gradually add, creaming constantly. Add about 3 tablespoons milk to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add a few grains of salt and ¾ teaspoon vanilla extract;



Tapioca For Dessert

This old-fashioned favorite is plentiful once again.

by MARION R. McKEE

DESSERT problems sometimes arise in the most orderly households and often this part of the meal is the most difficult to plan. With the return of tapioca to the Canadian stores home-makers will find numerous tempting desserts again at their fingertips.

Tapioca is a form of flour made from the roots of the Manioc plant grown in Java. Shipping problems made it difficult to get during the war years, but now it is plentiful again.

There are two forms in which tapioca may be bought; the old-fashioned pearl tapioca and the newer, quick-cooking or minute tapioca. Either forms are delicious and the choice depends upon the tastes of your family. It takes more time to prepare pearl tapioca since it requires some soaking in cold water before cooking. Minute tapioca doesn't require this soaking and is more time-saving for a quick dessert.

Maple-Walnut Tapioca

1 pint milk
1/3 c. quick-cooking tapioca
½ tsp. salt
1 c. maple syrup
1 egg
1/3 c. chopped walnut meats
plain or whipped cream

Cook the milk, tapioca, salt and syrup together in a double boiler for 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the well-beaten egg yolk, mix well, and cook for three minutes longer. Cool slightly and add the chopped walnut meats. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. When ready to serve, garnish with whole nut meats and serve with plain or whipped cream. Serves six.

Spiced Apricot Tapioca

3 T. quick-cooking tapioca
¼ c. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. cinnamon
2 c. syrup from canned apricots or 1 c. syrup and 1 c. water
¼ tsp. nutmeg
2 egg yolks
8 whole apricot halves
½ c. chopped apricot halves
2 egg whites
6 T. sugar

Mix tapioca, sugar, salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Add syrup to tapioca. Beat egg yolks and add. Cook 10 minutes over boiling water, stirring until thickened. Add chopped apricots to tapioca. Pour into baking dish. Make meringue with egg whites and six T. sugar, swirl around pudding; place apricot halves in centre. Bake in moderate oven (325 degrees Fahr.) 20 minutes. Serves 4.

Newton Tapioca

1/3 c. pearl tapioca
3 c. scalded milk
3 T. corn meal
½ c. molasses
2 T. butter
1 tsp. salt
½ c. cold milk

Soak tapioca two hours in cold water to cover. Pour scalded milk over corn meal, and cook in double boiler 10 minutes. Add tapioca drained from water, molasses, butter, and salt; turn into buttered pudding dish, and pour over remaining milk, but do not stir. Bake two hours in a moderate oven.



Tapioca pudding makes a tempting dessert for any meal.

Apple Tapioca

½ c. pearl tapioca
cold water
2 c. boiling water
1½ tsp. salt
5 apples
1/3 c. sugar

Soak tapioca one hour in cold water to cover, drain, add boiling water and salt; cook in double boiler until transparent. Core and pare apples, arrange in buttered pudding dish. Fill cavities in apples with sugar, pour over tapioca, and bake in moderate oven until apples are soft. Serve with sugar and cream. Other fruits may be used in place of the apples.

Orange Tapioca

1 qt. milk
1/3 c. quick-cooking tapioca
½ c. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1 egg
1 tsp. vanilla
4 oranges

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Add tapioca, sugar and salt and cook 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Pour a small amount of this mixture over the beaten egg yolk, stirring well. Return to the double boiler and cook until the mixture begins to thicken. Remove from the fire, and add vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Chill. Separate the oranges into sections, removing the pulp from the skins, and use one orange for each two portions. Place the sections of the orange in the bottom of individual serving dishes and cover with the tapioca mixture. Any fruit may be substituted for the orange. Serves six.

Graham Pudding

3 c. milk
2 T. quick-cooking tapioca
6 T. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
10 Graham crackers
½ c. raisins
1 tsp. vanilla
1 egg yolk

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Add the tapioca, sugar, salt and the Graham crackers, crumbled. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the raisins and vanilla. Remove from fire and pour over the slightly beaten egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.). Serve with slightly sweetened whipped cream. Serves six.

Tutti-Frutti Tapioca

3 T. quick-cooking tapioca
1/3 c. brown sugar
few grains salt
2 c. milk
1 egg
1/3 c. chopped raisins
1/3 c. chopped dates
1/3 c. chopped walnuts
½ tsp. vanilla

Mix tapioca, sugar and salt. Add milk. Beat egg; add. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, 10 minutes, or until slightly thickened. Add raisins, dates and nut meats; cool. Add vanilla extract; chill. If desired, garnish with whipped cream, dates and nut meats. Serves 4.

Coffee Tapioca

½ c. quick-cooking tapioca
½ c. sugar
4 c. coffee, boiled or percolated

Cook 15 minutes. Mold. Chill. Serve with cream, plain or whipped. Serves 6 to 8.



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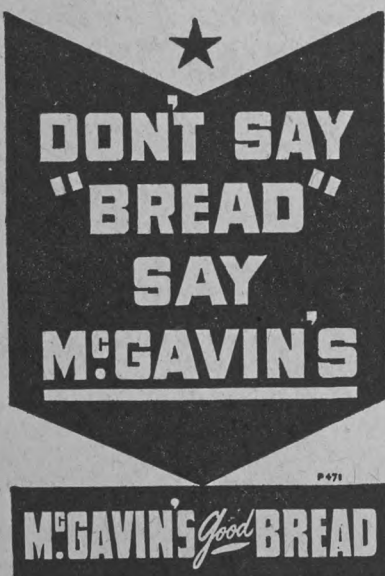
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Add Coffee Flavor

Tasty items for the family menu.

IT'S hard to beat the wonderful flavor and aroma of a freshly made cup of coffee. Steaming in a cup it seems to invigorate and refresh all who partake of the brew.

Coffee need not merely remain as a beverage in your home, delicious and all as this may be. Many are the desserts, puddings, cakes, icings, etc., which use this flavor in a tempting way. The next time coffee is made save a cup or two to use in one of the following recipes.

Coffee Jelly

2 T. granulated gelatin 1 c. boiling water
1/3 c. sugar
1/2 c. cold water 2 c. boiled coffee

Soak the gelatin five minutes in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, strain, and add to sugar and coffee. Mold.

Coffee Spanish Cream

1 1/2 c. coffee 3 eggs
1/2 c. milk 1/2 tsp. vanilla
2/3 c. sugar 1 T. granulated gelatin
1/4 tsp. salt

Mix coffee, milk, half the sugar and gelatin in double boiler. Add to remaining sugar, salt, and egg yolks slightly beaten. Return to double boiler and cook until mixture coats spoon, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add egg whites beaten until stiff, and vanilla. Mold, chill, and serve with cream.

Coffee Sponge

2 T. granulated gelatin in 2/3 c. sugar
3 egg whites, beaten until stiff
1/4 c. cold water
2 c. strong hot coffee few grains of salt

Add soaked gelatin to hot coffee, add sugar and salt. Strain into bowl, set in pan of ice water. When beginning to thicken, beat until light and fold in egg whites. Mold, chill, and serve with sugar and thin cream.

Coffee Chiffon Pie

1 T. granulated gelatin 3/4 c. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 c. cold strong coffee 1 c. hot strong coffee
4 eggs 1 T. lemon juice

Soak gelatin in cold coffee five minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly. Add one-half cup sugar, salt, and hot coffee and cook over boiling water until custard-like. Add gelatin and lemon juice. Cool slightly. Beat whites until stiff with the remaining sugar. Fold into custard. Fill baked pie shell and chill. Serve spread with a thin layer of whipped cream.

Coffee Ice Cream

1 c. milk 1/8 tsp. salt
1/4 c. coffee, ground 1 c. sugar
3 egg yolks 3 c. thin cream

Scald milk with the coffee, and add half the sugar. Without straining use this mixture for making custard, with eggs, salt, and remaining sugar. Add one cup of cream and let stand for 30 minutes. Cool, strain through double cheesecloth, add remaining cream and freeze.

Coffee Eggnog

1 egg yolk 1/2 c. milk or cream
1 1/2 tsp. sugar
1/2 c. strong coffee 1 egg white (cold)

Beat egg yolk and sugar. Beat white, combine and add coffee and milk.

Mocha Frosting

5 T. butter 3 T. freshly made coffee
1 lb. confectioners' sugar few grains salt
2 T. cocoa 1 tsp. vanilla extract
3 T. milk

Cream butter. Sift sugar and cocoa, gradually add to butter, creaming constantly. Add enough milk and coffee to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add salt and vanilla extract. Enough to fill and frost two 9-inch layers.

"Make Coffee Cake in half the time,"

—says Rita Martin

"I call this delicious new recipe my 'Half-time' Coffee Cake — because it actually saves more than half the time from mixing bowl to table.

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ROBIN HOOD "HALF-TIME" COFFEE CAKE

Here's all you need:

TOPPING

1/4 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon Robin Hood Flour
2 tablespoons melted butter
1/4 cup chopped nuts

BATTER

2 cups sifted Robin Hood Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening
1 egg, well beaten
3/4 cup milk
2 tablespoons granulated sugar

Grease an 8 x 8 x 2 inch cake tin thoroughly

To enjoy this "Half-time" Coffee Cake at its best, there's naturally only one flour to choose — and that's Robin Hood!

It's practically a guarantee of successful baking in itself — for 4 out of 5 women who win First Prizes insist on Robin Hood for all their baking.

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Try this Coffee Cake with Robin Hood — compare it with the results you get with ordinary flours — and you too will insist on Robin Hood Flour always!

Here's all you do:

To prepare topping: Mix brown sugar, cinnamon and flour together. Add melted butter. Combine thoroughly with a fork. Add chopped nuts.

To prepare batter:

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Add sugar.

Cut shortening into small pieces. Add to dry ingredients.

Blend together until mixture is mealy, using pastry blender (or two knives, cutting in with scissor-like motion).

Combine beaten egg and milk.

Gradually add to dry ingredients, stirring lightly with fork.

Mix only until soft dough is formed. Turn into prepared tin. Pat gently to spread the dough in the tin.

Sprinkle topping over batter.

Bake at 400° F. (Hot oven) for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut in squares and serve warm.

NOTE: If desired, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg and 1/2 cup raisins may be added with dry ingredients.

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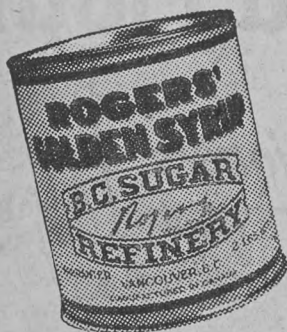
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15

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Keep Them Bright

Beauty treatment for colors and white things.

by MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

ONCE you invest in garments or fabrics you naturally want to keep them fresh and new for as long as possible. But to prevent cottons and linens from yellowing, and colored things from becoming dull and faded is not always a simple matter.

Some materials have a way of picking up dirt, while others shed it easily and consequently do not look soiled so soon. Compare pillow cases that have been washed a number of times and you will find a few that stay clean and fresh longer than the rest. Hold the material so that the light shines across it, and notice that some are fuzzy on the surface, indicating that they are made from short fibres. Others are smooth because they are woven from long fibres, firmly spun; these shed dirt readily.

In the same way look critically at the men's best shirts. Invariably the most satisfactory are made from firmly spun yarns. On these garments the collars and cuffs do not get dirty as rapidly as they would on shirts made of a cheaper grade of cotton.

There is a great difference too, in linen. It may be 100 per cent flax and yet be a poor buy. A cheap grade of tea towelling made from fibres that are coarse and uneven, picks up dirt readily and soon looks a poor color. The same is true of tablecloths. The better qualities of either linen or cotton shed dirt readily. All this goes to show that it pays to buy textiles which retain their good looks.

Of course it is essential to keep washables from becoming over-soiled. This is true anywhere, but particularly on the farm where there is so much unavoidable dust and honest perspiration. Combined, the two lead to dinginess and the dulling of colors, and also to rubbing which definitely ages fabrics. Change clothing frequently if you wish to retain its newness.

The water used for laundering has a marked effect on the appearance of clothing. If snow water were available all year it would be an easy matter to retain whiteness and prevent dulling of colors. But when it is necessary to use rain water that has stood in the cistern or tank for some time, the clothes may have an all-over yellow tinge.

HARD water is worse still, especially if it contains iron. Softening is absolutely necessary to prevent the minerals from combining with soap to form a sticky curd that fastens onto the threads and forms grey specks. These particles not only make fabrics seem harsh, dull and lifeless, but they definitely hasten the wearing process.

Do not stop at softening the wash water, but see that each rinse is treated so that soapy curds cannot form. Many people living in hard water areas find the new, soapless detergents a boon because they leave no scum or curd, and they rinse out completely.

For a good-looking wash be generous with rinses. Give the clothes at least two, preferably three and make all of them hot if you can, because

warm water gets rid of soap more thoroughly than cold. However, do not rinse colored rayons, silks, wools, cottons or linens in hot water as heat dulls their beauty. For all rinsing use a plunger. It saves your skin and draws the water through the meshes better than you can do by hand.

The way you wring clothes has an effect on their appearance. When they go through the rollers in lumps or bunches, some parts come out wetter than others and if the water is yellow, this causes unsightly streaks.

By feeding the wringer evenly you not only press out moisture but you leave behind a lot of soiled water. This keeps the rinses clearer and turns out a whiter wash. After the last rinse, fold each article evenly and run it through the rollers again. This is well worth while because the clothes dry more quickly and if the water is inclined to be yellow, there will be no streaks.

Some people use blueing because it helps to counteract the yellow cast in white clothes. However, if they are a poor color already, blueing only adds to the dingy look. In any case it does not pay to use too much. Add a little at a time to the last rinse, mix well before putting in any clothes. Do only a few at a time and keep them moving. Never let them stand or they will come out streaky.

CLOTHES are bound to be a poor color if they are washed in badly soiled water. Therefore it is poor policy to use suds beyond a certain point. When water is limited, drain off the lower part of the washer, add more water and enough soap to form a good suds. Never do this when there are clothes in the water or they will act as a strainer for dirt and lint. Make sure that dusters or very soiled articles do not get in with cleaner things.

For retaining the fresh whiteness of cottons and linens, nothing equals the effect of the sun's rays shining directly on wet clothes. But exactly the opposite is true with colored things, even when they are guaranteed sun-fast. Drying in the sun is more destructive to colors than wearing them in the sun, because dampness increases the bleaching action.

Therefore, to keep colored textiles bright and fresh, dry them in the shade. Better to hang them indoors than to risk the sun shifting around outside. In buying washable garments or fabrics, do not waste money on things that are not guaranteed to be sun-fast and tub-fast because they will let you down every time and greatly increase the work of wash-day. When dye does run there is no way of setting it. Old fashioned remedies such as salt or vinegar are useless. All you can do is isolate the offenders and wash them by themselves quickly.

Finally, if you want a really nice looking wash, never allow colored articles to lie in wet heaps with white clothes. If you cannot hang everything on the lines without delay, put the stockings and work clothes by themselves.

Tips To The Junior Miss

A beauty schedule that gives time for grooming and daily chores.

by LORETTA MILLER



Peggy Knudsen of CBS rests weary eyes with cotton pads, dipped in warm water and salt solution.

THE teen-ager is having the happiest days of her life! Either she's back at school for her last year with text books, or she's heading for a career, or, perhaps, she's spending her first fall at home, with more leisure than ever. But regardless of her fall activities the wise girl looks to her grooming and general appearance, and the way she looks is important in every activity. It gives self-confidence; makes difficult school problems easier, adds interest to the simplest housework and spells success for the young careerist. So here today are suggestions aimed to help each group.

Time to study and attend to hair, nails and complexion . . . plus the regular chores that help around the house, bring up the usual problem of how to accomplish everything. Studies must come first, or what's the use of going to school! But keeping up appearances is of real importance, too. And so are the housekeeping chores that do so much toward happy living. Perhaps the most ideal plan is to budget your time so that nothing will be slighted.

Before settling down, for a session with your books, check over your hands, hair, complexion. Is this the day your hair needs doing? If so, get busy and let it be drying while you do your homework. First shampoo the hair thoroughly. Then wash your brush and comb and before setting your hair, let me suggest a thorough facial scrubbing. Pin your hair back and scrub every region of face and throat, and don't forget ears. The average skin is tougher than one realizes and is all the lovelier for this firm treatment. Use a coarse towel for rubbing the skin dry. Now to your hair, then back to your complexion!

There are more hair styles than ever for the teen-ager. One of the nicest and most flattering is the short bob worn rather straight except for the soft end curls that turn under. After shampooing the hair and scrubbing your face, use a heavy bath towel for partially drying the hair. If it's cool and you want your hair almost dry before setting it, warm the towels in an oven before rubbing them over the hair. After setting your hair, wrap a series of these warm towels around your head, turban-fashion. This will help absorb most of the moisture.

If you attend to your hair just before your evening session at your homework, you might wait until morning before combing it out. Then use your clean brush and brush your hair well. This will bring out the highlights and do much to train the hair. This is especially advisable if the hair is fine in texture and difficult to manage. Brushing does wonders towards shaping the coiffure.

NOW back to the facial skin. Perhaps, if you are giving your skin special care, you will do well to use an application of corrective preparation during your study period. However, let me hasten to add that the average teen-age skin thrives best on cleanliness. Thorough scrubbing with a mild soap and warm, then cold water, followed by a vigorous drying with a coarse towel, is generally the best procedure. If, however, you are using a corrective aid which should remain on the skin for a specific time, perhaps you can leave the application on while your hair is drying. Double up on your grooming and study period if your time is limited. School homework can mean beauty time!

It's pretty hard to combine hand care with your studies, but you can give the hands special treatment while doing housework. Scrub the hands well, then apply a heavy coating of hand lotion or cream. Use a special lubricant around fingertips for nails that break easily. Then put on cotton gloves and over these wear a pair of loose fitting rubber gloves. Let the corrective aids bring prettiness to your hands while you work. Or, if you find it fits better into your routine, wear the smoothing agent and gloves at night while you sleep.

Nothing gets an employer down quicker than a secretary or other office worker who is constantly combing her hair, putting on lipstick, powdering her nose, or who is untidy in appearance. A button off the back of a blouse or dress, crooked stocking seams, stringy hair, unattractive nails and careless posture are indications of careless thinking.

TIDINESS in appearance is almost as essential as efficiency in work. Hair should be kept clean and well coiffed, nails clean and well manicured, and the complexion should show care without too much makeup. Shoe heels must be straight and stocking seams must run straight up the centre backs of the legs, clothes should be clean and well pressed and every snap, hook and eye, and button should be in place.

If your job is a sedentary one, either get out for a brisk walk during your lunch or rest period, or walk to and from work. Also avoid too many starches in your lunch and don't nibble at chocolates and cookies mid-morning, but have a piece of fruit.

Whether the teen-ager stays home to help her mother with the housework, or she's to be a bride with a home of her own, keeping up appearance is important, to others as well as herself. It's easy to co-ordinate beauty treatments with housework. Hair can be shampooed and set the



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first thing in the morning. Then by the time the housework is done, the hair can be combed. Hands receive corrective care while wearing rubber gloves and doing any number of jobs about the home.

Protecting the hair and complexion while doing any job that makes the dust fly is a good plan. A smart looking towel or scarf should be tied over the hair (which might be set just before this), and a scant coating of cold cream smoothed over the face and throat. Then when the "dirty work" is over, and the scarf removed, the facial skin should be thoroughly washed with soap and warm water.

Nail tips can be kept immaculate during the dirtiest jobs this way: Hold a cake of mild soap in the left hand while you run the nails of the right

hand over it. Then reverse the action and scrape a protective covering of soap under the nails of the left hand. When you are finished with your chore, scrub the fingertips with warm water and a stiff bristled brush and your nails will be spotless. A light coating of hand lotion or cream should be massaged into the skin.

One advantage the stay-at-home girl has over the others is that she can keep her figure in trim. The various forms of exercise one gets while performing the many household tasks bring every muscle of the body into play. Even the stretching one does while making a bed, has its advantage. The one bad feature the home girl has, however, is the temptation to nibble between meals. This is a bad habit that increases poundage unless the figure conscious girl is on guard.

When Witches Stalk

Ideas for fun at this year's Hallowe'en party.

by RUBY PRICE WEEKS

YOUNGSTERS of any age look forward to having parties on Hallowe'en. One good reason for looking forward with enjoyment is that they may dress up or masquerade. Of course there are always the popular old games and stunts, such as ducking for apples and catching doughnuts fastened to a string in the doorway, which children have always enjoyed.

This year let's try something newer in games so that the party may seem "different."

Let the children or young folk make and send pumpkin invitations. These are cut from orange colored cardboard and the writing is done in black ink, or crayon. The invitation may read: "Witches will stalk at Brown's on . . . night at 7.30 p.m. Come masked but knock three times to get in. Address . . ."

If possible, have the party in an amusement room, garage or laundry. Either of the latter may be completely transformed by covering anything unsightly with sacking or white sheets. Pin black cardboard cats, witches and skeletons wherever they are most effective. Cardboard jack-o'-lanterns or orange crepe paper may be put over the light bulbs creating an eerie atmosphere throughout the place. Stack cornstalks or sheaves of grain in the corners with pumpkins beside them. In one dark corner have a table at which will sit a person dressed as a witch. A clear fish or flower glass bowl draped in black cloth will do nicely as a gazing ball for her. Guests will be thrilled and delighted at the things she will see in that ball, which foretell their future.

As the guests arrive, they will find a huge jack-o'-lantern at either side of the entrance. Following the required three knocks, the door will open slowly and a witch dressed in black, with straggly grey hair and leaning heavily on a staff, will admit the guests.

Here are some games which will keep the guests amused until time for refreshments. These stunts have to do with cats, pumpkins and skeletons all so familiar to Hallowe'en fun-makers.

Hallowe'en Design: Give each child 50 pumpkin seeds. (These may be washed and dried when removing in-

sides from pumpkins for jack-o'-lanterns). See who can make the most interesting or amusing picture by arranging them on yellow or black construction paper.

Select two teams, also a storekeeper to play this game. A player from one team walks up to the storekeeper and says: "I've come to buy a prize cat; have you one?" The storekeeper points to a player on team two about which the buyer will ask questions such as, "Does he beg for his supper?" "Can he sing?" "How does he catch mice?" "Will he climb trees?" "Can he wiggle his whiskers?" and all sorts of other foolish questions. The cat must show that he can do all these things and, if he doesn't laugh while performing, it is a point for his team. After both teams have played, chocolate mice may be given to each one (on both teams) by the storekeeper.

Swinging Skeleton: Suspend a cardboard skeleton (as found in dime stores for Hallowe'en) in a doorway or at one end of the room. Let him dangle from a very lightweight string and place an electric fan near to keep him moving in a lively manner. This is a target for the two teams who will line up on opposite sides of the room. The first player on each side has a lightweight ball, as one used in ping-pong. At a signal, the players, one at a time, try to throw the balls and hit the swinging skeleton (it's not easy). After throwing the ball, each must rescue it and pass on to the next player in line who tries to hit the skeleton. Someone keeps score to see which team hits the target most often in the shortest time.

Have the buffet table for refreshments shoved back against the wall upon which black cardboard cats, witches, etc., have been hung. Cover the table with black crepe paper and have a lighted jack-o'-lantern for a centerpiece. Use tall orange candles at either side. Have Hallowe'en paper plates and napkins. The food should be arranged on the table so that the guests may easily reach it and serve themselves.

For a children's party serve jack-o'-lantern sandwiches. These may have different kinds of filling but all should be cut round and have faces with the features marked by raisins.

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Just Mary, the Storyteller

Personal notes on a popular writer and teller of children's stories over radio.

by HENRY JAY

MARY E. GRANNAN of Fredericton, New Brunswick, starting in on her tenth year as a CBC network teller of children's stories, can look back on a childhood filled with pixies, elves, goblins, leprechauns and a host of dainty, fairy people. Kate Haney, her Irish mother, had a storehouse of stories and yarns conjured up in a thousand cottages that smelled of peat smoke in the "Ould Land."

A confirmed romanticist as a child, Mary found dramatics and art to be her favorite subjects in school. She had a yen to go on and be an artist but money wasn't too plentiful. She contented herself at doing display work for local stores and managed to sell the Fredericton Gleaner an occasional cartoon. Along with the hosts of others, unable to fulfill ambition, but who need a "profession," Mary went to normal school and in due time graduated.

"I used to shudder every morning when I had to start the day off with arithmetic," laughs Mary at the memory. "It just didn't seem to be a very inspiring start and so I started reading them a story first thing in the morning. Stories were hard to find, so I started making up my own. I watched my pupils closely to see the reactions. I think that constituted the reason for what people call my knack at telling stories that hold the attention of children."

The young teacher never thought of radio as a career. Art was still her hobby and the stage ran it a close second. Fate walked in on her class, in the form of a school inspector who was most intrigued by the song the children sang, "What I Learned On The Way To School," putting in their own descriptive words what they had seen on the way. Mary was sent to New York to study Progressive Education and later went on to Columbia University.

IN 1935 she wrote her first radio script for Education Week. J. Stewart Neill of the local radio station, CFNB, took one look at it and sent for Mary. He felt that she had a natural talent for radio writing. Mary started writing radio stories, acting them herself on the air and teaching school. Her fees were rather low as she made only two and three dollars per 15-minute script, but the work was so fascinating she couldn't give it up.

The CBC, anxious to build up programs, were interested in the work being done by Mary Grannan. In 1937

they offered her a job but she was still not certain of her own ability. Late in the winter of 1937, for the first time she sent some of her written stories out to a magazine. She sent them to The Country Guide. They were promptly accepted. The first appeared in the January, 1938, issue and they have been a regular feature in each month's issue since that date.

In 1939 the radio offer was even better, so Mary packed for Toronto but with the security of a year's leave of absence from her school teaching. Mary soon forgot about teaching. Her success was almost miraculous as a radio storyteller.

Letters poured in. The CBC cautiously printed 5,000 copies of a book containing the Just Mary radio stories in 1941. The edition

sold out in a month. Since then there have been different editions, but one holds the record of having sold 100,000 copies in six months. This is but another barometer of the universal appeal of the stories as told by Just Mary.

JUST MARY broadcasts for 42 weeks each year. Each Wednesday afternoon Mary Grannan takes a host of children into the adventurous story of Maggie Muggins, a semi-dramatized 15-minute program employing herself as narrator, Maggie Muggins as played by a child actress and the gardener, Mr. McGarrity. On Saturdays for three months each year she writes and narrates a dramatic fairy tale of a half-hour duration. During the two weeks prior to Christmas and Easter, she gives a daily 15-minute program of her own devising.

"Where do you get the ideas?" is the usual question.

Mary has a storehouse of ideas. First of all there's the hereditary Irish imagination, the Maritimers' native love of stories and story-telling and her mother's stock of characters as related many years before. And then, there's the interesting people that Mary meets. Mary won't admit that many of her every-day acquaintances land in her stories in the shape of bugs and insects and animals. She will tell you however that she takes great pains to make certain that what she says never offends or hurts children and that each story must have a "happy ending."

Mary Grannan is a tall woman who dresses in a rather dramatic way with enormous hats of her own design and oversize bracelets. She has a yen for black and rarely ever wears any other color. Two years ago the CBC had a simple brochure printed telling of her



Mary E. Grannan.

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life, which Mary illustrated herself. More than 50,000 copies have been sent out in reply to requests from listeners. Mary takes frequent trips to lecture to various groups on the art of story-telling.

Mary loves to talk. She has an infectious laugh that makes even the most solemn want to get in on the fun. When she tells a story at a social gathering, you notice people edging up a bit on their chairs. She has the knack of putting a breathlessness into her narrative. It's the same quality that sends thousands of children scurrying to get a spot close to the radio when she comes on the air.

She laughs about a remark once made to her by Gladstone Murray, when in his capacity as general manager of the CBC, he tried to hire her in 1937 to tell stories. "You were born to the circus," he said.

Mary hastens to add, "Maybe he was right. People wonder why I don't take big money in the United States. I am happy telling stories to children. Besides where else would I find a circus to rival that of the one right here in radio, with its many strange characters and changing pattern."

High School

Continued from page 75

an auditorium, where school parties are held and indoor games can be played. Music is extra-curricular for students who wish to study any instrument. There are 13 practice pianos, so that those who wish to keep on with their musical education may do so. The school has its own band, which gives concerts and provides music for other types of entertainment. A Glee Club has been formed to draw together those interested in vocal music.

So it seems that nothing has been overlooked which will add to the practical, academic and cultural stature of the students. The opening of the Red Deer Composite High School may well mark the opening of a new era in the secondary education of rural students. The National Film Board has made a moving picture of it so its story will be soon made known across Canada. Let us hope that its example will be followed by many other communities. May its number increase tenfold!

Easy Dishwashing

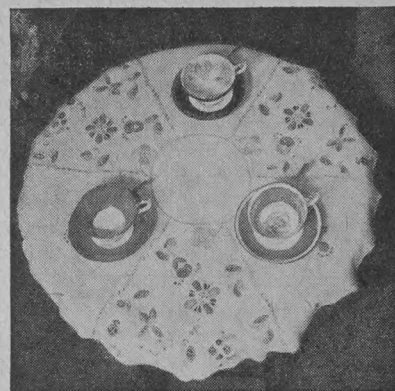
IN a home when dinner, the heavy meal of the day, has to be served at night for several people, the mother of the family can find washing the dishes rather a tiresome job, coming as it does at the end of her day's work.

One such family solved this co-operatively. All members of the family carry their dishes to the kitchen after dinner. The youngest member, a son, then finishes clearing the dining-room table and sweeps up crumbs from the floor. Mother goes to the kitchen and scrapes, then stacks the dishes. She also puts away leftovers. The two daughters of the household then take over and wash and dry the dishes. Done in this way, no one feels it much of a chore and it is quickly over. The girls go at it without delay or complaining and the three youngsters are ready for their homework. All have worked together and all can spend the evening in each other's company. — Wilma Grant.

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A Hallowe'en Idea

FOR a children's Hallowe'en party serve cocoa and a special dessert of witches' hats. Witches' hats are made by using ice cream cones for the crowns and large cookies for the brims. Both crowns and brims are covered with chocolate icing, and prepared in advance. Just before serving fill the cones with vanilla ice cream. The cocoa is more interesting if on top of each cupful, floats a marshmallow with a funny face made by using melted chocolate which may be added with the end of a toothpick. Of course, chocolate chips could be used if you happen to have them in the house.

Household Hints

A damp sponge applied lightly to upholstered furniture helps to remove dog and cat hairs and particles of lint and dust.

* * *

To reheat left-over vegetables, place them in a wire strainer or small colander and set them over a pan of boiling water. The vegetables look and taste like freshly cooked ones.

* * *

To keep brown sugar from hardening, remove it from the paper container as soon as it is opened, and store it in a tightly sealed jar. Air dries out the sugar.

* * *

To keep nylon and silk stockings from wrapping around the clothes line, put a teaspoon in the toe of each stocking and hang stockings on the line by the top.

* * *

Remove dead flowers and leaves from house plants. This not only improves the appearance of the plant, but also reduces the spread of insects and diseases.

* * *

Fill a discarded purse with straw or crushed newspaper and use it as a kneeling pad when washing the floor or woodwork.

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No. 2504—A smart, new dress featuring a pleated skirt and the new sleeves. Cut in sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, and 19 years. Size 15 requires 3 yards 35-inch fabric; ¾ yard 35-inch contrasting fabric for collar.

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The Country Boy and Girl

Rosy Cole's Petticoats

by MARY E. GRANNAN

MY grandmother told me this. My grandmother knew Rosy Cole. My grandmother said that Rosy Cole was an old, old lady with a merry laugh and 36 petticoats. And those petticoats were all the colors of the rainbow. She had six red ones, six yellow, six orange, six blue, six green and six violet. They were all made of silk and they all rustled and crackled as she walked along to the market like a queen. She went to market every day, did Rosy Cole, because she sold fresh eggs there. She would call out:

"Fresh eggs . . . fresh eggs . . .
All new . . . none old . . .
Come buy your eggs
From Rosy Cole."

And people would come and buy the fresh eggs, not because they wanted the fresh eggs, but because they wanted to see Rosy Cole's petticoats. My grandmother, who was a little girl then, went to the market, too, and she saw Rosy Cole's petticoats, and she said to her mother, "Mum, why does Rosy Cole wear so many petticoats?"

"I don't know, Annie," said my grandmother's mother.

"But who does know?" asked Annie.

Her mother laughed, "Rosy Cole is the only one who knows, I guess."

"Then will you ask her, Mum, why she wears all those rainbow petticoats?"

Annie's mother shook her head, "Oh, no, my dear, that would not be polite."

But Annie didn't see it that way, and the next time she went to the market she went to Rosy Cole and said, "Rosy Cole, would you think I was not polite if I asked you a question?"

"Why no, Annie," said the old lady. "How does one find out things if one does not ask questions? What did you want to know?"

Annie swallowed hard and said, "Why do you wear so many petticoats?"

Old Rosy Cole looked around to see that there was no one else about, and then she bent and whispered into my grandmother's ear, "I wear them because of the magic wind."

"The magic wind!" gasped Annie.

"Yes, on the night the magic wind blows, I go up into the sky like a balloon. The people think they are seeing a rainbow whirling about, but," she cackled, "they're not. They're seeing Rosy Cole's petticoats."

Annie's eyes were wide at the wonder of it all. "And what do you do in the sky, Rosy Cole?"

"I go to the Moon Man's party," said Rosy Cole. "Annie, would you like to go with me the next time the magic wind blows?"

"Oh yes," said Annie, "but when is it going to blow, and how could I go with you. I do not have 36 petticoats."

"It's going to blow on Hallowe'en night, and I can take you there in my

DRESSING up for Hallowe'en is fun.

This year's celebrations will be held on Saturday, October 30. For costumes some will wear a white sheet to dress up as a most frightening ghost. Others will hunt out from clothes closets, attics and other hiding places funny old clothes, especially those that Mother and Dad used to wear. You may even decide to wear your own clothes backwards, just to be a bit different! No one wants to be known at Hallowe'en so you make masks of brown wrapping paper like those we have shown below that are easy to make.

For a light to guide you on your mysterious way, you may use a flashlight, but you especially would like to have a jack-o'-lantern to carry. When you are scooping out your pumpkin be sure to save the seeds for a necklace, you will need many seeds so save them all. Let the seeds dry thoroughly, then punch holes at one end of each seed with a heavy darning needle. To thread pumpkin seeds, use heavy thread which has been waxed or you could wax your own thread by pulling a wax crayon over it a few times. After the necklace is strung you are ready to paint it; use enamel paints and choose a color to match some of your dresses and sweaters. Use a large hook and eye for a fastener or make a loop at one end of your thread and fasten a button at the other end. If you wish to make other seed necklaces in the same way you could use corn, melon or sunflower seeds.



Ann Sankey



egg basket. The basket is strong, and so is my arm."

"Then I shall go," laughed my grandmother.

And she did go. On Hallowe'en night, just after supper, my grandmother met Rosy Cole at the market place. She sat in the egg basket, and when the clock struck six in the town tower clock, the magic wind blew, and away they went up into the sky. My grandmother and Rosy Cole! And people cried, "Look . . . look . . . a whirling rainbow." They didn't know it was Rosy Cole and my grandmother off to the Moon Man's Hallowe'en party. My grandmother told me she had a wonderful time. Rosy Cole is no longer in the market place selling her fresh eggs. I wish she were, don't you?

Six-A-Side Baseball

SURE you want to play baseball, but very often, after school, or at the picnic, it is impossible to organize two complete teams of nine players each. The solution? Six-a-side baseball with all the thrills of the real game.

For a playing field, all you need is home base, a pitcher's box, first and third base. As second base is eliminated, the playing field is an equilateral triangle with sides about 80 feet long. With this arrangement, you will find you need only two fielders and both of them will see plenty of action. In fact, six-a-side baseball offers far better training practice than the nine-a-side game because all players are kept "up on their toes."

In general, the rules for six-a-side baseball follow those of the regular

game with a few variations necessitated by the narrower playing field and fewer players.

The chief adjustment arises in the penalty for fouls. Since there are considerably more than in the nine-a-side game, each foul counts half a strike. This means that a batter who hits six consecutive fouls would be out. Also, a batter who hit two strikes and two fouls would be out. But one strike and three fouls would give the batter one more chance.

If you are playing six-a-side chiefly for practice or to try out new players it is a good idea to have a shift of positions after each inning. This means that each player gets a chance to try out for every position: Pitcher, catcher, first or third baseman, and right or left fielder.

Six-a-side is a fast-moving game that calls for all the skill and technique of regular baseball. Take a swat at it!—Walter King.

A Hobby For You

TOO many hobbies are followed by too many people. The most interesting hobby is the one that is different.

Book collecting and book-making put you in the happy few class. It is really surprising too what you can accomplish without a great deal of expense.

"Your 'hundred best books shelf' and your home-made volumes will form the nuclei of your project. There is no best book list that does for everyone. But certain volumes can

hardly be omitted from the family bookshelf. Aim to make your list as varied as possible: Poetry, religion, travel, biography, history, art, science, drama, as well as fiction.

Start now with the books you have. Visit your nearest library and make a note of the various classifications. Keep your books on their proper shelves.

You can obtain many useful books through exchange. People will come to know that you are collecting good books, and you will be surprised to find what assistance you will get and how speedily your private library will grow.

As a book collector, of course, you will enjoy the new hobby of book-making and book-binding. Home-made books? Why not? It is part of the hobby of book collecting. There is the photo album. Those charming snapshots of you and your friends, carefully mounted, dated, and finished with significant little sayings that will keep you young through the years to come.

The illustrated diary! What an appeal that has! A record of the important events of your life enriched with timely snapshots of "the author."

Then the travelogue book offers wonderful possibilities. Any time you go on a worthwhile trip take your camera and keep a careful record of all the interesting events. Write these up carefully when you get back home.

The library scrapbook should not be overlooked. This will take care of such things as newspaper clippings, interesting magazine articles, good recipes, anecdotes, pictures, and what-nots.

A "golden thought" book is a new variation of the autograph album idea. It necessitates a 366-page volume with each leaf specially marked for a different day of the year. Contributors to your book are asked to write their favorite gem of literature on the page bearing their birthday date. An autographed snapshot enhances the beauty of the page. And here you have a daily inspiration to bigger and better things, a little memorandum of dates and faces it would be sweet as lavender to remember.

Keep also in your library a collection of front page headlines from today's startling news. These will mean more and more as the years go by.

You will find that your collection of books, albums, travelogues, scraps, literature gems, autographs, pictures, clippings and what-nots will provide endless amusement and entertainment for your friends and as you grow older you will pride yourself on your choice of such a worthwhile enterprise.

We cannot work all the time, we cannot sleep all the time, we cannot play all the time. But if we can find time periodically to browse around among the books of the world's best writers not only should we make scholars of ourselves but we should also qualify for the inspiring fellowship of the greatest leaders of our day.—Walter King.

THE *Country* GUIDE

with which is incorporated.

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER and FARM and HOME
Serving the Farmers of Western Canada Since 1882

VOL. LXVII WINNIPEG, OCTOBER, 1948 No. 10

Some Gratuitous Advice

As we go to press the national Progressive-Conservative party meets in Ottawa to elect a new leader and to frame a platform which, it is hoped, will improve its fortunes in the next election, whenever that may be.

The political changes since World War I have not been too kind to the party of Sir John A., Sir Robert Borden, and Lord Bennett. It is rapidly becoming an Ontario rump. Its future success depends upon making a bargain with Duplessis, Houde and Co. in Quebec, and/or embracing principles which will win favor in the West and the Maritimes. A policy devised for this end must contain, not some vague and meaningless praise for agriculture. It must include specific undertakings which the party will courageously translate into action if returned to power.

To begin with, the West wants a clear-cut expression of the party's intentions with regard to Dominion-Provincial relations. Is Canada to be a strong united Dominion, or are we to have the spectacle of two powerful confederates centred upon Montreal and Toronto, with their economic vassals west of the Great Lakes, and south of the Restigouche?

What course does the party propose to adopt regarding the principles enunciated for I.T.O., and agreed to by Canada at Geneva? Will it return to the empty husks of its protectionist past, or will it play a worthy part in ushering in an era of freer world trade?

Is the precious freedom of the individual, the proudest heritage of our British ancestry, to be secured and enlarged in all the provinces of Canada? Or is the convention to be assured, with a full measure of lurid detail, that its greatest need is a Red witch hunt conducted in the best tradition of the un-American activities committee at Washington and the Montreal police?

Will a Conservative government conduct its search for immigrants with concern for Canadian standards of citizenship, or will it ignore the danger of unemployment when present peak industrial production begins to level off?

Will some Conservative leader commit his party to an expression of intention with regard to farm marketing? The reputedly timid Liberal party went out on a limb to provide market security for wheat growers in the early post-war years, and undoubtedly lost a lot of support in so doing. Will its great rival say what it proposes to do in the case of a possible catastrophic drop in farm prices? Or does it propose to leave agriculture to bear unabated the full force of the storm?

There are large numbers of voters in the West with a Conservative background who left that party because they considered that its policies were not framed in the interests of the outlying parts of the Dominion. They could be attracted back into the fold if their fears under this head could be put at rest. Satisfactory answers on the points enumerated above, and a number of others, would assure the party's revival west of Ontario.

A Critical Battle For The West

The bitter freight rate fight has entered a new phase. The federal government has reconsidered its position in the face of public clamor coming from East and West. On September 27 it commenced to hear the appeal of the seven provincial governments supporting the shippers.

There are two presentations of the freight rate

case given to the public. The faithful press of the central provinces reminds its readers that the cost of operating Canada's railways rose by \$155 million between 1939 and 1945. How can the money be found? Only by raising the rate on freight carried. Otherwise the railways will go into bankruptcy! Nothing is said about the tremendous increase in the volume of business which increased gross earnings from \$325.2 millions in 1939 to \$692.8 millions last year. No analysis is made of the manner in which the Board arrived at its 23 per cent increase. No mention is made of the Board's refusal to consider the railways' income from activities other than freight handling.

Elsewhere in Canada the press has treated its readers to a more critical analysis. At the risk of reiteration, The Guide wishes to summarize the arguments again.

The Transport Board, in accordance with accepted Canadian practice, based its decision on the requirements of the C.P.R. The Board calculated that the C.P.R. needed \$21,310,000 for dividends, \$15,787,174 for fixed charges, and \$15,235,000 for surplus "to come and go on." The whole bill comes to \$52,332,174. To meet this the C.P.R. could earn possibly \$32,607,781 on freight at the old rates. The difference is \$19,725,093. The Board, therefore, allowed an increased rate which would provide this amount.

Seven provinces very properly object to such a settlement. It saddles the dividends and capital charges unjustly on the shipper of freight. No part of these charges is apportioned to other departments of the railways—steamships, telegraphs, passenger traffic and hotels, even though they earned \$24,788,927 last year. The Board refuses to take earnings from other departments into account. But the freight shipper must pay more to meet payments chargeable to these other departments! The manifest unfairness of this logic must be apparent to everyone. Either the other departments must bear their own fixed charges, or else their earnings should be taken into the calculation.

The provinces are on equally solid ground with respect to the swollen depreciation charges put forward by railway counsel to lower the apparent net earnings. In 1939 the railways kept their properties in admittedly excellent condition with a depreciation charge of \$43 million. In some mysterious way the charge in 1947, the year of the rate inquiry, becomes \$140 million, although the cost of materials increased by only 42 per cent. Nor can westerners understand why a railway should be guaranteed a satisfactory profit, and then be handed another \$15 million in the form of a surplus, especially when an unduly large share of the increased earnings must come out of western Canada and be put upon the backs of the farmer, the only man who cannot pass increased costs along to anyone else.

Our esteemed contemporary, The Farm and Ranch Review, asserts that no argument based on railway accounting will ever achieve results. It suggests that there are two kinds of railways in Canada, those which were built with a reasonable prospect of earning profits, and those which were built for political considerations. Among the latter it includes the C.P.R. across the mountains and, in part, lines built on the prairies. It declares that the cost of moving goods over political links must be transferred from the shippers and consumers to the nation as a whole. Does the Review mean that the Government of Canada should subsidize the operation of its politically built lines? However much merit there may be in this suggestion, it is doubtful if present-day public opinion would support it.

The Guide agrees with The Review that the mountain differential should be discontinued. It agrees that the Spokane formula, in use in the American northwest, should be adopted to give relief to inland areas like Alberta and interior B.C. It believes that inland water transport in eastern Canada which keeps eastern rail rates low, should bear some of its own operation and capital costs now borne entirely by the public treasury. But it also believes that the seven provinces must continue to fight it out along the line of the argu-

ments already advanced. If it fails to obtain justice in this case the future of the West will be seriously compromised. Agriculture based on two dollar wheat may not be crippled by the increases granted last spring, but it is well to remember that the long time average price of wheat is less than half the present British contract price. Rail rates, once confirmed, have the habit of remaining.

Glut Of Registered Seed

Market observers have been aware for some time that the growing of registered grain has been getting out of bounds. European buyers, hungry for wheat and unable to satisfy their wants from limited post-war supplies, discovered that the Canadian Government imposed no restrictions on the sale of registered seed abroad. These buyers were glad to pick up whatever they could, even at nice premiums. Many bushels of hand rogued crop found its way to foreign bake ovens.

The demand thus created gave an artificial stimulus to pure seed growing which has disappeared before the last two bountiful American crops and the gradual recovery of cereal production in Europe. As a result this year will see quantities of seed grain on the market which can never be absorbed by the normal demands for crop improvement. The first of Canada's predicted agricultural surpluses has materialized.

Major H. G. L. Strange, himself a former winner of the world wheat championship, makes a suggestion with regard to the disposal of the above which deserves support. There are areas in the West, says he, where wheat crops are not so pure as they should be, and where the distribution of carlots of registered seed would do a lot of good. There are also areas in eastern Alberta and western Saskatchewan where farmers this year produced but small yields to the acre, and who in consequence will be unable to afford registered seed at normal seed prices.

The Major believes that the federal government would be justified in spending the relatively small amount of money that would be required to take the surplus off the market and distribute it in these areas where it would do the most good. The total cost would be nothing compared to the losses which farmers bore cheerfully in the early years of the British wheat contract. It would be small compared to the subsidy which farmers have been obliged to pay to domestic flour consumers. Money so expended would bring in a return in the enhanced value of subsequent Canadian wheat crops, and strengthen this country's acknowledged claim as the producer of the world's finest bread grain.

Individual Rights

The World Liberal Congress founded at Oxford, England, last summer, held its second meeting at Zurich, Switzerland, this year. There were three prominent strains in the Liberal symphony: the capitalist tendency to regain the unfettered market economy of the last century; the desire to lure the working man away from the attractions of socialism; to protect individual rights and liberties, threatened now more than ever by totalitarian regimes in Europe, and even by anxious democracies elsewhere.

These aims are all in keeping with the proud traditions of the Liberal party. They should commend themselves to the government at Ottawa. It is pertinent to call its attention to the last aim in particular. A group of M.P.'s, representing all parties at Ottawa, have tried in vain for several sessions to put a Bill of Rights on the statute book. They have been frustrated by the government's reluctance to deal with the question. As everyone knows this stems from the government's need for Quebec votes in the next election, whenever that may be. Any Bill of Rights would put an end to the shameless denial of individual rights and privileges now possible under Quebec's infamous Padlock Law. Until the Liberal party fearlessly espouses the principle enunciated at Zurich it will remain out of step with its spiritual relations abroad.